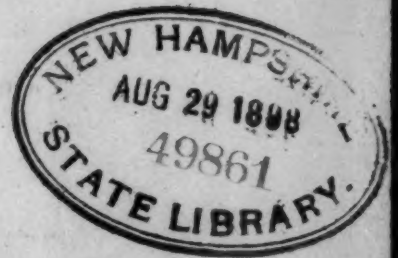


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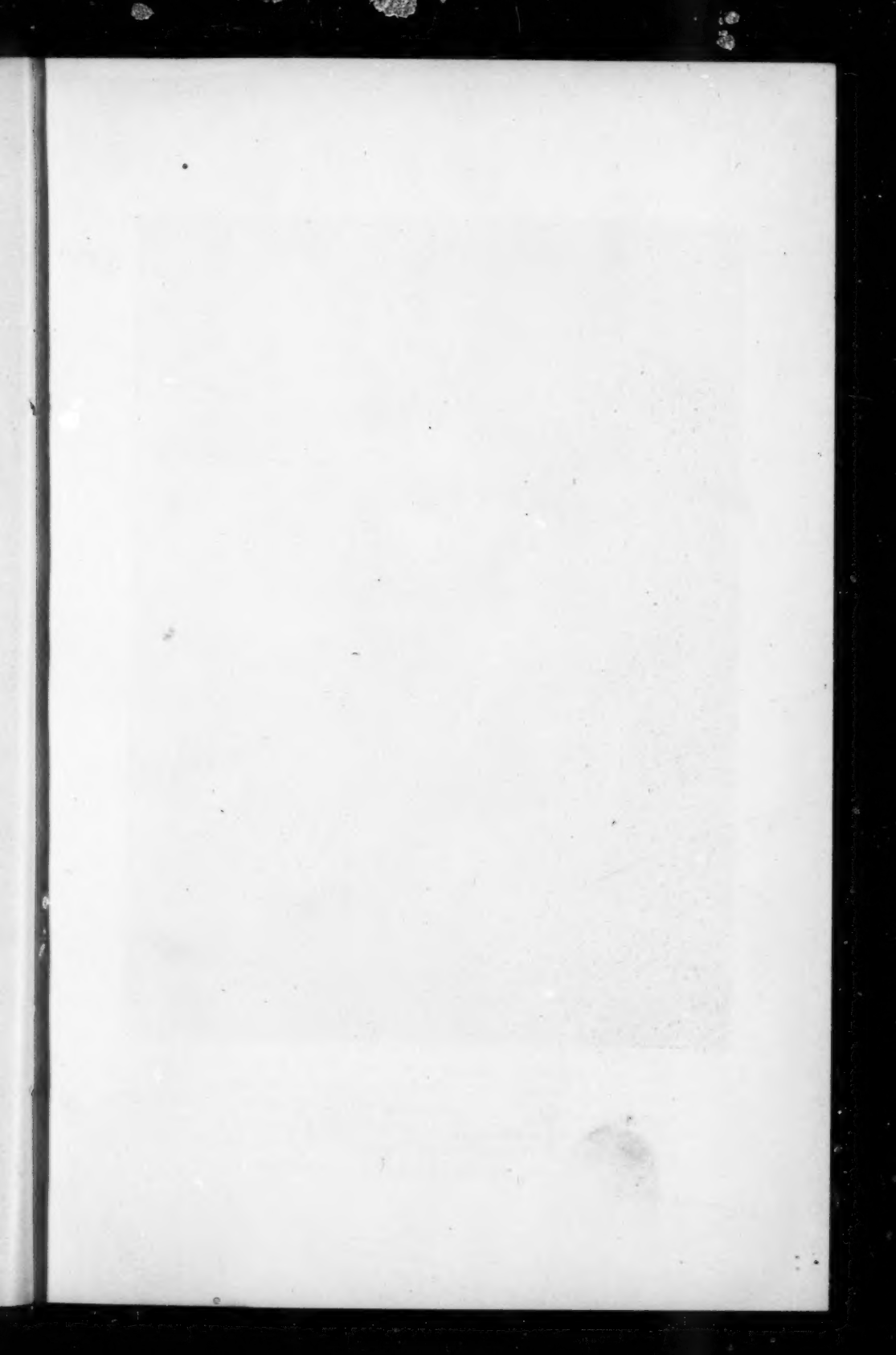
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Richard T. Ely

THE ARENA.

No. LXXIII.

DECEMBER, 1895.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF AMERICA'S SEVEN GREAT POETS.

I. A MORNING WITH LOWELL, BY REV. M. J. SAVAGE.

My boyhood was spent on a poor little farm in the edge of the village of Norridgewock, in Maine. We had very few books, and those almost entirely religious. Having suffered all my life from book-hunger, it was a great thing for me when I was able to find anything to satisfy it. In one way we were fortunate beyond most small country towns. At that time there was a man, strong and original in character, who carried on the trade of harness-maker and saddler. Well-informed and thoughtful himself, he took an unselfish interest in the enlightenment of his town. As a practical expression of this, he had established a little circulating library in his harness-shop; and anyone could have the use of this on the payment of fifty cents a year. Sometimes we were not able to afford even this small outlay, but during most of my boyhood I had access to this little library. I was specially fond of poetry, and read nearly all of the standard English poets long before I had any idea of their relative rank or value.

It was in this library that I made my discovery of Lowell. The book was his first series of the "Biglow Papers." The humor attracted me, as humor has always attracted me ever since; but I also acquired a taste for the genuine poetic ability of the man, and was thrilled and roused by his patriotic and humanitarian enthusiasm. Ever since that day, I have looked eagerly for anything from the pen of Lowell and have always regarded him, and do still, as, on the whole, perhaps the greatest of our American poets. I hesitate in saying this when I think of Emerson and Whitman. But if poetic form is to be counted in giving a man his rank, it must be confessed that these two

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are seriously lacking. He is the first among our wits, in the English sense of that word; and he seems to me to have reached a higher height, and sounded a deeper depth, than almost any other of our singers.

Since admiration of a man's work paves naturally the way for love of his person, I learned to love Lowell before I had



JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

ever seen him. And since he had so uniformly and so finely voiced the best things in the way of moral reform and the higher patriotism, I had come to look upon him as a leader who was always to be found in the van. When, therefore, a few years ago, there appeared in the Atlantic a poem of his, under the title "Credidimus Jovem Regnare" I read it with a shock of disappointment. The title of this poem might perhaps be somewhat freely rendered, "We used to

believe that Jupiter reigned." It had about it that humorous touch which is always so natural to Lowell, and it was a little difficult to be sure as to just how much of earnest meaning it might contain. But it read like the reactionary utterances of an old man, who, although he had once been a leader in the world's progress, had become weary of the battle, and out with the tendency of things. He did not seem to me to comprehend the deeper meanings of the scientific study of the age; he talked as though the world were putting protoplasm in the place of God, and in general showed that, if he apprehended the scientific drift of modern thought, he was at any rate out of sympathy with it. Knowing that his antecedents and training had been Unitarian and liberal, I perhaps forgot for the time that his life had been devoted to literature and that he had never been a student of science. At any rate, I felt so deeply on the subject that I wrote and published a tiny book, under the title "These Degenerate Days," dedicating it to him and sending him a copy. This called out a letter from him, which is valuable in a biographical way, as indicating his real position and outlook over the world. Because, while minister to England, he frequently attended the Established Church, and because the Episcopal burial service was read at his funeral, many have supposed that as he grew older he became more conservative and less in sympathy with liberal ideas. As bearing, however, on his real views, I will here quote a few words from his letter, which is dated from Deerfoot Farm on the 5th of April, 1887:

On my return here yesterday, I find your little book and note. I could not but be touched and pleased with both. I am pleased also with the stalwart faith you show,—a faith (in essentials) not greatly differing from my own, as you will see if you look into my "Cathedral," I think. The poem [*Credidimus Jovem Regnare*] on which your comment was composed fifteen years ago, and the title I originally meant to give it was "A Humorist's Growl," which would have explained that it was not argumentative, but only the expression of a mood.

It has seemed to me that this might be interesting to the public, as a declaration, in earnest prose, of Lowell's real position.

It was some time after this that I spent with Lowell the morning of which I am now to write. It was not long after his return from his position as minister to England; and, having made an appointment with him beforehand, I called on him in his home at Elmwood. He received me in his study, the large square room on the first floor, at the left of the entrance. Those who have seen him there will be

familiar with the room, ideal in its arrangements as the study of a poet. Many of those who have spoken or written of the surroundings of Lowell's boyhood and youth have seemed to find in them some explanation of his poetic nature.



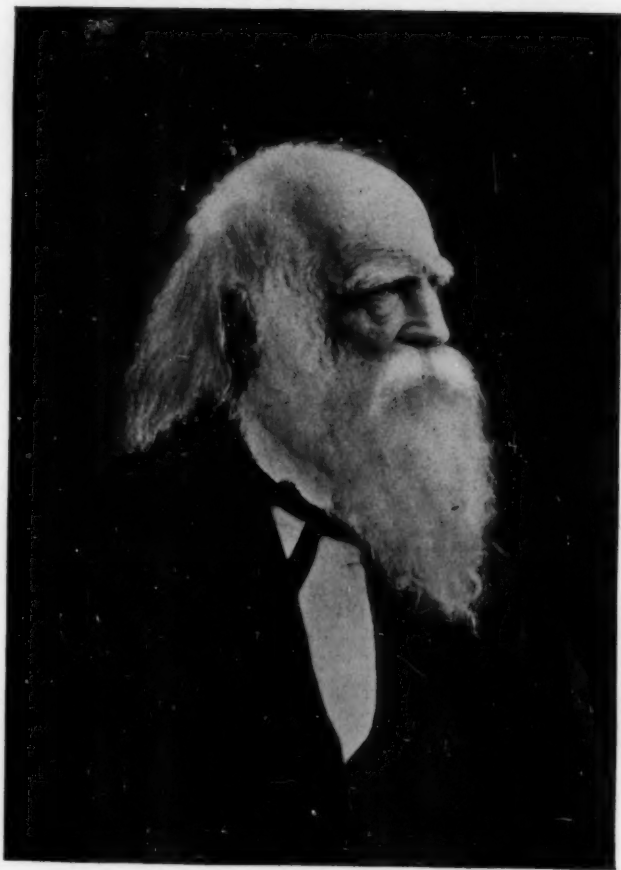
REV. JOHN W. CHADWICK, A. M.

The only difficulty with this is the fact that other boys, born and trained amid scenes and surroundings quite as poetical, do not turn out poets after all. At any rate, whether it had in it the power to create or develop the poetic faculty, it was the fit setting of a poet's life and work.

As I remember the way in which he received me, the quiet ease with which he made me perfectly at home, it may be proper for me to say a word concerning Lowell's general attitude toward the public. He was by birth an training

an aristocrat in the best sense of that word. He never found it easy to make his life a common, to be freely entered and trodden down at random by all the world. He was not so easily accessible as Longfellow; he claimed that he had a right to his own time, his intimacies, and his friendships. But to those who knew him, to those to whom he opened his arms and his heart, he was the most delightful of companions. He has been severely criticised for the attitude of dignity and reserve which he took and maintained while he was our minister at the Court of St. James; and it is freely admitted that he was not one of those who liked to be slapped on the back by everybody, and that he was not willing to be made an errand boy or a London guide for wandering Americans. But no man who ever occupied a diplomatic position in Europe has ever stood more steadily for the essential principles of our republic, maintained more uncompromisingly the dignity of an American citizen, or reflected more credit on his country.

So much for the general attitude of Lowell toward the outside world. After some time spent in general conversa-



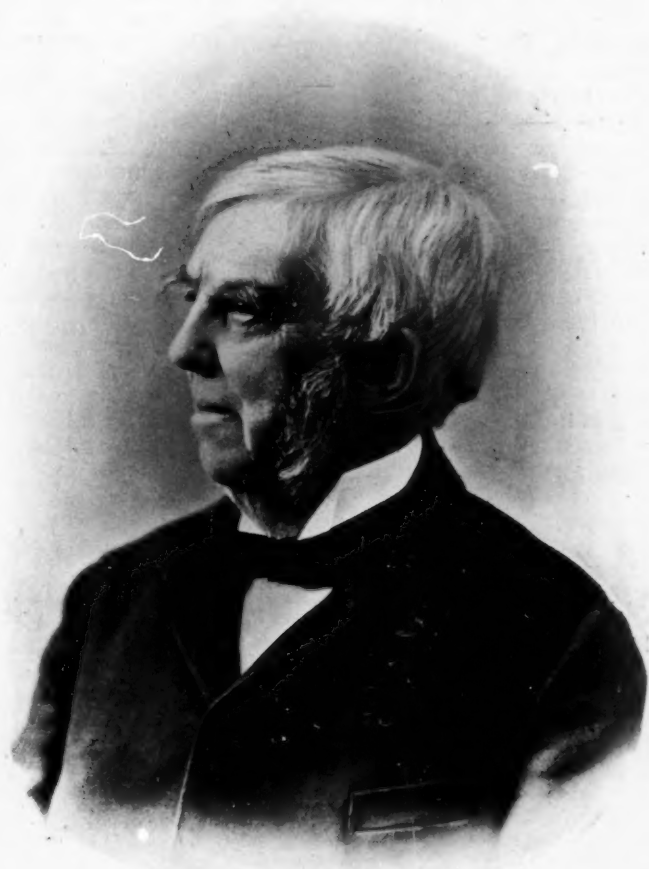
WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

tion, I ventured to express to him my sense of the service which he had rendered America and the credit which he had reflected upon the country by the work which he had done abroad. I told him I was proud of his record and his work, as a citizen and in official position; but that I found myself now and again regretting that his public work had taken



RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

so much of his time and absorbed so much of his strength, which it seemed to me ought to have been given to literary and particularly to poetical work. I was surprised at the response which he made to this suggestion. He said at once: "You have given substantial expression to my own feeling. I have been haunted by the idea that it might have been better if I had devoted myself more exclusively to my literary work." And on this he rose, crossed the



OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

room, opened a drawer, and took out a little manuscript which he brought back and, sitting down beside me, proceeded to read. It was a poem entitled, "My Brook."

This poem is most interesting from an autobiographical point of view. I do not remember that anywhere else Mr. Lowell's feeling on this particular subject has been made clear. Before he began to read he explained to me that, as Beaver Brook had been connected with his earliest poetic inspirations, he had naturally turned to it again as in some sense the genius of his literary life and work. And he went on to say that in this poem he had pictured himself as coming back to the scenes and work of his youth, and expressing his regret that he had been so long away and had lived another kind of life for so many years that he half suspected he had lost his early power and inspiration. He had written this poem in England, and soon after its composition he had received a letter from the *New York Ledger*, begging him to send them something, anything, from his pen. Being situated at the time so that it was impracticable for him to write anything new, he sent them this poem. He added that he was both surprised and gratified to receive in return a check for two hundred pounds, which at that particular time was anything but unwelcome to him. As there has been of late a good deal of discussion concerning the money payment for literary work, it is thought that this item may not be without interest as bearing on the question of the money value of a great reputation.

This poem has not as yet appeared in Lowell's published works. It will be all the more interesting, then, to the lovers of Lowell, particularly on account of its significance as touching his own estimate of his life-work. Giving due credit to the *New York Ledger*, in which it first appeared, I venture now to transcribe it, asking that it be read in the light of the preceding explanation, given to me by Lowell himself:

My Brook.

'Twas deep in the woodland we first plighted troth,
When the hours were so many, the duties so few;
Life's burthen lies wearily now on us both,
But I've never forgotten those dear days—have you?

Each was first-born of Eden, a morn without mate,
And the bees and the birds and the butterflies thought
'Twas the one perfect day ever fashioned by fate,
Nor dreamed the sweet wonder for us two was wrought.

I loitered beside you the summer day long,
I gave you a life from the waste-flow of mine,
And whether you babbled or crooned me a song,
I listened and looked till my pulses ran wine.

"Twas but shutting my eyes, I could see, I could hear,
How you danced then, my nautch-girl, 'mid flagroot and fern,
While the flashing tomauns tinkled joyous and clear
On the slim wrists and ankles that flashed in their turn.



JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Ah, that was so long ago! Ages it seems;
And now I return, sad with life and its lore.
Will they flee my gray presence, the light-footed dreams,
And Will-o'-the-wisps offer their lanterns no more?
Where the bees' hum seemed noisy once, all was so still,
And the hermit thrush nested, secure of her lease,
Now whirl the world's mill-stones, and clacks the world's mill;
No fairy gold passes, the oracles cease.

The life I then dreamed of was never to be,
 For I with my tribe into bondage was sold,
 And your sun-gleams and moon-gleams, gay elf-gifts to me,
 The miller transmutes into every-day gold.

What you mint for the miller will soon melt away,
 It is earthy, and earthy good only it buys;
 But the shekels you tost me are safe from decay,
 They were coined of the sun and the moment that flies.

Break loose from your thralldom! 'Tis only a leap;
 Your eyes 'tis but shutting, just holding your breath!
 Come back to the old days, the days that will keep;
 If there's peace in the mill-pond, there's better in death!

Leap down to me, down to me! Be as you were,—
 My nautch-girl, my singer! Again let them glance,
 Your tomauns, the sun's largess, that wink and are there,
 And gone again, still keeping time as you dance!

You are mine, fly with me, then; with life of my life
 I made you a nalad, that were but a stream.
 In the moon are brave dreams yet, and chances are rife
 For the passion that ventures its all on a dream.

Make haste, or it may be I wander again!
 'Tis I, dear, that call you; youth beckons with me;
 Come back to us both, dear! In breaking your chain
 You let the old summers and fantasies free.

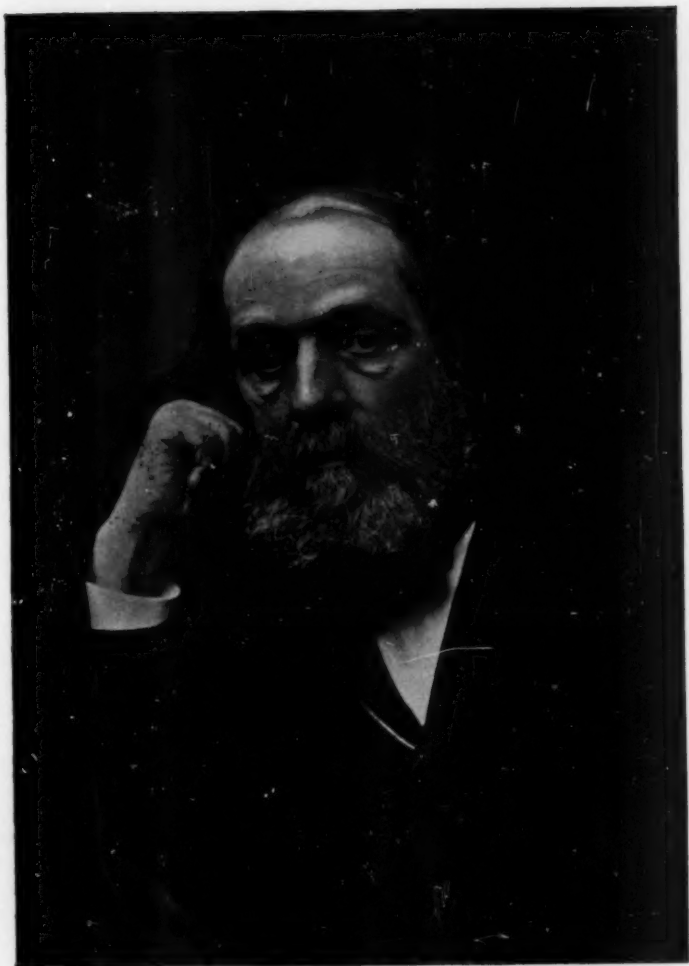
Leap bravely! Now down through the meadows we'll go
 To the land of Lost Days, whither all the birds wing,
 Where the dials move backward and daffodils blow;
 Come, flash your tomauns again, dance again, sing!

Yes, flash them, and clash them on ankle and wrist,
 For we're pilgrims to dream land, fair Daughter of Dream,
 Where we find again all that we wasted or missed,
 And Fancy, poor fool, with her bauble's supreme.

As the Moors in their exile the keys treasured still
 Of their castles in Spain, so have I; and no fear
 But the doors will fly open, whenever we will,
 To the heart of the past and the sweet of the year.

After he had finished reading, he told me that he was under contract not to let the poem leave his own hands until after it was published in the *Ledger*, but that when it had appeared he would make me a present of the manuscript which he had just read to me. This he afterwards sent me, and it is from this that I have just made the copy that is here printed.

Lowell's life is now an open secret, and I came away from my morning in his study with the feeling that he was, what



REV. EDWARD EVERETT HALE, D. D.

all men now know him to have been, one of the gentlest, sweetest, noblest, and staunchest natures that our time has seen. So long as our democracy can produce children and champions like him, we may be both proud of the past and confident of the future.

II. EMERSON, BY REV. JOHN W. CHADWICK, A. M.

Among many happy fortunes that have befallen me, I count one of the happiest to have seen face to face Bryant and Emerson and Longfellow and Whittier and Holmes and Lowell, and to have had speech with them; although with some of them not much. Had not Bryant died the very year I made my summer home in Chesterfield he would have been my country neighbor, and I might, perhaps, have known him well. I say "perhaps," because he was not an easily accessible or communicable spirit. As it is, I know his haunts extremely well: the roads he tramped, the trees and flowers and streams he loved, are also mine, but I met him socially but once. That once was at the table of a host than whom the world has never known a better—Dr. Henry W. Bellows—and then he left the talk to others in the main. His appearance I imagine is quite misconceived by the majority. He was by no means the leonine Jupiter of Launt Thompson's colossal bust. His frame was small, his features were delicate, and at the last there was something a little overpowering in his full and flowing beard.

I refrain from my impressions of Whittier and Holmes and Longfellow and Lowell, albeit they are pleasant chapters in my memory, lest I should trench upon the parts which have been assigned to others in these recollections of our poets.

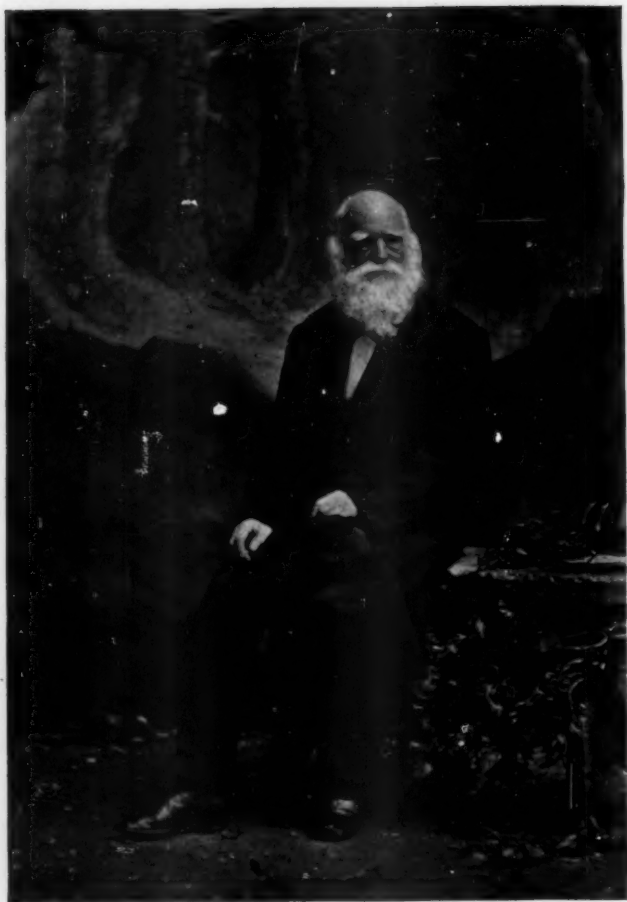
As for Emerson I dare believe that few who knew him in the flesh or spirit cherished a warmer gratitude to him or a more loyal affection, but I knew his person much less intimately than I knew his books. To the best of my knowledge and belief I was attracted to the first of these I knew by its title, "Representative Men"—having then as now a passion for biography—without any previous knowledge of the writer's name and fame. This was about 1856. Here was an herb that had a pungent, aromatic savor, such as I had not known before, and withal a subtle mystery and charm that lured me on from page to page. I did not understand much more than half, but that half was better than the aggregate of many ordinary books.

My first opportunities for hearing him were singularly fortunate. Theodore Parker had gone abroad not to return again, and his society was hearing Emerson and Garrison and Phillips and other men of note from week to week. On one of these occasions Emerson made an address on Thoreau, shortly after his death. Since then I have read much concerning Thoreau, but measured by the large utterance of that address it all seems pitifully frail, nor in the words as printed do I seem to find all that I heard in Music Hall that day.

An occasion far more memorable was a Sunday shortly following Lincoln's proclamation threatening emancipation, Sept. 22, 1862. I have heard Sumner and Phillips and Lincoln and Gladstone and other famous orators, but never from other lips words so impressively spoken as those concluding that address: "Do not let the dying die. Hold them back to this world until you have charged their ear and heart with this message to other spiritual societies, announcing the melioration of our planet."

A few months later I went to Concord to take charge of the High School, filling out the term of Goodwin Stone who had gone off to the wars where death impatiently awaited him. Thoreau was already laid to rest in Sleepy Hollow. Hawthorne would follow soon, but then he was a notable figure on the village street, ploughing along with eyes cast down, "wild, homeless eyes," that seemed more conscious of the elusive phantoms of his "Dolliver Romance," on which he was then at work, than of the passersby. I was domiciled at Mrs. Clark's, with whom John Brown had stayed during his Concord visits, and my room—the one that he had occupied three years before—was subject for my imagination to the frequent visitation of his mighty ghost. One evening during my Concord days Curtis came to lecture, and his old friends and neighbors were out in force, Emerson among them, and Alcott, harboring no resentment because Curtis had called him Plato Skimpole in an early skit.

But the ambrosial night was one at Emerson's own house. No lamps or candles were brought in, but that was all the better, for the mercury was below zero and the fire-dogs in the big fireplace were heaped high with blazing wood that cast a ruddy light on the warm-colored furniture and hangings of the room. There was plenty of good talk, Alcott doing more of it than Emerson or Conway or Sanborn, if not more than all these together. But Emerson was himself a copious talker, and I suppose that all who knew him well, or had some real acquaintance with him, must have wondered if his conversation was not his most delightful gift.



WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

In conversation he had little of the hesitation which was characteristic of his public manner. This has never been described so well by any other writer as by Mr. Alcott in his "Concord Days" in a passage which begins, "See our Ion standing there." The description there of the hesitating manner is as felicitous as possible. Lowell fancied that it was the deliberate artifice of the oratorical artist. One hesitates to differ from so wise a critic, but to me it always seemed to be of the essence of the man, an expression of his conscience for reality and truth. It was as if he assayed every word that he offered you as the price of your confidence in his intelligence and honest dealing. We seemed not so much to hear him as to overhear his mind, rethinking what he had written. Many of his lectures as printed have a swelling climax, but the conclusion often took his hearers completely by surprise. The stream of his discourse would be running on smoothly as ever and suddenly disappear. As one reporter said,

"He folded his *script* like the Arabs
And as silently stole away."

And, by the way, the reporters were an abomination in his eyes. When I complained of their misreporting him, he said, "But those who do that are not the most terrible. The most terrible are those that take down all I say, so that I cannot use the thing again." His sense of the right of property in ideas was particularly keen.

I had great luck in hearing him and meeting him, but my best time with him was on a journey from Boston to New York. I discovered him early in the day and had four or five hours of his delightful talk. If he wished me further he dissembled wonderfully well, for each time I set out to leave him he protested that he desired me to remain. He had written that when we find a man reading Horace on the train we wish to embrace him. I found him reading Horace and I made the inevitable remark. But how little can I now recall of a conversation which at the time I thought I never should forget. One of the subjects was Carlyle, and he detained us long. Emerson quoted a pathetic passage from one of his letters about his wife, with whom, recently dead, he was "holding silent communion; silent on both sides." Of a more recent letter, railing overmuch at "this mad, roaring world," he said, "I have not yet felt inclined to answer it." He shamed me for knowing so little of Landor, praising him in terms which now, with ampler knowledge, I cannot but think extravagant. He quoted approvingly some new west-

ern poet whom I cannot identify. One of the quotations was "Life is a lamp whose splendor hides its base," and another "The short parenthesis of life was sweet." He was severe on someone who had spoken intimately of his domestic privacy, saying, "He must have been consorting with my cook." The train-boy beguiled me into purchasing some maple candy, and Emerson asked, "Does it taste as good as the rose-cakes that you made when you were a boy?" I confessed that it did not, and that discouraged him from sharing my bounty or purchasing upon his own account.

One evening in Brooklyn, over the tea-table and afterward, is marked with a white stone. He had said in his lecture: "Everybody likes poetry. They do not like Pope or Tupper or Shelley. But they like Homer and Shakespeare and Burns." I took up the cudgels for Shelley within a narrow range, but he yielded scarce a jot; and in his "Parnassus" he does worse than omit the "Skylark," printing two or three stanzas. He read to us Wordsworth's "Intimations of Immortality," and it took on a rarer beauty. He had spoken in his lecture of Jones Very, and I said I knew the man. "You know his ghost," he said.

If Emerson laughed at all, it was very quietly. Carlyle's loud roaring laugh must have been intolerable to him. But Emerson's smile was something to remember. It was the wisest smile. His lips and eyes were implicated in it about equally. It could do many things: for one, express his "cherub scorn" of what he didn't like; also his gladness in a thought which came to him he knew not whence; again his pleasure in some palpable absurdity, as in his lecture on "The Comic" where the little boy is well satisfied with A and B but staggered by W. "The devil!" said the boy, "Is that W?"

"Let me see," he said on one occasion; "where did I see you last? Oh, I remember! It was at the tavern, the stone tavern on School Street,"—meaning the Parker House! It was close by the said "tavern" that I saw him for the last time, and the whole street seemed to be lighted up and cheered and brightened with the ineffable sweetness of his face. It was as if some superior being from a higher world had lost his way amidst the jostling crowd.

III. EMERSON IN HIS HOME, BY F. B. SANBORN.

For many years I had the good fortune to see much of Emerson in his own home at Concord, and to converse with him freely and intimately on many topics. I was struck

from the first—my first call was in the summer of 1853—by the readiness and force with which he expressed himself in conversation. In extempore speaking, before an audience, there was always some hesitation in his manner; and this grew to be painful in his latest years, when his memory began to fail, as it did for some ten years before his death in April, 1882. But nothing could be more prompt, responsive, and pertinent than his questions and replies in conversation; and what he said might have been printed as it fell from his lips, with far less need of revision than happens usually with literary men. Not that he was precise or pedantic in his choice of words, nor that he prepared himself, as many good talkers have done, by looking up certain subjects in advance, and skilfully turning the conversation towards these. On the contrary, he followed the impulse and spirit of the occasion, and let the talk run on as it might happen; but so full was his mind, so thoughtful his habit, and so original his genius, that he was seldom at a loss how to meet any questioner or how to accost any subject.

He was aided in this readiness by his wonderful memory, which had been active and strong by nature, and had been trained from childhood by the acquisition and imparting of what he found best in all the literatures which had fallen in his way, or which he had studied to acquire. Poetry and eloquence especially had interested him, and always clung to his memory. He once told me that in his first long voyage (I suppose to Sicily in 1832-3), finding himself with little companionship, he began to see what long poems he could recall from end to end; and was pleased to find that he knew the whole of Milton's "Lycidas," and, if I am not mistaken, of the much longer poem, "Comus." Milton had been familiar to him from boyhood, and so continued through life, although he did not, like his friend Thoreau, prefer Milton to Shakspeare.

Another noticeable thing was his courtesy and consideration for all who called on him, or whom he met as the friends of his children, or of his relatives or acquaintance. The ties of relationship were very strong with him, and he delighted in those family gatherings which were customary in his household, as they had been in that of his grandmother, Mrs. Dr. Ripley, at the Old Manse. His father he only remembered as a child of eight may; and his grandfather Emerson he never saw; but his grandmother Emerson, being left a widow in 1776, soon after married the young minister who succeeded to the vacant pulpit, and who, for more than half a century, occupied the fine homestead which had been built

for his predecessor. This Old Manse, so well known from Hawthorne's description, was occupied by Emerson at various times, for a longer period than by Hawthorne; and it used to be said that much of his first volume, "Nature," was written in its chambers. After the burning of his house in the summer of 1872, he retired for some weeks to the Old Manse, where his cousin, Miss Elizabeth Ripley, then lived; and it was his old affection for the place and the family which attracted him then.

Literary topics, on the wide range of philosophic thought, made the staple of Emerson's conversation, when among men of letters or those men and women of liberal minds, akin to his own, by whom he was so often surrounded in his own house, or who accompanied him on his long walks through the fields and woods of Concord. His habit was to walk every day (usually in the afternoon, the study being his place through the morning hours), and I have been his companion during hundreds of miles in these excursions. It was on a walk with him in the summer of 1855, and crossing a certain bridge (how well I remember it!) that he first spoke to me of Walt Whitman, whose earliest book, the thin quarto "Leaves of Grass," had just appeared. He praised the work, "a singular mixture of the Bhagavadgita and the New York *Herald*," as he termed it; and he gave me a copy. We often returned to the subject of Whitman in after years, and a few months after Thoreau's death in 1862, Emerson said to me that he had been impressed anew, on reading Thoreau's Journals in manuscript (as he had been in 1856, by Thoreau's account of his interview with Whitman), with the strong interest his Concord friend had taken in the vigorous new poet. I mention this by way of introduction to my report of a conversation or two that I am soon to quote, in illustration of Emerson's later thoughts and turn of mind.

My acquaintance with Emerson's old friend, Bronson Alcott, began a few months earlier than my first call upon Emerson in Concord; for he was then living in Boston, and more accessible to me in Harvard College than was Emerson in his village retirement. Naturally, since everything that concerned Emerson was of interest to a young disciple, I inquired of Alcott what his first knowledge of his Concord brother had been. He told me that he first heard the Reverend Ralph Waldo Emerson (as he was then called) preach, in Dr. Channing's Federal-Street pulpit, a little before or after his own marriage to Miss May in 1830. The sermon was on "The Universality of the Moral Sentiment," and Mr.

Alcott was struck with the apparent youth of the preacher, the music of his elocution, and the sincere and direct manner in which he addressed his audience.

Their acquaintance, however, did not begin until 1834, the year in which Emerson read a poem in Cambridge before the Phi Beta Kappa society. Upon that occasion, as Mr. Alcott told me in 1878, he took the young poet's arm, and they walked together among the members of the society, Emerson saying, "Come, we will not mince matters," and stepping along with the Connecticut schoolmaster at his side. In delivering his poem, which made some allusion to Washington, and contained tributes to Lafayette and to Webster, Mr. Alcott told me that Emerson "read for awhile, but not feeling satisfied with what he was reading, presently he closed his manuscript and sat down unconcerned." This poem has never been printed, and when I asked Emerson about it in the same year (1878), he had forgotten exactly what it contained—perhaps there might be something in it about Washington.

No man could be more hopeful for young writers of any promise than was Emerson. It was at this time (Aug. 19, 1878) that I called on him one afternoon, and found him busy with papers of obscure authors who had sent them to him; one of these was Mr. P. Kaufman, formerly of Canton, Ohio, whom he had once met in New York, but had then lost sight of. He asked if I knew him, and then read me some verses of W. H. Babcock on "Joseph the Nez Percé," which he said he had read to audiences at the Old South and elsewhere, and thought them good. But when he sent them to Mr. Howells, asking to have them printed in the *Atlantic*, this editor had sent them back, saying they were not good enough. "We thought we had some interest in our own magazine," said Emerson, a little piqued at the affair; and he gave me the verses, asking me to get them published somewhere, and have a little money sent to the author. Accordingly, I sent them to G. W. Curtis, who had them printed in *Harper's Monthly*, for which they seemed to be good enough.

On this occasion I showed Emerson Chateaubriand's account of his interview with Washington in 1791, and also his first interview with Napoleon, some years later. He had never seen either, and read them in my presence, asking me what was the meaning of *jouets*, of *sable*, and of *curi*. He said, "Chateaubriand evidently thought as much of himself as of Washington; but Bonaparte saw through him; that man always knew how to meet men on their own ground—

whether Christians or Frenchmen." He had read a few books of Chateaubriand, but not these *Memoires d'Outre Tombe*. Not long after (Oct. 20, 1878) I asked what had become of his lecture on France, which I had heard when in college, and admired. He said he had given it in a course of lectures at Boston in 1853, and again at Philadelphia in 1854; afterwards he read it one evening in Cambridge, where "the great man from Germany" (meaning Louis Agassiz) heard it and protested against it as not quite just to France, of which Agassiz had the most agreeable recollections. Since then he had never given it, in deference to Agassiz's opinion. I suggested he should send it to be printed in London—whence had just come a request for a new book from him—and let the English test its quality. He said no; he should not send that certainly, and he hardly thought he should send anything.

On the same evening I spoke of Whitman and his poetry. Emerson said that when Whitman came to Boston in the spring of 1860, to print there an edition of his "Leaves of Grass" (which Thayer & Eldridge published, soon after Redpath's *Life of John Brown* and "Echoes from Harper's Ferry") he asked Longfellow, Holmes, and Lowell whether he should invite Whitman to the Saturday Club, as he would gladly have done. "But they declared no wish to meet him, so he was not asked." I remembered, but did not recall the fact to his mind, that Alcott, Emerson, and Thoreau all wished then to invite Whitman to Concord; but neither Mrs. Alcott, Mrs. Emerson, nor Sophia Thoreau was willing to meet him; so the invitation was not given. In 1881 he came to visit me in Concord, and Emerson, Alcott, and Louisa Alcott all met him at my house; the next day Mrs. Emerson invited him to dinner, and we all dined together there.

Pursuing the conversation of 1878, Emerson said that he first met Whitman in New York, about 1855, and asked him to dine with him at the Astor House; he came, and at dinner, instead of drinking out of a glass, called for a tin cup. He then took Emerson to an engine-house, and showed him the conveniences there for the firemen to sit and read or chat with one another, and praised the companionship of the men.

Emerson said that Whitman had written nothing worth remembering for many years now (1878); his earlier books had made a deep impression on the mind, but these later poems were forgotten as soon as read. Whitman had come to hear him lecture in Baltimore, after the war; and he had tried to find Whitman in Washington the next Sunday—

going from Charles Sumner's house to look him up—but without success.

At this date Emerson's memory was uncertain; he recalled many things, but also forgot much that he had well known. I requested his autograph of a short poem to accompany his portrait in *Scribner's Magazine*, and told him that Mr. Gilder, the editor, had suggested "Forbearance." He did not recognize his poem by that name; but when I recited the first line,

Hast thou named all the birds without a gun?

he smiled and said, "That poem has pleased more than one person," naming, in particular, Senator Hoar's brother Edward (a silent man), whose opinion, he said, "is worth a great deal, because he never says anything." He thought "Forbearance" was not very suitable to face his own portrait; nor did he like "The Days" entirely, for that use. Finally it was agreed that he should write off a stanza from his "Two Rivers"; and when I showed him the verse beginning

Musketaquit, a goblin strong,
Of shard and flint makes jewels gay,

he said, "Ellen [his daughter] wants to have the place remembered where she was born," as if declining to notice the beauty of the poem. He also repeated what he had said to me not long before: "It has been decided that I cannot write poetry"; adding, "Others have found it out at last, but I could have told them so long ago." Miss Emerson afterwards suggested that her father was thinking of what Carlyle had said to John Sterling against his writing in verse; but I put another interpretation upon it.

These extracts from the journal where I noted down the remarks made to me from time to time by this poet-philosopher, may be depended on as giving the substance, and often the exact words, of the conversation. As I write them now, they inspire a regret that no fuller record was made of such intimate interviews, extending through nearly thirty years, and only heightening the impression of genius, goodness, and wisdom which Emerson's books give the reader.

IV. PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

BY EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

It is about a year, I see, since Dr. Holmes' death. The true way to write a man's biography is to take people on the day they hear of his death and write down the anecdotes

which spring to their lips spontaneously as to his life. You then get something like Plutarch's Lives, which are made up of the anecdotes which had filtered down to him, in some cases for hundreds of years, sometimes from books, sometimes from tradition.

I met an accomplished lady, as old as I am, who said of Dr. Holmes: "Yes, he was always so friendly. He made you so entirely at ease. The first time I ever spoke with him, I suppose I was a girl of sixteen, not used to talking with persons of such a reputation as he had already. It was in the old Cambridge omnibus; I was seated at the upper end. He came up to me, for the families knew each other, and to a schoolgirl of my age was willing to pour out his anecdote, his fun, and his philosophy, exactly as if I had been his equal and an old companion. We have been very intimate since," she said, "but I never have forgotten the enthusiasm and delight which I felt in that omnibus ride."

This would make one ask if Holmes were particularly at home in omnibuses and street-cars, so many are the similar stories of his courtesy and tenderness, even to the last weeks of his life, to those whom he met in travelling. But the frequency of such stories comes literally because in modern life we live so much in public in these places. It is a satisfaction to recollect that he has immortalized the trolley and the electric by the charming "Broomstick Train."

The truth is that a certain exuberance of life, if you please a certain exuberance of kindness or sympathy, made him specially companionable. Early in life I met a novelist of great reputation, and I was satisfied that he kept to himself his best notions so that he might use them in his books. With Holmes, it was exactly the other way. He bubbled over with whatever came to him, and liked to tell his next neighbor, though it were a car-conductor, some bright thing which had come to him. I have been sorry to see that people have sometimes spoken of this as if it were conceit on his part. I do not think it was conceit; I think it was the feeling that the next man was as good a fellow as he was, and would appreciate, as well as he did, some funny conception.

I am tempted to write down one of his questions, which is always turning up for answer in my mind. I met him in some omnibus, I forget where, and I asked his opinion of so-and-so, of whom it was necessary that I should give some account. He answered as to the fact—whatever it was, I have forgotten—and then proceeded to this generalization:

"The truth is," he said, "people whose health is declining in consumption are very apt to see far into the other world and to show what you and I would call decided religious proclivities. Whether they go into consumption because they are very near heaven, or whether they are so near heaven because they are in the early stages of phthisis, I do not know. It is just as it was when we were in Paris, at one of the hospitals. As I went downstairs after the clinique, there was a fellow with a magnificent head of hair, selling hair-oil to all who would buy. Whether he sold hair-oil because he had a magnificent head of hair, or whether he had a magnificent head of hair because he used that hair-oil, I have never known."

His enthusiasm for the country was utterly unaffected, and not in the least got up to order. It appears all the way through, even in the verses which savor most of city life. I interviewed him once, at the request of Mr. McClure, who had gone to him and made all the preliminary arrangements. Frankly, I think he knew he must be interviewed, and he thought he had rather be in the hands of a friend than of a stranger. Very fortunately for us all, he got switched off upon his life in Berkshire. He told how he came to live there. It seemed that in the early days some Wendell among his ancestors had received a grant there, and the place was called Wendelltown. The Indian name of the place had been Pontoosuc, once Poontooksuck, which means "where the brook falls." From this grant, a part of the whole came to Dr. Holmes' mother, and after he had once seen the place he arranged with her that he might build his summer house there. There his children grew up, and there he enjoyed the glory of a Berkshire summer and of its autumn. He cited on that day a magnificent passage from a poem which he read at a cattle-show as early as 1849. I printed this passage, and his reference to it, in Mr. McClure's magazine.

One of the most charming essays is that on the seasons, not so much remembered as some of the others, I hardly know why. It begins with this pleasant announcement of the annual exhibition:

Walk in, ladies and gentlemen! The wonderful exhibition of the Seasons is about to commence; four shows under one cover; the best ventilated place of entertainment in this or any other system; the stage lighted by solar, lunar, and astral lamps; an efficient police will preserve order. Gentlemanly ushers will introduce all newcomers to their places. Performance in twelve parts. Overture by the feathered choir; after which the white drop-curtain will rise, showing the remarkable succession of natural scenery designed

and executed solely for this planet—real forests, meadows, water, earth, skies, etc. At the conclusion of each series of performances the storm-chorus will be given with the whole strength of the wind-instrument orchestra, and the splendid snow-scene will be introduced, illuminated by grand flashes of the Aurora Borealis. Admittance free, refreshments furnished, complete suits of proper costume supplied at the door, *to be returned on leaving the exhibition.*

Then he goes on to a careful and fair enough discussion as to the different motives with which different people study nature and the ways in which they undertake it. But what makes the real charm of the essay is the pretty description that he gives of the home garden at Cambridge. He remembered the garden as a boy remembers the garden of the dear old home. Time had gone by, he had lived in one place and another, and everything was changed; among the rest, the old garden had given way. It was just as the jungle marched down upon the village at the order of Mowgli in Mr. Kipling's story. So the garden, which he remembered first "in the consulship of James Madison," as he says, was a wilderness in "the consulship of Abraham Lincoln." Then he determined to reconstruct it, and he tells so prettily the way in which he reconstructed it, and his success. The final triumph was when the yellow-birds came back to the sunflowers.

I remember their flitting about, golden in the golden light, over the golden flowers, as if they were flakes of curdled sunshine. Let us plant sunflowers, I said, and see whether the yellow-birds will not come back to them. Sure enough, the sunflowers had no sooner spread their disks, and begun to ripen their seeds, than the yellow-birds were once more twittering and fluttering about them.

A great deal has been said, but enough cannot be said, of his kindness to young people. I like young people, and they do me a great deal of good. But his courtesy and tenderness and freshness, in interview after interview, with those who came, either to pay him homage or to ask for his advice, were something which you could not believe if you had not seen it and known it. Till a very late period, he answered all the letters of these boys and girls with his own hand; his house was open, an hour or two every day, to receive them. At the end of the day he had the consciousness, and it ought to have been a glad consciousness, that he had made happy so many persons who, as the deaf-and-dumb world says, "had no claim upon him whatever." Claim or no claim, he wanted to give them pleasure, or he wanted to start them on a higher walk of life; and he did it. What might have happened with those two hours a day if he had not done it, perhaps the good God and the angels know; but one may

well wonder if he could have found any line of life by which he could have answered better one of the great purposes of his own life. For he was thoroughly glad when he had made the world happy.

Have I succeeded in giving at all the impression which lingers in my own mind, of a certain satisfaction whenever you met him, because you felt that you were as likely to have him at his best at that moment as you could find any man when his eyes were "in a fine frenzy rolling"? He lived in the present, I think, and that with all his might. He entered into the joy of the universe. I suppose he had his moments of depression or dissatisfaction; but he did not wash his dirty linen before the world. If he met you, you got the best that was in him. There is no chance whatever that the bright things which he said in conversation will ever get themselves written down. No Boswells give us such things, there are no shorthand writers behind the screens who preserve them, and the phonograph has not yet come to that consummate point that it writes for us biographies.

I believe I have told, in a public address, a good story which I have never written down. I was to preside, one year, at the annual dinner-party of Phi Beta Kappa. This dinner-party is apt to be about the best fun of the year, precisely because there are no reporters present and everybody says exactly what he chooses without any fear of the echo. By way of preparation for the dinner, I wrote to two or three of those whom I knew the younger members would like to see. Among others, I wrote to Holmes, to remind him of the anniversary and to say that I hoped he would come. I got a good-natured note in reply, in which he said virtually that his pump had sucked, and that he had determined not to write any more occasional poems for dinner-parties. To this I boldly replied: "Who said anything about a poem? I did not ask you to speak. I have only embarrassment of riches. But the boys would like to see you; come and sit by my side, and you shall not say a word." In reply to which, almost as soon as the mail could bring it, came a very droll answer: "The idea of my going to Phi Beta without reading some verses is absurd. I have already found a theme, and the verses are half done. I shall come—fix that on your mind; and I shall be very angry if I am not called upon to speak." Such are almost the words he used, in a note which, in some unfortunate frenzy of folly, I gave away to some wretched hunter of autographs.

So he came, and we had a charming little poem from him.

V. JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER AS I KNEW HIM, BY MARY
B. CLAFLIN.

Mr. Whittier, the poet beloved of the people, was unique in his absolute simplicity and truthfulness. The transparency of his soul was apparent to all who came in contact with him, and it would seem impossible to represent anything to him otherwise than just as it was in *truth*, because he detected at a glance, the slightest prevarication or false coloring. He seemed more akin to God than most human beings, in his childlike trust and faith in the fatherhood of the divine Being, and in his exquisite love to Him whom the Father sent to teach us the brotherhood of man. Mr. Whittier's love to his kind, his godlike justice and mercy in all his dealings with his fellowmen, were so apparent that it was not easy to turn aside from the straight and narrow path of righteousness when dealing with him. His language was simple as a child's and unadorned with superfluous words. It was always yea and nay, and his "thee" and "thou" were musical sounds in the ears of those who loved him—and who did not love him?

Sometimes a friend would ask him why the Quakers perverted the English grammar in such fashion with the *thee* and *thou*. His reply always hushed the questioner, and made him feel that he would rather hear Mr. Whittier's sweet tones in the language he chose to use, even if it defied all the rules of English grammar: "It has been the manner of speech of my people for two hundred years; it was my mother's language, and it is good enough for me; I shall not change my grammar."

Mr. Whittier's conversation was full of reminiscences of his early life in the country. He loved nature with a reverent and appreciative love. Every little flower growing by the roadside or in the green meadows about his early home he looked upon as a thought of God for His children; the sunset clouds awakened in his poetic heart such enthusiasm that his great luminous eyes would light up as if they saw through the gates into the celestial city beyond—the city where, he said,

No branch of palm, no gate of pearl I merit,
Nor street of shining gold.

Some humble door among the many mansions,
Some sheltering shade where sin and sorrow cease,
And flows forever through heaven's green expansions
The river of Thy peace.

He saw God's works in all things and recognized His love in dealing with His children. All the windows of his heart were open to the day.

He once said to me: "I have seen a very wicked woman to-day on her death bed. She was suffering intolerable tortures on account of the sins of her past life and the near approach of death. I stood by her bed; she was poor and friendless, and as I listened to her groans and moans I said, 'I would give all I possess to relieve that poor soul'; and then came the thought, as from God,—Who am I, a sinful man, to offer my little all to relieve that sin-burdened soul, when there is One with infinite love and limitless power who waits to show mercy? I will leave the poor woman with Him." And such was his attitude toward all erring and sin-sick souls.

In the main Mr. Whittier's life was one of earnest, serious thought. He was always working for the amelioration and elevation of humanity, and yet he was full of wit and humor. Not even Sydney Smith, who was so famous for his wit, or our own Dr. Holmes, could excel him in repartee.

A young girl who was in the house with Mr. Whittier, and of whom he was very fond, went to him one day with tearful eyes and a rueful face, and said: "My dear little kitty Bathsheba is dead, and I want you to write a poem to put on her grave stone. I shall bury her under a rose bush."

Without a moment's hesitation the poet said in solemn tones:

Bathsheba! to whom none ever said scat—
No worthier cat
Ever sat on a mat
Or caught a rat
Requiescat!

The same little girl's pony broke his leg, and again the poet was called upon to comfort the child with some poetic sentiment. She said, "I have written some lines myself but I can't think how to finish the verse."

"What did you write?" asked Mr. Whittier.

"My pony kicked to the right, he kicked to the left,
The stable post he struck it,
He broke his leg short off"—

and then added Mr. Whittier,

"And then he kicked the bucket!"

Mr. Whittier was attending a fair in the city which was being held for some object of charity. A lady said to him,

"I have already given one hundred dollars to this object; I will give ten more if you will give me an impromptu couplet."

Quick as thought he wrote:

Rejoicing that the emptiest fame
May change at charity's sweet claim
To gold of God—I give my name.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

He was always ready to respond to charity's sweet claim.

During the war a Quaker friend who was a shipbuilder called on Mr. Whittier and said: "Friend Whittier, I am in great perplexity. Thee knows I do not approve of war any more than thee does, and I do not wish to do anything to help it on. I am asked to build some war ships, and I am told there is great need of them. What shall I do?"

The two old friends talked over the situation for awhile, but Mr. Whittier did not commit himself till just as the shipbuilder was leaving, when he said, "Thomas, if thee builds the ships, I advise thee to use the best timber, and build them strong."

There was at one time a desire on the part of the abolitionists to make a colored preacher chaplain of the house of representatives, and knowing that Mr. Whittier would have great influence he was asked to head the petition to bring about the desired end. Of course everybody knew Mr. Whittier was the most ardent abolitionist of them all, and that no one could outdo him in devotion to the colored brethren, and when the petition was handed him it was never for a moment doubted that he would sign it with alacrity. He shook his head and said, "Thee knows I don't approve of hiring folks to pray and paying them for it."

Mr. Whittier was the close friend of Curtis, Longfellow, Lowell, Holmes, Emerson, and Bayard Taylor, but it was not until the later years of his life, after the great question of freedom had been settled, that he was recognized as their peer in a literary sense.

VI. WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, OUR POET OF NATURE, AS I REMEMBER HIM, BY HENRIETTA S. NAHMER.

As Bryant was the oldest of our galaxy of American poets, and the first of them to pass away, those who can speak of him from personal recollection are themselves fast passing with the second century since his advent. Not far from the birthplace of Bryant, which is marked by a plain

monolith in granite, and on the same ridge where the Bryant homestead commands a view of the Hampshire hills for miles, there stood in the fifties a little red schoolhouse so completely hidden in the forest that the stranger could not know of its existence until close upon it. Here was the typical New England school of that date, and while as yet no modern methods had crept in to disturb the somewhat ~~dull~~ serenity of teacher and pupil, there was once a day at least a refreshing *détour* into by-ways, where one might associate with the great ones of literature; and in the daily reading of selections from the English classics was begun that education which Matthew Arnold defines as the highest culture, "the knowledge of the best that has been thought and said in all ages." Instead of the commonplaces by which the children of to-day are nourished, the youth of that time were spelling out lofty themes from Cowper, the smooth verse of Addison, and the unequalled repose and dignity of Gray's "Elegy." What matter if the philosophy and insight of the glorious verse of "Thanatopsis" was beyond the reach of our comprehension, the rolling measure of its cadences was music to our ears, even then stirring to the harmonies of the universe.

One summer day a traveller, slight in build, of quiet, thoughtful manner, passed through those leafy paths vocal only with song birds and the prattle of school children. The good old New England training, which inculcated reverent and respectful greeting to the stranger, had not yet passed out of fashion, and we shyly courtesied to the passing wayfarer. He with the old-time courtesy to old and young alike pleasantly returned our greeting, and passed on. Later we were told by our elders that the author of "Thanatopsis" had returned for a brief hour to the old home of his childhood, now passed into the hands of strangers. We had scarcely realized before that our poet was of flesh and blood, and busily concerned in the world's work. Still less did one of that merry careless group laboring to parse what seemed to her immaturity the painfully involved sentences of that immortal poem, dream that in the years to come, she should have pleasant associations for a brief season with the gray-haired bard.

The years that bridged the fifties and seventies, the fateful years of the republic, passed, and Bryant, who had served his country faithfully by his pen, through the storm and stress of civil war, now retired to the old scenes of his youth, restoring the family home, to which he came for a few weeks each year, to perform the literary task so congenial,

the translations from Homer. Here also he laid out roads, planted orchards, and became an influence among the townspeople, who in their isolation and somewhat narrow sphere, began to see and appreciate the larger views of life which such an honored citizen of the great world brought into the little town. We had looked on our poet as one who in the political world and among literary circles reflected honor upon our unknown quiet town among the hills; now we were to know him as the country gentleman, interested in rural pursuits, and as he beautified this home an impetus, whose results were beneficent and far-reaching, was given to the neighbor farmers. Scotch larches were added to our flora, and willows from Roslyn were transplanted to the banks of the rivulet, and once from far away Scotland the poet, touched with loving remembrance, sent a request that some fringed gentian be transplanted to a well known corner, in the green fields of his modest country home.

At one time Charles Sumner came to spend two or three days with the poet, and upon one auspicious afternoon George W. Curtis drove over from his summer home in Ashfield, to greet the famous men. While the three, with John H. Bryant, the poet's brother, were seated upon the piazza, nineteen hundred feet above the sea level, commanding a glorious panorama of mountain, valley, and sky, conversing of the San Domingo annexation, the theme which was absorbing the mind of the great senator, the room behind was quickly filled with country folk, eager to catch a glimpse or a word, upon the only occasion that ever came into their lives to see these notable men, who, unconscious of this homage, might yet feel that it was no mean tribute from this true and honest farmer folk.

Bryant presented his native town with a library and the necessary buildings, and in the completing and arranging of that work, it was the happy privilege of the writer to spend some hours with Bryant, and, after his return to the city, to have the benefit of his advice by correspondence. Awaiting the completion of the stone edifice designed for their reception, the books were stored in the unfinished rooms of the house which had been his maternal grandfather's and which was in process of restoration. The glory of autumn was upon the hills and tinging the forests with splendor, and as the gray-haired man climbed nimbly the steep hill between the homestead and our place of work, the inspiration which natural scenery ever had for him clothed his daily morning greeting with winged and happy utterance.

After the necessary instruction as to the work of the day, for a few moments pleasant and instructive chat would follow, suggested by some open book upon the table. These never-to-be-forgotten half hours were grave or gay, as befitted the subject. With folded arms and devout manner, it would be a stanza from Pope or Dante repeated unexpectedly in the abandon of the hour, suggested by some reference; or some humorous passage from the Biglow papers would enliven the moment. Underneath that exterior of almost harsh reserve, there was hidden keen appreciation of the grotesque and humorous.

Quite by accident, the morning talk drifted to J. Shelton Mackenzie, and with twinkling eye Bryant related the following: "I met him once upon the boat crossing to Brooklyn. He accosted me by inquiring if I was not Bryant, saying he recognized me by my portrait. As we had been corresponding I replied that I was pleased to meet him. Mackenzie said he was reading 'Ruth Hall' by Fanny Fern, and said: 'How she does pitch into Nat and her father; it is wrong, very wrong to speak of them so. And that Thackeray who reveals the shortcomings of a friend, it is wrong, very wrong.' I answered that as they were great men the temptation to speak of them was very strong. Mackenzie said it reminded him of the story of an Irishman, who was leaning out of his window, with his shillalah, and a bald-headed man passed along, whereupon he rapped him upon the head, and said upon being reproved, 'The occasion was too tempting—if it had been me own father I couldn't have helped it.' Upon leaving the boat Mackenzie said, 'You must excuse my impudence, but the occasion was too tempting.'"

From this lighter vein, Bryant passed to graver themes, and when the listener deplored her inability to reconcile the disputed facts in history, especially as regards the beautiful Mary Queen of Scots, he answered: "You remember what Horace Walpole said, 'As for history, I know that's a lie.'"

He spoke of the unfairness of Macaulay to William Penn, and his partial apology for Hastings, of Froude's disparagement of Mary Stuart without warrant from contemporary documents, of the recent criticism of the Roman historian Paulus, and added: "People will differ in regard to the events of the past as they do in regard to the interests of the present. Only omniscience can see in an absolutely true light the circumstances of any event, and human narratives of that event must have in them more or less of error. No two witnesses of anything that has happened wholly agree in their representation of it. All that we can do is to adopt what seems most probable."

On one Sabbath afternoon, in the unfinished building which later was given to the poet's older daughter, the Rev. Mr. Waterston who had baptized the poet in Italy, spoke to the neighbors and country people, as the sunset filled the valley below with the radiance of departing day.

It was also the happy privilege of the writer to share with the neighbors and country people in the Sunday services at the little church in West Cummington, on Sept. 2, 1877, where Mr. Bryant recited his poems of "Thanatopsis," "The Water Fowl," and "Waiting by the Gate." As we saw the lithe, quick movement with which he ascended the hill, and heard the clear ringing voice, and saw the bright kindling eye, how could we think that these were his last public words to his native villagers, and that only a few months would pass before, as in the prime of life he had desired, in the month of June,

The sexton's hand my grave to make
The rich, green mountain turf should break.

THE WONDER OF HYPNOTISM AND THE TRANSFER OF SENSITIVENESS FROM MEN TO INERT SUBSTANCES.

BY HENRY GAULLIEUR.*

Few of our modern attempts to solve scientifically the great mystery of LIFE have led us to more astonishing results than the discoveries made recently in Paris by Col. A. de Rochas, the well known scientist and director of the Ecole Polytechnique, concerning the "luminous effluvia," or magnetic emanations, from the bodies of living men.

Colonel de Rochas is too well known to the scientific world by his numerous works on hypnotism, and his constant studies of hypnotic phenomena, covering a period of fifteen years, to need an introduction from the writer to the American public. Connected with the great scientific institute where both military and civil engineers of France acquire under the government's direction the highest possible degree of human knowledge in the various branches of their profession, Colonel de Rochas has attained, outside of his official duties as "*Administrateur*" of that well known institute a world-wide celebrity as a skilled experimenter and conscientious investigator of scientific truths.

The discoveries made lately by him, and confirmed by the experiments of others, in the several hospitals of Paris, can be told in very few words; but simple as they are, so far as the establishment of facts is concerned, these discoveries lead us far away from the current opinion of mankind, and of physiologists in particular, on the nature and extent of our organic sense of feeling; they upset our present knowledge of the territory to which our nerves were said to be confined; they show us conclusively by well-established facts based on strictly scientific experimental methods, that under peculiar conditions our nervous-physical perceptions by the sense of touch extend *outside* of our skin; and that

*Though the author of this paper is a well known writer in France, many of our readers may not be acquainted with his literary and scientific work, hence the following letter from the Hon. Carl Schurz will give an added interest to the paper:

"In reply to your letter, it gives me pleasure to say that I have known M. H. Gaullieur for many years as a gentleman of excellent character, and I regard him as a writer of uncommon ability.

"Very truly yours,

"B. O. FLOWER, Esq."

"CARL SCHURZ."

the faculty of perceiving such sensations, apparently lost in a mesmerized subject, can be transferred for a certain time and at a distance to inanimate substances like water, wax, metals, or cloth.

For the benefit of such readers as may not be familiar with previous discoveries, the knowledge of which is necessary in order to understand the recent investigations of Col. de Rochas, I must translate first here some statements of a celebrated Austrian chemist, the Baron von Reichenbach, who was the first scientist, over forty years ago, who discovered the "luminous effluvia," or phosphorescent-like emanations from animals, plants, and magnets.

Here are Reichenbach's own words ("Lettres Odiques et Magnétiques," Stuttgart, 1856):

Take a "sensitive" man and put him in a dark room. Take along a cat, a bird, a butterfly, if you have one, or only some flowerpots. After a few hours of such a sitting in the dark, you will hear that man say some very strange things. The flowerpots will appear to him in the darkness and become perceptible. At first they will appear as a grey cloud on a black background; then he will see some lighter spots; finally each flower will become distinct, and all forms will appear more and more clearly. One day I placed one of these flowerpots before M. Endlicher, the well known professor of botany. He was an average sensitive. He exclaimed with fear and surprise: "*A blue flower, a gloxinia!*" It was indeed a *Gloxinia speciosa* or *cocculca* which he had seen in the absolute darkness, and which he had recognized by its form and color. . . . Your cat, your bird, your butterfly, will all appear thus in the dark, and some parts of these animals will appear luminous. Then your sensitive man will tell you that he sees you. Tell him to look at your hands. At first he will say that he sees a grey smoke; then the fingers will appear with their own light. He will see a luminous protuberance at each finger, sometimes as long as the finger itself. When the first surprise is past, caused by the luminous appearance of all men, call the attention of your "sensitive" friend to the details of what he sees. You will then probably hear him say with much surprise that the colors of the light are not the same in all parts of the body; that the right hand shows a blue light, and the left hand a yellow-reddish light; that the same difference appears at your feet; and also that all the right side of your body and face is bluish and darker than the left side, which is yellow-reddish and much lighter (Letter 5).

Reichenbach found something else. He discovered that under similar conditions in a dark room a magnet emits a blue light at its north pole, and a yellow-reddish light at the south pole. This light varied, according to the strength of the magnet and the sensitiveness of the seer, from one to three feet in diameter. It appeared like a fiery flow intermingled with sparks. "But," adds Reichenbach, "I advise you not to omit any of the precautions I have indicated as necessary to obtain absolute darkness, and also to train your 'sensitive's' eyes for hours in the dark; otherwise he

will not see anything, and you would lose your time, suspecting me unjustly of making false assertions."

Reichenbach's experiments were repeated in England by Alfred Russel Wallace, Gregory, and other prominent naturalists, and were fully confirmed. Reichenbach contended then that he had discovered a new force, which he called OD. Most scientific men ridiculed the idea and they did not take the trouble to investigate the discovery. Official science, especially in Germany, does not generally admit what is not yet printed in school books.

In France these "luminous effluvia" seen by mesmerized patients had often been reported by the latter to the magnetizing doctors who were trying to cure diseases by magnetic passes. The "magnétiseur" Deleuze had noticed the fact. About 1850, Dr. Despine, at Aix les Bains, and Dr. Charpignon, at Orleans, had confirmed these observations, and they had noticed specially the "effluvia" which some mesmerized persons could see on various metals, gold, silver, etc. But "official" science did not care for such experiments. Magnetism, proclaimed at the end of last century, by the French academy of Sciences, to be a humbug, was hardly recognized yet as a fact worthy of investigation. Such men as Puy Ségur and Deleuze were ridiculed; and we may say that official science never believed seriously in magnetism until Braid christened it hypnotism and Chareot popularized it in Paris.

It is only recently that Reichenbach's discovery was taken out of oblivion by Dr. Durville, Dr. Luys, and Colonel de Rochas, with what extraordinary results we shall now see.

The very first question that arose was whether this luminous coating and these "luminous effluvia" which mesmerized persons declared they could perceive on others, were real and objective or imaginary and subjective? This led to the very wonderful discoveries of which I spoke at the beginning of this paper, and for which Colonel de Rochas deserves due credit.

He hypnotized at different stages two different subjects at the same time and in the same room. Let us call them A and B. A reported that he could see a luminous or phosphorescent coating on B's body; he could see besides that B's eyes, mouth, ears, nostrils, and finger-ends were emitting a flame-like light, blue on one side of the body, yellow-reddish on the other. Those openings seemed to act like "escapes" for these flames, which are independent from the coating of the skin. Did A see them because he had a

mesmeric illusion, or were this coating and the lights real?

A common glass of water being brought, it was put within the radius of B's luminous effluvia as described by A, who could see how far they reached. After a few minutes A reports that the water itself has become luminous, and that it remains luminous for a long while, even if removed to the other end of the room out of reach of B's effluvia. B's sensitiveness of the skin has been made to disappear by the hypnotic process; but any touch or puncture of a pin or needle on the outside edge of the phosphorescent or luminous coating perceived by A's eyes, is immediately perceived by B. His body does not feel the sharpness of a needle, but the outer edge of his luminous effluvia, several feet away from the skin, has acquired that sensitiveness lost by the body. And here appears a wonderful fact. *The water in the tumbler removed to the end of the room has acquired that same sensitiveness.* If you pinch the water with your fingers or touch it with a pin, B will scream that you pinch him, or prick him with a pin. But B will not feel the action if performed by a person who has no magnetic relation to him; in other words, the action of the magnetizer alone will be felt in the water by the subject.

Consequently the nervous sensitiveness of B's flesh has been carried further than the surface of his body, and has been communicated to objects duly soaked and impregnated by his luminous effluvia; and finally, the sensitiveness of these objects remains in them for a while even when removed to a certain distance from B's effluvia. "The water," says De Rochas, "loads itself with sensitiveness as calcium does with light; and the energy received radiates from it till it has returned all it has received, in other words, till it is spent or emptied."

Let us examine now more closely and with more details this strange transfer of the sensitiveness of our nerves to inert objects, which Colonel de Rochas calls the "exteriorization of sensitiveness."

A's eyes have been brought up by hypnotic process to a state which allows him to see the "luminous effluvia." But what he sees and describes varies a great deal according to the grade of hypnotic sleep in which B is being plunged. When B is awake and in his normal state, A describes the "effluvia" as a luminous coating on the skin; but as soon as B loses his sensitiveness under the action of mesmerism, the coating seems to dissolve itself in the atmosphere. Then it reappears like a light mist or smoke, which condenses itself and becomes brighter and brighter, till it takes again the

appearance of a thin coating of light following all the forms of the body at a distance of about an inch from the skin. B feels then every touch of the magnetizer on the surface of that coating.

If you continue further the hypnotizing process on B, A will see, around B's body, several new luminous coatings separated one from the other by a space of about two inches. The sensitiveness of B exists then only on these coatings of light, and seems to be in inverse ratio to their distance from the skin. These coatings will extend from six to nine feet from the body. They will go through a wall, not being stopped by masonry; and they will appear in the next room through the wall.

A glass of water which has remained a few minutes within the luminous coatings of B's body becomes brilliantly illuminated, as already stated. But when the water is thoroughly saturated, a luminous column of smoke will arise vertically from its surface. The acquired sensitiveness of that water when removed becomes weaker with the distance. If the water is carried too far it disappears. This seems to prove conclusively that B's feeling of touch transmitted to the water is real and not influenced by any suggestion.

Now if we make a small statuette or figure of common moulding wax and place it awhile in the "luminous effluvia" of B, then withdraw it and prick it with a pin, B will feel the puncture of the pin at the corresponding part of his body. If you touch the head of the wax figure B will feel the touch on his own head. If you prick the leg of the statuette, B will feel the point of the pin at his leg, and the puncture will even appear on the skin. If you cut a lock of his hair during his sleep without his knowledge, then plant that lock of hair on the wax figure and pull it slightly, B exclaims suddenly, "Who is pulling my hair?" The same results are obtained if you try the experiment with the whiskers or beard, or even sometimes with the trimming of a fingernail.

Generally in most cases reported by Colonel de Rochas the sensitiveness did not extend over fifteen or twenty feet from the body of the subject, but there were exceptions.

The sensitiveness was then transmitted to a photographic image of the subject by leaving the plate for some time before using it in the "effluvia" of the subject. Here in several instances the plate retained the sensitiveness of the latter for several days. But unless the sensitiveness of the subject has been exteriorized (transferred from the skin to the "effluvia") before the photograph is taken, and unless

the plate has been well impregnated in the "effluvia," the sensitiveness does not exist.

Colonel de Rochas tells us that he made the following experiments on Mme. O—— in the presence of Dr. Barlemont and MM. Paul Nadar and A. Guerronan, in the well known photographer's studio of Nadar in Paris. A photograph was taken under the conditions just mentioned. As soon as the plate was carried to the dark room and touched the developing bath, Mme. O—— complained of a cold chill. She could not localize on her body the touch of her image, but she had a general perception of that touch; and she felt "seasick" every time the water of the developing bath was agitated. At the next experiment, Mme. O—— being asleep and the operator having gone to another floor of the building to develop the plate, she fell suddenly in convulsions as if she had been sick at the stomach. It turned out that the operator had accidentally broken the plate on the next floor in dipping it in the bath.

Another experiment of Colonel de Rochas on Mme. O—— took place as follows: He used generally the palm of his right hand to hypnotize her; he had a life-size photograph of that palm of his hand taken. Mme. O—— was awake and sitting on a chair, not knowing what was going on in the room. Then one of the assistants, being concealed behind a screen, presented the plate on which the hand of Col. de Rochas was photographed to the plate on which the image of Mme. O—— had been previously taken. At the instant when the gentleman opposed the two plates to each other, Mme. O—— stopped her talk and fell asleep on the chair. Then Colonel De Rochas walked behind the screen and *woke up Mme. O—— by simply blowing on her image.*

This experiment was repeated twice without notifying Mme. O—— of what had been done. Then it was communicated to her; she was surprised and stated she would defeat the experiment the next time; she said she could successfully oppose it. The experiment was then tried against her and with her knowledge. She fell asleep one minute after the two plates were placed in opposition to each other; she could not fight the influence any longer.

The substances which are the most apt to acquire the sensitiveness of the mesmerized subject are generally the same as those which are the most apt to retain odors. Liquids, viscous substances, specially those deriving their origin from animals, like beeswax, also cloth of a loose texture like woollen velvet, are peculiarly adapted for it. But all subjects do not "exteriorize" their sense of feeling in the

same manner. One subject transferred his sensitiveness specially well to iron, another one to silk, and both these subjects had very little power on water or wax.

The sense of touch or feeling seemed to be the only one exteriorized. If the agent spoke in a very low tone of voice to the water away from the subject, after the water had been impregnated with "effluvia" from the ear, the subject felt only a slight sensation of tickling in his ear. But some others nevertheless felt the influence of a small vial of valerianate of ammonia hermetically sealed which had been plunged in the sensitive water.

It should also be observed that all these experiments succeeded only with persons whose sensitiveness was either naturally very great or whose sensitiveness became developed by practice.

Thus, this wonderful "exteriorization" and transfer of a man's sense of feeling to inanimate objects opens now a vast field for new investigations. It shows, in the first place, what enormous physical influence on health and disease the luminous effluvia of a human being can exert. Experiments made by Dr. Babinski (the former assistant of Charcot) in Paris at the hospital La Salpêtrière, and by Dr. Luys at the hospital La Charité, show that some diseases have been cured by treating them magnetically. A magnet was used in several cases, and here is an instance of its application for transferring disease.

A metallic crown duly loaded with a magnet had been used at the Charité hospital for the treatment of a man. He was cured, and the crown was stored away in a closet for two weeks. Then it was tried on the head of a healthy subject in a state of hypnotic lethargy, and this man showed at once the same symptoms and the same manifestations of disease from which his predecessor had suffered. It seemed as if the magnetic crown had recorded the symptoms in the same manner as a phonograph records the voice. Had the first man died instead of being cured we should thus, says Colonel de Rochas, have called back, so to speak, the characteristics of a dead human being.

Medical science, consequently, will have to take due notice of such facts, and they will modify to a great extent the exclusive theory of propagation of diseases by microbes.

Then again this transfer of sensitiveness to inert objects throws a most interesting light on the dark and obscure practices of sorcerers and witches in the Middle Ages. Our forefathers believed in the faculty of hurting an enemy under peculiar conditions prescribed by sorcerers, by trans-

ferring to him a disease or by stinging his image duly prepared for the purpose. History gives us many accounts of celebrated trials before courts of justice, where the accused man was executed for having killed or attempted to kill by such means a celebrated man. Such was the trial of Robert d'Artois, in France, the record of which we still possess, accused of having applied his dark science to the wife and son of Philip VI of Valois, in 1333. We never believed in such crimes, nevertheless Colonel de Rochas tells us that, after a sitting, as he had stung with a pin the leg of the wax figure used that day, he saw from his window the subject going home, stop suddenly in the street and rub violently his leg. He had felt the wound. Now in olden times a few hairs, or some trimmings of the fingernails, or a tooth, were supposed to transfer the sensitiveness under certain conditions from the subject to his image.

The sorcerer's art was two-edged, like a sword. It was believed that it could hurt, but it was also expected that it could heal. Our old libraries are full of ancient treatises proved now to contain some grains of scientific truth amidst much superstitious rubbish. We did not believe that they contained any truth at all, but now we see that they do, and we understand our forefathers better. Read the works of Robert Fludd (born in Kent, England, in 1574) and you will see how he cured diseases by transfer. He was one of the foremost scientific men of his time and appears now to have known more than we did in some respects. Paracelsus, born in 1493, Van Helmont born in 1577, and Maxwell, who died later, had full knowledge of this extraordinary faculty of our nerves to extend their action outside of our skin. Most of their medical science was based on facts which we have rediscovered to-day. Read the works of Digby, who was one of the most extraordinary Englishmen of his time, a celebrated soldier, statesman, and naturalist at the same time, who defeated at sea the Venetians and the Algerians, and then studied medicine at Montpellier, in France, and published a treatise on the nature of substances. You will see what he says about curing wounds by dipping simply a rag soiled by the blood of the patient in a factin liquid, without applying anything to the wound itself. Of course most of that old science was rubbish, but not all of it, and we were wrong in calling these men fools.

Then again these facts recently discovered in Paris by De Rochas, and others who followed and repeated his experiments, show conclusively—in the writer's opinion at least—that the common scientific theory based on our present

knowledge of matter by which we have tried to explain man's nature is absurd. They show how little our modern physiology and our present materialistic schooling understand the problem of human existence; they show how wrong we were in confining the energy of our human force, of our human being, within the boundaries of our skin.

THE OPPORTUNITY OF THE CHURCH.*

BY PROF. GEORGE D. HERRON, OF IOWA COLLEGE.

We are nearing the social crisis of the world. The existing order has already served over-time. It is now senseless, and growing worse. To spend and be spent mending it is to waste one's life, and involve the common life in still deeper and wider complications. The present order cannot be mended; it can only give birth to the new order, the regenerate civilization.

The social crisis is also the crisis of the organized religion that bears Christ's name. While the forces of selfishness and sacrifice are gathering for their hardest struggle on the field of Christ's truth, the cross has become foolishness to His church. The church has become of the world, even as Jesus was not of the world. Social things which are the worst abominations in the sight of God are not so highly esteemed in the world as in the church. The church has been over-reconciling itself to the will of the world, rather than vicariously reconciling the world to the will of God. The idea of the religious life prevailing in the church is no longer constructive, but rather obstructive and deadly. It has done its work, and must have an end. It is in vain that dogmatic stupidity, moral indolence, and official hypocrisy try to confine the human and universal religion of the kingdom of God within the terms of the religion of theology, pietism, ecclesiasticism, and the interests which monopoly have vested in religion. If the church refuses to give forth the realization of the social ideal of Jesus, it will surely meet with a fate like unto the religion of Judaism.

Revolution of some sort is not far off. The social change will bring forth either the revolution of love or the tragedy and woe of a leadership inspired by a love of revolution. Either a revival of love, an outpouring of love through the Messianic fellowship of some vast social sacrifice, or a universal French Revolution will come. Either a religious movement, producing a revival such as the prophets dimly or never dreamed of, or blood such as never flowed will remit the sins of the existing order. For a religious revival, springing from some vast and wondrous social love, Christendom waits in fear, anxiety, and expectancy.

* Condensed from a lecture course given in Boston, November, 1896.

Except its manifest subservience to wealth, nothing more clearly indicates the unmoral influence of religion than the contemptuous meaning which has come to be attached to the word holiness. By the holy man is meant, in the popular thought, simply no man at all; while the word primitively meant a whole human man, normally fulfilling all the natural functions of his life in their wholeness. The Holy Ghost, or the Whole Spirit, is given to run the world with, and the teachings of Jesus are a revelation of the world righteously ordered and naturally operated. The piety that finds the market and the state uninteresting as religious spheres, or that ignores them through material or intellectual self-interest, is a delusion and a curse. We can get beloved brethren to wrestle all night, or at least a part of the night, in revival prayers; but the revival we need is a restitution of stolen goods, of wealth gained through oppression and social atheism. We can get them to give feasts in the name of Jesus; but the testimony which Jesus asks is the restoration of what has been economically plundered from the sheep. The rebuke of Edward III to the pope at Avignon, to the effect that "The successor of the apostles was set over the Lord's sheep to feed and not to shear them," is equally applicable and pertinent to the priests of the market and the pious popes of industry; these are the influential factors in organized religion. "Pure religion and undefiled before our God and Father is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world." Devotion to God is the complete sacrifice of self in the service of man, and ecstasies are without value that do not fruit in ethics. The clean putting away of evil doings, with the seeking of justice and the relieving of the oppressed, is the condition upon which the Lord invites us to reason together with Him in the things of religion.

I frankly say that I dread nothing more than the influence upon the social movement of existing organizations of religion. With the fullest recognition of the anxious seeking for righteousness on the part of a greater number of individuals in the church than ever before, I make this confession of dread. With Dr. Bruce, I am a pessimist as regards the church, and an optimist as regards the kingdom. The movement for social democracy is itself the religious aspiration and effort of the common life to realize its sanctity, and organized religion offers no channel for this realization. In a profound sense, existing organizations of religion afford to the forces making for social righteousness

the unsafest possible leadership. A vast deceit would likely be practised upon the social movement by the church itself, and history sadly repeat itself, in the compromise of the social ideals of the people with the interests of the capitalistic order which the church would effect. I am here reminded of the sad condition of Italy, now almost on the verge of disintegration, fulfilling what Mazzini foresaw, when the monarchical statecraft of Europe intrigued to prevent the organization of liberated Italy in his ideal of a social republic.

With the present tendency, the evolution of the better society is likely to be the church's disgrace, and not its glory, with the religion of Jesus finding some other channel of expression than the church as a result. Nobody any longer conceives of religiousness as being an indication of righteousness. The church as a whole does not know what Jesus taught, and so far as it knows does not believe His teachings practicable. The real social reconstruction is moving on outside of, and largely in opposition to, organized religion; its leaders who come from are not of the church. Just as surely as the Jews were building up a religion apart from the actual facts of society when Jesus came, and as surely as Rome was building up a religion apart from the conditions existing when Luther came, so are we Protestants now institutionally building up a religion apart from the true facts and conditions of society. Dr. Parkhurst in New York is no more an answer to this charge than Savonarola in Florence is an answer to Protestant charges against Rome. Protestant Christianity is practically a caste religion, in spite of its missions, its exceptional institutional churches, and its ludicrous willingness to receive the poor.

If ever the church needed to be told, in all the plainness of speech which the love of righteousness can conceive, that it cannot serve God and mammon, it needs to be told this now. In no nation on the earth is there such abject submission to mere money in both church and state as there is in America. Money has more influence than Jesus upon the ecclesiastical attitude toward the problem of social justice. Our persistent blinking this fact, our evasion of the moral responsibility it puts upon us, may prove the displacement of the existing church. Pastors may secure active participation in municipal reforms from the very men who buy the city's councils and loot its people, only to find the city in a last state worse than the first. It is easy for pastors and bishops of wealth to try experiments in the slums, which are righteous things for them to do. But suppose we try the

sacrifice of preaching the Sermon on the Mount, or of applying the teachings of Jesus, in the churches of wealth! The church will accept any number of social philanthropies, or religious benevolences, but it is by no means ready to be despised and rejected of the rich and powerful, that it may seek the righteousness and social justice of the kingdom of God. Until the church repent itself of its money worship, it is not even a fit companion for the social movement, and would lead it in a devolution rather than an evolution. Any leadership the church would now put forward to represent it would be chiefly interested in keeping the social movement within the bounds of the interests of mammon, and from accomplishing the real social ideals of Jesus and the people. In any safe leadership of the church, money and houses, lands and railways, must become component parts of the moral agony of its preparation for leadership. The church must get free of its manifest subjection to money, with its institutions free of servile dependence thereupon, if it is to avert the necessity of God's turning to the churchless peoples, or to the people regardless of the church, to find new channels for the redemptive life that is to heal the nations. Like Jacob of old, the church of America needs to come to Jabbok ford, sending the stuff of wealth that has caused its bitter servility to the other side of the river, making restitution to the tribe of Esau it has robbed, regarding no more the success of its membership in cheating and stealing as a mark of a specially favoring providence, pursuing no more a religion that is not the righteousness of God in human relations, that God may wrestle with it in all the power of the common interests of man, and then it may come forth a new church with a new name, with a moral glory that shall bring the multitudes to its doors with hosannas of thanksgiving and tears of boundless joy, the leader of the peoples into the social Israel of blessed justice.

The redemptive need of civilization, the divinest want of the church, is not what we call successful men, who are the church's curse and the nation's corrupters, but strong men willing to fail, that they may prove the justice of love and the social wisdom of sacrifice. A single generation of Christians, yea, a single generation of preachers of Jesus' gospel, great enough to fail, could regenerate civilization! If the religious leaders of our day would be willing to suffer the loss of all things, and become sin that civilization through them might be made the righteousness of God, they could bring in the thousand years of peace. They would not drink of the fruit of the vine until they could drink it new in

the Father's kingdom: they would not enjoy the fruits of the earth until they could enjoy as sharers with all human life, redeemed to the holy society. As the Father sent Jesus, so sends He each of them, to bear away the sins of the world, and become disastrous worldly failures, that the social order of His kingdom may appear amidst the passing away of the society of civilized selfishness.

At best, our measures of failure and success are the denial of Christ's philosophy of life. His blessing is not upon the successful, but upon the faithful in the sacrifice of service; not upon the religiously and materially comfortable, but upon those who have visited Him in human life imprisoned, sick, sinning, oppressed, morally and physically loathsome, and shut out from the regard and grace of the existing order.

The prophets the Scriptures glorify were mainly disgraceful figures in the eyes of their times. Jesus and the disciples were outlawed. John the Baptist, who prepared their way, was beheaded in the interests of official peace. Paul, the most daring adventurer that ever put out upon a voyage of moral discovery, was loosened from prison to be led to his execution. Savonarola was both hung and burned, after fearful agonies of torture. The Protestant reformers were the hunted and hated heretics of their day. Wesley, Edwards, and Finney were driven from their churches. Mazzini and his friends were vagabonds on the face of the earth. Not long ago, Garrison was dragged through the streets of Boston by a commercially inspired mob, and Lovejoy met his death at the hands of political retainers. Which of the prophets of progress, whose faith we glorify with our words, but whose truth we make the refuge of our social cowardice and religious lies, was not outlawed, mobbed, or slain?

To eulogize these is easy, requiring no adventure of faith or risk of reputation; to defend them is always safe. But to the prophets gone we are never so untrue as when defending them against the larger truth calling for our own faith and sacrifice. We honor in truth the reformers of religion and civilization, and best defend their name and faith, by being as ready in our day as they were in theirs, for failure and disgrace. Have we their faith to put the righteous judgments of God over against the false judgments of organized covetousness? Can we bear the shame of no reputation in the eyes of the successful, of being accounted commercial or ecclesiastical failures, that we may face the religious and political lies now darkening the social mind, cursing our

methods and institutions, and bring them to judgment before the truth of Jesus? Our ability to divinely fail for right's sake is the real measure of our faith.

This gain of human values through failure is not in harmony with our modern notions of success, which prostitute every sacred human power to the gross and hideous lust of money, and make a religion of covetousness. It accords not with the spirit of Anglo-Saxon enterprise, which exalts rights above service, and rates commercial success above all that makes up the real life. It is not agreeable to present patriotism, which consists chiefly in loyalty to one's property, subordinating the welfare of society to material gains, and to the anarchical liberty of the individual. There is no welcome for it in the world of business, the greatest corrupter of nations and enemy of man. The respect of the political economist it has not, nor is it in keeping with the greedy maxims of Benjamin Franklin. It is disgusting to the theologian, and frightful to the ecclesiastic. It will not mix with the moral nostrums prescribed by pulpit and press as "The Secret of Success," or "The Way to Succeed in Life," and like wretched stuff poured into this suffering world by those who are called its teachers. It comports not with the vicious motives for excellence upheld by the ethical imbecility of our educational systems. But Jesus' doctrine of life is either the delusion of history, the divine tantalism of hopeless human suffering, or our ruling standards of success are worse than pagan; they are devilish, and the destroyers of human life. The efforts of the church to reconcile the commercial morals of modern industrialism with the revelation of human law and life in Christ, is treason to the kingdom of God, and the worst apostasy of the church; yea, it is the chopping down of the cross, and the setting up of the throne of mammon in its place.

If we believe Jesus' doctrine of life to be true, then in the name of our belief we must take square issue with those who teach that man's first and fundamental duty is to get a living. They would build human life on a lie. True, we must gain our bread by our work; but bread is not the end of work, and man does not live by bread alone. The end of work is distributive justice, social character, the divine personality of the sons of man; and these are the word of God in human life. Our first and fundamental duty is to seek in what manner and by what work we can best fulfil the righteousness of Christ in our life, and in the life of the world. Not the preservation of life, but the increase of right, is the first law of man's nature; and he that preserveth his life wastes it, while he that wasteth his life in the pur-

suit of righteousness finds it eternally. Our life has but one duty, in fact, and that is the faithful witnessing, with the individual and collective doing, of the righteousness of Christ, believing that this universe is so principled and organized that only right can in the end bring food to the producer, and abundance to the working children of men. Our duty to God, nation, family, is to illustrate in our life the sacrifice of the Christ, who is the righteousness of God made manifest for the practice of man.

SHOULD THE GOVERNMENT CONTROL THE TELEGRAPH ?

I.

WHY THE GOVERNMENT SHOULD OWN THE TELEGRAPH.
BY PROF. RICHARD T. ELY, OF THE UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN.

The very clearness of the case in favor of the public ownership and management of the telegraph constitutes the difficulty in the preparation of an article on the subject. One who has examined understandingly arguments for and against public ownership finds it hard to put himself in the position of a sincere and intelligent opponent. The telegraph is in this respect quite different from the railways. The arguments in favor of the nationalization of the railways seem to the present writer to be conclusive, and yet it must be admitted by everyone that there is strength in the arguments of those who favor private railways. We have immense difficulties to overcome whether we have public or private ownership of railways. No argument, however, in favor of private ownership of the telegraph seems to be able to stand the test of any careful analysis or searching criticism.

First of all, we may make the claim that public ownership and management of the telegraph would be in harmony with the best thought of the founders of this republic. The telegraph is a natural monopoly. There were few businesses of the nature of the telegraph when this republic was established, but there was one conspicuous example of a natural monopoly. That was the postoffice, and that was made a public function, and has been regarded as such ever since, to the great benefit of the people of the United States. Even if the telegraph were not an essential part of the postoffice it would be in harmony with the principles of the fathers of the country to make it a public service; but it is an essential part of the postoffice business, and to connect it with the postoffice would be simply a logical development.

The nature of the present service of the private telegraph companies is the strongest kind of an argument in favor of public ownership; especially when this is brought into contrast with our postoffice service, and when it is remembered that this postoffice service itself would be still further improved if it received its logical completion in public telegraph service.

Questions of public policy are not to be argued merely from the standpoint of cost and price, but high charges for any service which is of such general importance as the telegraph are a serious consideration. The charges of the private telegraph service in this country are exorbitant. All arguments which aim to show the contrary are deceptive. They may be plausible but they are not ingenuous. The most familiar form of this argument is the comparison of the cost of sending a telegram a long distance in this country and a long distance in Europe. It is, however, an elementary fact that distance has very little to do with the cost of sending a telegram, and consequently should not have any great force in the determination of a fair price for the service, provided the telegram is a domestic one. The truth is, that in nearly all countries distance is entirely neglected and one uniform price is charged, just as our post-office charges one uniform price for sending a letter, regardless of distance. The reason why a comparatively high price is charged for a telegram, say, from London to St. Petersburg, is because such a telegram is an international one and the receipts have to be divided among several countries. In the case under consideration, we should also remember that we have a cable service to be taken into account. The usual price for sending a telegram from any part of one country to any other part of the same country is about ten cents. In some cases it is a little less, in some it is a little more. The charge in Germany and England is twelve cents.

We have next to note the poor quality of the telegraph service in the United States. It has been stated by a well known writer that it is the poorest telegraph service in the civilized world. Certainly the contrast between the service in this country and the service in Germany is most painful to one who has lived in both countries. The service in this country is so defective and so irregular that frequently the telegraph is not used when it would be a great convenience. It is impossible to send a telegram and to be sure that a prompt reply will be received. The writer of this article has sent a telegram a distance of some four hundred miles, and has given the telegram a start of twenty-four hours, then taken a train and arrived at the destination of the telegram on the same day on which the telegram was delivered. This is by no means an isolated experience.

So far as the writer's experience goes, it is seldom that a telegram is received in the United States which in spelling and in every other particular is absolutely correct,

whereas he does not remember to have received a telegram in Germany in which there was any mistake. Why this should be the case is apparent when one visits the telegraph office in both countries. Experienced and tried men, with comparatively short hours, are employed in Germany, while in the telegraph offices of this country one finds very young lads, and they are frequently overworked.

The telegraph service in the United States is poor because offices are so frequently closed. A few years since, when it was of urgent importance that a telegram should be sent from Richmond, Va., not an office could be found open until seven o'clock in the morning. Offices are closed on the whole, or a great part, of Sunday. No one would be hypocrite enough to pretend that this is due to any scruples in regard to the observance of Sunday. It is simply due to pecuniary considerations. The convenience of the public is lightly considered and neglected when it does not bring in any net return to minister to this convenience. A comparison with the postoffice is again to the disadvantage of the telegraph, although the telegraph service is more urgent. When it is remembered that telegrams so often deal with matters of life and death, even the strictest sabbatarian must acknowledge that there is strong reason why telegraph offices should be open every day.

The service in the United States is poor because the number who are accommodated with the convenience of a telegraph office is far smaller than it should be. The postoffice department plants a postoffice even in rural districts, and attempts to provide all the people with postal facilities. Every postoffice should be at the same time a telegraph office, and might be one if the telegraph were a part of the postal service.

A strong line of argument in favor of a public telegraph service is found in the condition of employees. Frequently, if not generally, they are too young and they are worked long hours. The fact that so few mature men are found among them shows that they have no secure tenure of office and no permanent employment. One young generation of telegraph operators gives way to another. They are employed frequently in dark, dingy, and ill-kept rooms. The contrast with the class of operators employed in a country like Germany and the neat and attractive offices found in that country is painful, and is really a disgrace to our own country.

One of the strongest arguments in favor of a postal telegraph is, that such a telegraph would carry with it an im-

provement in our civil service. It would be a force making for political purity. It would be hard to imagine at the present juncture a greater victory for civil-service reform than the acquisition of all the telegraph lines in the United States by the postoffice. It would remove a great source of corruption; a source so powerful, that it has been claimed that it recently defeated the election of a presidential candidate. It would increase the number of offices in which civil-service rules would be applied, even according to existing law, inasmuch as it would add to the number of employees in the postoffices in the country; and it would be an irresistible argument in favor of the extension and elevation of the civil service. Some want to have us wait until the civil service has been already improved, but the purchase of telegraph lines would inevitably carry with it the improvement of the civil service. The country would insist upon it. The acquisition of the telegraph lines by the nation would convert more people to civil-service reform in one day than all the speeches which have ever been delivered on the subject could win to this good cause in a year.

The situation of this country is not so different as many would have us believe from that of other countries in which the telegraph service is a part of the postal service. We find that after long years of experience practically the whole civilized world except the United States has decided in favor of the public ownership and management of the telegraph. Nowhere has it been found that there is any political objection to public ownership and management. The experience of monarchical and that of republican countries tell the same tale.

Last of all it should be said that as the telegraph is a natural monopoly, only one telegraph system is wanted in any one country. Two systems, one public and one private, could not fail to produce disastrous results both economically and politically. The true policy is the purchase of the existing telegraph lines at a fair price. If the right has been reserved to purchase the lines at an appraised valuation, this right should be used. It must be remembered, however, that a large capitalization of the telegraph plant of the country is due to the false policy of attempted competition in the telegraph business, and this policy has been fostered by the general public. It would seem only fair that the general public should bear at least a part of the loss in the price paid for the existing plant. After all, to acquire the private telegraph lines and the plant which goes with them would cost a sum which is very small

for a country which has had an annual surplus of \$100,000,000, and the benefits would be great and lasting.

II.

THE LEGAL ASPECT OF THE TELEGRAPH AND TELEPHONE SERVICES—ESSENTIAL PARTS OF AN EFFICIENT POSTAL SERVICE.

BY JUSTICE WALTER CLARK, LL. D., OF THE SUPREME BENCH OF N. C.

Many who admit the great advantages, nay, the necessity, of the telegraph and telephone services being operated as a part of the postal system, are deterred by the inquiry, Is it constitutional? In truth it is unconstitutional for this essential branch of the postal system to be operated by a private monopoly or in any other manner than by the government.

When the constitution placed the postoffice in the hands of the government it conferred exclusive operation, and with it all means of operating it to the best advantage. The same clause of the constitution of the United States (Art. 1, sec. 8) which empowers Congress to declare war, raise and support armies and a navy, to coin money, regulate commerce, and borrow money on the credit of the United States, includes the provision to "establish postoffices and post roads." If the power of the government is exclusive as to the other provisions it is so also as to the postoffice, for all these powers are conferred by the same clause and by the same words—in one breath as it were. The numerous decisions of the United States Supreme Court holding the power of Congress over the postoffice and the carrying of mails to be exclusive, render unnecessary any discussion of an undisputed point. It is interesting to note, however, that in 1836, Hon. John C. Calhoun, the leader of the strictest constructionists who denied to the general government all powers not clearly granted, in a report made by him as chairman of a committee of the United States Senate, said: "It must be borne in mind that the power of Congress over the postoffice and the mail is *an exclusive power*." These words have been cited and approved by the Supreme Court of the United States in the case of *ex parte Jackson* so recently as the 96 United States Reports on page 734. The bestowal of the exclusive right and duty to operate the postoffice carried with it the exclusive right and duty to use all the agencies that would make the postoffice most highly efficient, as such agencies from time to time should be improved or invented. On this principle the first telegraph line was built by a congressional appropriation under a "strict con-

struction" administration (Polk's), and the telegraph belonged to the government, 1844-47; and when under mistaken notions of economy it was then turned over to private ownership, Henry Clay, the great Whig leader, and Cave Johnson, the Democratic postmaster-general, were among the public men who went on record as earnestly protesting against such a step. Indeed the Supreme Court of the United States in a unanimous opinion (*Pensacola vs. Tel. Co.*, 96 U. S. 1) has held that the telegraph came within the grant of power to establish the postoffice. The opinion delivered by Chief Justice Waite says:

The powers thus granted are not confined to the instrumentalities of the postal service known or in use when the constitution was adopted, but they keep pace with the progress of the country and adapt themselves to the new developments of time and circumstances. They extend from the horse with its rider to the stage-coach, from the sailing vessel to the steamboat, from the coach and steamboat to the railroad, and from the railroad to the telegraph, as these new agencies are successively brought into use to meet the demands of increasing population and wealth.

Justice H. B. Brown, who is recognized as one of the ablest members of the United States Supreme Court, in the leading article in the August *Forum*, says:

If the government may be safely entrusted with the transmission of our letters and papers, I see no reason why it may not also be entrusted with the transmission of our telegrams and parcels, as is almost universally the case in Europe.

The Act of Congress, 1866, ch. 230, also expressly recognizes that this is a governmental function, temporarily permitted to be used by private companies, inasmuch as it provides that all telegraph lines built thereafter shall at any time after five years from the date of the act be turned over to the government, *on demand*, on payment of the value of the wires, poles, etc.

It will be noted just here that so far as railroads are used for the transmission of mail, they were promptly, and from the beginning, adopted and used exclusively by the post-office. Whether, in so far as railroads are used for the entirely different purpose of carrying passengers and freight, they shall be taken over by the government, is an entirely different question, standing on its own basis, which has never affected the undeniable right and duty of the government to use them exclusively so far as they are used for the carriage of mails. But the telegraph and telephone (so far as used by the public for hire) are, and can be, only used for the transmission of mail, and unquestionably come within the exclusive grant to the government of operating

the postoffice. The telegraph and telephone are simply the *electric mail* or mail sent by electricity, just as the railway mail is sent by steam agency in preference to the horse power formerly used in the days of stagecoaches and horseback riders and canal boats.

When the government shall assume its duty of sending the mail by electricity, railroad companies can still operate their own telegraph lines on their own business, and private telephone exchanges will still exist, just as railroads and others may now send their own letters by their own agents (U. S. Rev. Stat., §3985), but may not carry them for others for hire (U. S. Rev. Stat., §§3982, 3983, 3984, 3986, 3977, 3990). Then, as now, the government would only have the exclusive privilege of carrying mail for *hire* (U. S. Rev. Stat., §3992). This privilege of carrying mail for hire, whether sent by electricity or steam or stage coach or on horseback, is an exclusive governmental function, and no corporation or monopoly can legally exercise any part of it. It is the duty of the government to do it, and to do it in the quickest and most efficient manner and at the lowest possible rate consistent with the cost.

The army and navy and the department of justice are departments of exclusive governmental functions in the same manner and to exactly the same extent as the postoffice. But suppose that some branch of the department of justice (as by turning in the fines, penalties, and tax fees) or of the war or navy could be made a source of revenue, would it not be singular to turn over that revenue-paying part of those departments to a private monopoly, leaving the people to support the non-profitable part? Yet that is exactly what is done with the postoffice. Though the postoffice is as exclusively a governmental function as the army or navy or the department of justice, the government operates only the slow, antiquated, non-paying part of the postoffice, leaving the taxpayers to make up an annual deficit of six or eight millions; while the improved, up-to-date part of the postoffice, the rapid or electric mail, is operated by a private monopoly and pays a heavy dividend on its watered stock of one hundred and fifty millions—ten times the actual value of its plant.

Besides, this system is unjust, for the private monopoly naturally selects the best-paying districts, and a large part of the people are denied the advantages of a modern postoffice. In every country, save ours alone, the power of the monopoly has failed to maintain a system so unconstitutional and so opposed to the best interests of the public.

Hence in every country except ours the telegraph and telephone are constituent parts of the postoffice, with the double result that the postoffice facilities of the telegraph and telephone are extended to the country postoffices, and the postal revenues show a profit instead of a loss. Notably Great Britain, which has most widely extended the use of the telegraph and telephone as a part of its postoffice, shows a large annual profit from its postoffice instead of the deficit which was usual before the telegraph and telephone were added to the postoffice by Mr. Gladstone in 1870.

But there are those who say that operating the telegraph and telephone services would centralize the government. Yet it would be hard to see why an efficient postal service is more centralizing than an inefficient one, or why mail sent by electricity or pneumatic tubes (which should be adopted in the large cities) is more centralizing than mail sent on horseback or by steam. It is a puzzle to understand why ownership of telegraph or telephone wires costing less than ten dollars per mile should imperil the government more than the ownership of gunboats or postoffice buildings or postal cars. If it were a question of adding new functions to the government, as the ownership of railroads and the carrying of freight and passengers, this argument would be a legitimate one for debate. But when the constitution has already turned over the exclusive duty of transmission of mail to the government, there can be no argument of this kind properly used against the introduction of the most improved methods for the transmission of the mail, whether by electricity or by pneumatic tubes.

Telegraphic dispatches would be as sacred in the hands of government employees as other mail is now, or as the telegrams are in the hands of the employees of a private corporation. Besides, government employees, especially under civil-service rules and subject to the supervision of public opinion, would be less capable of using the telegraph for partisan purposes, as has been done under corporation ownership, and as was attempted to be done in the first Cleveland election, as everyone remembers. With telephones at all country postoffices and all villages and the smaller towns, few additional employees would be required, and those few would be added at centres requiring the telegraph and where civil-service rules obtain. The telephones and telegraphs would be put in the postoffice buildings already owned or rented by the government, thus saving the rent of all the buildings now used by the private companies. This and the saving of salaries of the officials

of the present corporations and the dividends on their largely watered stock would enable the government to reduce its tolls to the uniform rate of ten cents per message, independently of the large increase in business.

In Italy the government is proposing to reduce its telegraphic rates to five cents per message, and in Sweden the government charge for a telephone connected with every city in the kingdom is six dollars per year. In Great Britain (by the official report made to this government in the United States Consular Reports for April, 1895) the increase since the government has taken over the telegraph and telephone has been tenfold in private messages and thirtyfold in press messages, and the improvement in promptness of delivery has been from an average of two to three hours under private ownership to an average of nine minutes under government. This wonderful increase in business has been due to the threefold cause of cheap rates, extension of the lines to all postoffices, and greater promptness in delivery.

With wire costing less than ten dollars per mile there is no reason why the government should not own a line to every postoffice in the Union. There should be no dicker with private companies about leasing or purchasing. In 1866 they only asked for five years to close up, but when the five years were out they had formed the present great trust and defied the public. They have had thirty years' notice to abandon their use of a branch of the governmental functions. In that time they have received hundreds of millions of profits illegally extorted from the toiling masses. They have no right to extract another dollar by lease or sale of their antiquated or wornout instruments. By the act of 1866 (above cited) they have no claim for compensation for franchises or expected profits. They have only a privilege, determinable (after 1871) at the option of the government upon payment of the assessed value of wires, poles, etc. Let the government give the actual value of such wires as it may wish to use and take complete and exclusive possession of the duties of a postoffice. Every postmaster who can talk can use the telephone, and where a telegraph office is required the government can employ an assistant as operator as easily as any other clerk.

Other countries are doing this good work of furnishing electric mail facilities at cheap rates to all the people, in the country as well as in the town. Why, alone of all the world, should this government, which claims *par excellence* to be a government of the people and for the people, fail in this constitutional duty of furnishing proper

postal facilities to all its people? The only proper postal facilities for the American people are those which shall extend to every nook and corner of the republic, which shall be the best which the latest advances in science can offer, and which are furnished as near the exact cost of the service as possible without profit. Such postal facilities the American people are entitled to demand as a right. They should rest contented with nothing short of this.

SCIENTIFIC THEOSOPHY.

BY JOSEPH RODES BUCHANAN, M. D.*

"Theosophy"—divine wisdom—is a grand word, not to be lightly or irreverently applied to anything which does not primarily come from the divine sphere, for unless its origin is there, the word "Theosophy" is an imposture.

This word was first introduced into the sphere of science at the beginning of this century by that bold original genius, Dr. F. J. Gall, the first revealer of the true anatomy of the brain, whose anatomical teaching has since been followed by anatomists and whose remarkable dissections surprised leading anatomists and even puzzled some of his contemporaries. He initiated, or we may say created, cerebral psychology, and his extreme originality and success excited the jealousy of Napoleon, who could not endure the overshadowing of French genius, and stimulated though not successfully the French opposition, for Gall had as signal success in France as in Germany.

The word "Theosophy" was applied by Dr. Gall to that portion of the brain which establishes the reverential relation of man to the Deity, which must therefore be intimately associated with supernal inspiration. In this he spoke more wisely than he understood, for in his writings he did not rise much above the level of his unspiritual contemporaries. The substantial correctness of Gall's discoveries has been verified by *all* who have followed his method of studying the comparative development of the brain in men and in animals, and even by Dr. Vimont, who began his observations for the *refutation* of Gall and ended by publishing a large work in *confirmation*. But his discoveries are little known to those who have not followed his methods of observation.

Neither completeness nor accuracy can be demanded of the *creator* of a new science, but Gall fell into few errors, though he came far short of completing the survey of man in his mental constitution, and did not even attempt a solution of the physiological problems of the brain. My own discoveries of 1841 and '42 in which the functions of every con-

*Author of "The New Education," "System of Anthropology," "Therapeutic Sarcognomy," and "Manual of Psychometry."

volution of the brain, both psychic and physiological, have been established by electrical experiment to the entire satisfaction of all who have witnessed the experiments (endorsed by a medical college and a university), have confirmed nearly all the discoveries of Gall, as the first steps of solid psychic science in connection with anatomy, which lead toward the temple of divine wisdom.

Every profound thinker, knowing that man is the masterpiece of the universe, knows also that the soul is the loftiest subject toward which the scientist can direct his attention with the hope of comprehension, since Deity is far beyond the comprehension of man. The soul of man, the intelligible image of the Divine, is manifestly the only teacher, the only volume in which the lessons that approximate the Infinite can be learned.

The soul, which is the essential vitality of all beings, has in all forms of life its terrestrial home in the brain, in which a special apparatus belongs to every function of life, as distinct in all cerebral fibres as in the optic and auditory nerves.

Manifestly, then, the arcana of the universe have their home in the brain, in which, by the vast complexity of the millions of elements in its structure, and the still more incalculable extent and variety of psychic elements and organization, the intelligence of humanity has been baffled, and man in the nineteenth century confesses that he has no understanding of his own essential existence and of the relation of his most mysterious and controlling anatomical structure to his most limitless nature and capacity.

If the intelligence of mankind is sufficiently advanced in this century to justify the introduction of the word "Theosophy," it must be manifestly by the comprehension of the limitless soul; and while living in material forms, that is possible only by reaching it through the anatomical apparatus with which it is identified, the development of which reveals the extent of its own evolution, and the laws that control its apparatus. Evidently, therefore, it is in cerebral science and its correlative, psychic science, that the possibility of Theosophy exists, for until that is attained we can only crawl in subordinate and accessory sciences, as the mole crawls in the earth.

What mastery of divine wisdom is attainable by this method, it is the purpose of this essay to show, as far as it can be done in the narrow limits of a magazine essay. But the preliminary statement must be offered that all knowledge is from God, and may be called inspiration. Our life is a continual absorption of divine wisdom from that vast vol-

ume of divine revelation, the visible and invisible universe, through our external and internal senses. Shut off from that volume which sends its influx through light, sound, movement, force, and innumerable forms and phenomena, the mind of man would remain an absolute blank. All the phenomena of nature are expressions of divine wisdom and power, from which man receives his own intelligence and power.

The physical facts of nature come to us through the external senses, as to animals, and to man they bring the invisible truths, the laws of nature, which he clearly sees in the phenomena. In men of the nobler type, this knowledge amounts to philosophy; and in men of a more elevated spiritual type, something more than the physical laws of nature comes in this influx—a perception of that psychic world of life and power with which the human soul perceives its kinship—the world of immortality and divinity—a world which is not perceptible to the lower types of humanity, to which even philosophy is dim and doubtful if not unknown.

The nature and source of this grander knowledge have been and still are a puzzling marvel to all mankind, and the word occult has been indefinitely used for a realm of infinite mystery, credulity, superstition and fraud.

The possibility of divine wisdom from divine inspiration has been recognized throughout Christendom in reference to Jesus, but this belief as to Him was not associated with any understanding of the relations between humanity and divinity—their *rationale* and law—the part that inspiration has played, and the far more important part that it may play in the future, as the light illumining the world. St. John said, "That was the true Light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world," and St. John was a philosopher.

A systematic investigation of this subject was begun in 1841-42, abandoning all old paths and taking the only path that leads directly on to the heart of the infinite mystery—the direct investigation of the divine image in its earthly incarnation in the human brain.

The starting point was the discovery that all human sensibilities to the influences of the universe are located in the middle, or as now called, sphenotemporal lobe of the brain, resting chiefly on the wings of the sphenoid bone where the ascending fibres of the *corpora striata* have their final distribution. There is no room here for the history of this discovery and its tests, but I may say that it was further

verified about thirty years later, when Professor Ferrier by partial destruction of the base of this lobe in a monkey, destroyed the sense of feeling on the opposite side of the body, according to the law of decussation.

This structure, connected in action with interior convolutions of the front lobe and the delicate *septum lucidum*, brings into one group the structures and corresponding faculties which take cognizance of all impressions that we receive from the visible, material, and the invisible or psychic elements of the universe. As the external sense of vision by means of light, grasps the existence and movement of the millions of suns, so does this finer and more interior sense reveal worlds heretofore unknown to science and only dimly imagined in a dreamy way by those who without systematic investigation have spoken, during the last twenty-five hundred years, of their mysterious impressions and beliefs, mingled often with baseless fancies.

To show how I was led along the path of discovery it is well to give the first steps, which have long been published in the *Journal of Man* and the "Manual of Psychometry—the dawn of a new civilization," which has diffused the knowledge of my discovery and its application among all civilized nations, there being no difficulty in the way, since the demonstrations are extremely easy. The reader will kindly hold in suspense any opinion on the phrase, "the dawn of a new civilization," as it is the purpose of this essay to prove it a just and reasonable claim. For if this discovery is to result in the rapid enlargement of *all sciences relating to man*, all sciences relating to the past, all political and religious history, and in short all philosophy, all social institutions, and all religion, it will certainly be competent to establish "a new civilization" as fast as intelligence can overcome inherited barbarisms. All these consequences are sure to come when the divine elements in man are understood throughout the world, incorporated in educational systems, and made active in abolishing ignorance, crime, and all our hereditary barbarisms with which mankind are satisfied because they know nothing of a true civilization.

As the space allotted to this essay is too limited for illustration, for demonstration, and for the convincing facts that would instruct, much reliance must be placed upon the sagacious intuition of readers, which is not deficient in the readers of the ARENA, who are probably the foremost thinkers of our nation.

A very concise statement must now be given of the initial steps of my investigation fifty-four years ago, based upon a

prior seven years' investigation of the brain, resulting in many discoveries, among which was the importance of that region of the brain where the sensitive and intellectual functions are brought into conjunction.

Bishop Polk of the South, whom I met at Little Rock in 1841, had a finely developed brain and vigorous intellect—an accomplished gentleman. He had a very large endowment of the sensitive region, which I have mentioned, and when I told him of his marvellous capacities in that direction he surprised me by the statement that his sensibility was so acute that whenever he touched brass even accidentally and unconsciously he instantly tasted it. Had I met him after following this clue to its results, he might have given me some splendid illustrations of the higher powers of the human soul, such as I afterwards obtained from Bishop Otey of Tennessee and Chancellor Scott of Mississippi.

I determined to find out at once if this high grade of sensibility was common or anomalous. I found that a large number of my acquaintance had similar powers, and when they held their hands behind their backs, they could recognize the peculiar influence of any metals placed in their hands, and thus distinguish one from another. Nearly all that I tested manifested this capacity, for the climate there was favorable to the nervous system.

The next step was to try other substances, beginning with salt, sugar, spices, and any convenient substance. The taste would sometimes be perceived distinctly, but the uniform result was to impart the characteristic influence of the substance on the constitution. When medicines were used, the exact effect belonging to the medicine when taken internally would be perceived by from fifty to ninety per cent of the persons tested. In subsequent years I found that those possessing the highest sensitive endowments could pronounce upon a medicine almost instantly, when placed in the hands, and give a more accurate and reliable statement of its effects and its adaptation to various diseases than could be obtained from the dispensaries and other standard professional works—of which reports I have a valuable collection of about three hundred on which I rely in preference to medical authorship. Even the infinitesimally prepared globules of homœopathic practitioners were readily described by my best psychometers.

It had been supposed and is still taught that absorption into the interior of the body is necessary for medical effects, and that no mere exterior contact can have any effect, but in my experiments, even contact with the cuticle

was entirely unnecessary, and the medicines were wrapped in papers so as to conceal them from the knowledge of the psychometer, and in teaching students, I used for convenience a small piece of paper on which a little fluid extract had been dried, or paper containing the substance concealed, or a glass vial containing the fluid, which of course made the experiment a little slower in reaching the result. Sometimes I have arranged a convenient group of about a dozen, connecting hands, and taking a single specimen of the medicine, sent a current of electricity through it to carry its potentiality to the sensitive, and thus enabled everyone in the circuit to feel and describe the medical potency. For the last twelve years my annual classes of the College of Therapeutics have participated in this experiment. It would be practicable in this way to medicate a thousand sensitives with a single medical dose and continue the process indefinitely without the slightest diminution of the quantity of the medicine. No abnormal sensibility is requisite, for such sensibilities belong to the majority of mankind, and in hot climates to everybody.

The practical result of these demonstrations is that medicine will be made an accurate science when these heretofore unknown powers are utilized. I might safely undertake to revise the entire pharmacopœia of the medical profession, rectify its errors, and add several hundred valuable remedies now unknown, within twelve months devoted to the task. But more urgent duties have claimed my time.

These things I have been teaching, demonstrating and publishing for many years, but no medical college unless I was a member of the faculty has ever manifested a desire to know anything about it, and I have not thought it expedient to urge any species of knowledge upon the attention of those who manifested not only indifference but aversion.*

* When I proposed, about fifteen years ago, to make these demonstrations before a committee of the National Medical Association, I was firmly but courteously informed by the venerable head of the society, Professor Gross, with whom I was well acquainted, that the thing was entirely impossible, for the reason that they were governed by a medical code and I had not submitted to it. The code is a relic of barbarism, which will disappear in the coming century. It proscribes more than thirty thousand of the very best physicians in the United States, as unfit to be treated as gentlemen, and absolutely reverses the meaning of the word *ethics*. Unconscious of satirizing himself, the note of Professor Gross suggested that my medical discoveries might be presented to some societies outside of the medical profession! When I made a similar proposition to the Kentucky State Medical Society and a committee was appointed, the committee never met! *Verbum sat.*

When Americans undertake anything they are apt to surpass the slow coaches of the old world. Certainly they have done so in medical bigotry and medical legislation procured by a lobby. The demonstrations which were so firmly rejected here were not refused in France. Forty-four years after my first experiments here, Drs. Bourru and Burot made similar experiments, not so extensive or scientific or valuable, and more marvelous, by holding medicines behind the heads of very sensitive subjects (a method I had avoided as unnecessarily marvelous and less reliable) and producing the complete effects of the medicines. Their experiments were repeated and confirmed by the professors and officers of the Naval Medical School at Rochefort and

Psychometry is the word I was compelled to coin and introduce for these and other new powers and processes which are destined to revolutionize the medical profession by giving the same accuracy to *diagnosis* as to the knowledge of medicines. A perfect knowledge of the disease and a perfect knowledge of the remedy make a scientific practice of therapeutics, and measures are now being taken in California proposing to leave the old medical colleges in their stagnant condition and establish a school which instead of dreading progress will welcome every discovery and accept my additions to biology, which for half a century have withstood criticism and received the endorsement of every committee of investigation. "Westward the star of empire wends its way."

The ability to make a correct diagnosis of disease, to enter into close sympathy with the patient, and to look with intuitive perception into all his interior conditions, realizing not only his feelings but the pathological conditions of his interior organs which so often defy all college rules for diagnosis, and produce a vast amount of radical errors and false treatment for conditions not existing (rivalling in its results the horrors of chattel slavery); is an inherent capacity of the best developed constitutions, and exists, though latent, in various degrees, in nearly if not quite a million of the people of the United States, at least half of whom with a little training in the science of psychometry would be competent to guide the medical profession and correct its blunders.

Man has not been turned out by divine power blind and helpless among ten thousand dangers, but is endowed with a clear vision to meet all the demands of his career. My students for many years have been trained to exercise these powers and few have failed to develop them.

Of course many of the medical profession possess this capacity and are led by its exercise to the highest rank of professional success; but all such exalted powers are scorned and ridiculed by colleges, and their possessors being kept in ignorance do not use them, and would be afraid to confess their intellectual capacities. Dogmatic ignorance is the imperious master of the situation, and patients who puzzle the faculty have to resort to those who have never been instructed (?) by colleges for a satisfactory diagnosis.

were reported and honorably received in the National Association for the Advancement of Science at Grenoble, France, in 1885. They have since been repeated by Professor Lhuys at Paris. The metallo-therapy of the French hospitals is another illustration of the same principles. France is far ahead of America in neurological studies. It seems unlucky that I was not born in France.

But in spite of colleges, the knowledge and use of this power have gone round the world, and in the hands both of the ignorant and the educated it has saved many thousand lives. In some of my students it has made marvellous displays, such as revealing the medical history of years, discovering anomalous and unsuspected conditions, and even telling the whole story at the first sight of a patient not yet within twenty feet of the observer. Some years ago I knew a gentleman of very scanty medical education who possessed this psychometric faculty in a high degree and was then, I believe, receiving a larger income than any physician in our country. Had he been enslaved by the code, he would have been a common obscure doctor.

That Theosophy *revolutionizes* what is called medical science is a necessary result of the emancipation of the divine wisdom bestowed on man. It is not merely by giving a true diagnosis, a true knowledge of medicines, and ability indefinitely to enlarge the materia medica, which are simply rectifications of antiquated ignorance, but by adding to this rectified science three new therapeutic methods, not known in the old colleges, that the revolution is completed. With this *meagre* introduction of a great theme, the reader may be prepared for the demonstration in my next essay that Theosophy brings "a new civilization."

SHALL WOMEN VOTE?

BY HELEN H. GARDENER.

In a little volume just issued, called "The Woman-Suffrage Movement in the United States,"* the topic is more fully, freely, plainly, and badly dealt with upon the strictly conservative and religious side than I remember to have seen before. I am truly glad to have read this book. It is so amusing. I have not laughed more heartily for some time, and I believe that the little volume will be one of the most useful ever put into the hands of the suffragists and will cause more uneasiness in the conservative camp than has been felt for years. Something of the thought of the book is in these paragraphs on pp. 75-6:

When the American pulpit realizes that this question involves the infallibility of God's word just as much and with much more logical and practical certainty than does the scientific question of evolution or the critical one of the inerrancy of the written word, it will appreciate the alarming and portentous condition of American society.

This question is fundamental; it is the foundation-stone of the social, moral, and religious structure which the English-speaking race has erected upon the divinity and authenticity of the Word of God. Remove the foundation, and the structure falls to the ground. And who will rebuild it? Will the cowards who allowed it to be destroyed before their very eyes? I trow not. The law of marriage was announced by God in the very beginning of time, long before the promulgation of the Decalogue, *and for all time and for all the nations of man.* It was to govern the one relation of life and social arrangement common to all the different races of mankind, and was fixed as the foundation of the family, of society, of order and government, regardless of its special form or nature. *Whatever changes it has received from custom or legislation have always worked an injury to the unity and purity of the home and to the peace and happiness of society.*

Italics mine.

I should like to read the reply of the orthodox suffragists. Not being orthodox myself, I believe with him in much that he says of the influence and effect of the Bible teaching on the woman question. Believing as I do that the Bible in this matter as in previous causes of progress and civilization has stood and does stand directly across the path of justice, truth, progress, and science, I simply say, as Wendell Phillips said of it when men like "A Lawyer" asserted that

* "The Woman-Suffrage Movement in the United States," by A Lawyer. Pp. 153; price, cloth 75 cents, paper 25 cents. Arena Publishing Company.

the Bible upheld slavery, "Then so much the worse for the Bible." This I should say to "A Lawyer." Notwithstanding which fact, he (or I) could prove just as good a scriptural case against himself as a lawyer, a voter, an owner of property, or an eater of meat. "If eating meat offend thy brother, eat no meat." Meat-eating offends many millions of his brothers. "Look not upon the wine when it is red" is violated in letter every time a Christian takes the sacrament (unless perchance he uses white wine, which would not keep the command "in spirit"). But I am glad this book was written. It is a record to be met by those who hold that the Bible is a friend to the progress of women. It will be interesting to see how they will do this. There is a naive paragraph on pp. 85-6:

It might be well to inquire why it was that the Catholic Church so early declared marriage to be a sacrament. The facts of history during the Roman Republic and the days of the Cæsars and the earlier years of the empire must have been well known to Roman Catholic ecclesiastics, who have been always more or less politicians. They must have studied the causes of the decline and fall of the republic, and accepting fully the Biblical doctrine of marriage, they at once saw the vast power and influence *which they and the church herself could acquire* and wield through that principle of morals and law, if it were ever acknowledged to be correct, and were accepted and obeyed. It gave to woman absolute protection; she accepted it and obeyed the church. It restrained the passions of man in public and private life through the wife and mother, and consequently controlled the husband; and he feared the church.

Italics mine.

There is a volume of confession and fact in that one paragraph, but it is amusing to see it come from that side. Had J. S. Mill, Huxley, Robert Ingersoll, or Elizabeth Cady Stanton written it, one could imagine what a chorus of protest would have gone up from a church whose ulterior motives were thus laid bare, so that she is declared by her devotees to have subordinated one sex and brutalized the other in order to own both. It is one of the important truths of history, which has previously been strenuously denied by the church and her devotees. We are glad that "A Lawyer's" candor outran his discretion. It will be worth while knowing what happens to him when the Right Reverend of his diocese discovers his identity.

No state has the right to degrade one of its citizens unless that citizen has given cause for the degradation. Is not that a fair and plain proposition? I think "A Lawyer" would say that it is *unless* that citizen chanced to be a woman, and then he would baldly and frankly say that the Bible degrades woman. God Almighty did, and therefore

the state has no right to ameliorate her condition. Indeed he does say this in substance throughout his book. He argues for her degradation wholly upon Bible grounds and makes no claim whatever upon an ethical, natural, or political basis where he concedes her the right and logic of the argument. This is the position of the book, and he supports his argument in the main very well indeed if one accepts his religious premises. It is true that we might hit back by reminding him that he is not so rigid in the application of other scriptural injunctions as in that dealing with the subordination of women, but all things being equal, he has done about the best that could be done on that side, which is no doubt the reason the Arena Company published the book. It believes that all sides of all questions should have a hearing, and that suppression is never argument; nevertheless the Arena editor and the Arena Company, singly and collectively, are on the other side of this question, while it concedes the right of a full hearing to "A Lawyer."

There is an amusing passage, pp. 88-91:

No one can predict or foresee what will be the influence and effects of female suffrage upon society and law, and through them upon the government itself, until it has been practically carried to its ultimate end in the affairs of this country, state and federal. It cannot be fully worked out in one or even two generations. Old and established civilizations, with their customs ingrained in the character and interwoven with the daily thoughts and life of a people, do not so easily fold themselves up to be laid away in the lumber-room of history. Under the final operation of this principle all the restraints of honor and of chivalry, of society and of law, will be removed, and men and women will meet in their future dealings in the same way that men meet men in their trades and traffics; women will no longer be dealt with as women, but as citizens, because the law will not any longer so consider them. In the future they will be simply buyers and sellers, traders, merchants, with no legal difference between them and men. The social distinction will be in the dress, and in that alone. It will make the marriage tie simply a bargain and sale—a trade based upon the pecuniary ability of each or of one only to support the family. Husbands will be bought, and wives will be sold. It will degrade woman and unsex man.

Ultimately, when its fullest operation and influence are felt and developed under its exclusive sway, women will again become "hewers of wood and drawers of water," because men, with their wits sharpened by experience with other men and from constant trade, will soon absorb, in some way or other, beyond the protecting touch of the law, all the property owned by the women; consequently there will be eventually a direct antagonism and actual hostility between husband and wife as to property and rights of property, producing lawsuits to be followed by divorce suits, and leaving the children, if any, to the care of the world. Public honor having been lowered by this principle, and women claiming under it the right to buy from and to sell to whom they please, there will be no private reason left in the heart, mind, or conscience of men why they should not increase their own fortunes out of the property of their wives.

It will be legal; it will be common; it will be done every day. Might, aided by experience, will be the measure and test of right. And should sickness become the constant companion of the woman after her money was gone, she would be put aside as no longer fit for service, or dropped on the wayside in the journey of life like a lonesome weed.

Husband and wife could testify against one another, could sue one another, and could buy from or sell to one another. The marriage tie would be simply an agreement between a man and a woman to live in the same house and occupy the same bed, with no protection or exclusion against any intruder during the continuance of the contract. That will be the entire legal and moral extent of this contract. It would produce at once bickerings, charges, criminations, lawsuits, divorce suits; and when the different families of the interested parties took sides in the litigation about the property, there would be street-fights, bloodshed, and murder.

Now are not the woman's wits also sharpened? She is "in trade." But the author fears antagonism between husband and wife *because* he secures all the property, whereas he has all along argued that as it is *now* the husband *should* own the property, and that it is unseemly for a wife to "control her own property or own it!" Now it appears from this last argument that woman suffrage will produce this very state of things which he has thought right! There is an occasional "lonesome weed" nowadays, so I have heard, and also there are weeds which yearn for a chance to be lonesome rather than to be the owned "queens" of men who are willing to subject them to such indignities. Much of this is a purely gratuitous assumption, and I presume that "A Lawyer" is not unaware that with the class of moral idiots he has described here (of whatever sex they may be) the lack of a vote fails to make the woman chaste or loyal or content with her husband; nor do the words of a priest restrain such a man, as the brothels will all attest. It is well known that these are chiefly supported by men who have accepted marriage with a disfranchised subordinate as a "sacrament."

The rest of this prophecy of the dire results of justice to woman is worth going miles to read. The author promises almost all the disasters known to man, and they are to appear "before the third generation shall have passed away" after woman suffrage is introduced. He appears to be in blissful ignorance of the fact that *now* the third generation born under woman suffrage is living very comfortably and happily in Wyoming, and that that state has fewer criminals, jails, asylums, and paupers to the thousand population than any other in America. But a fact of this kind need not and does not interfere with oceans of theory. He says, "By their effects shall ye know them," but refuses to look at effects or to listen to a proposal to "try all things and hold

fast that which is good," although he opens with this very quotation. Hold fast that which you have got is his theory, and try nothing else.

On pp. 95-6 he says that when J. S. Mill, Buckle, Ingersoll, and those who believe in woman's rights "talk of liberty, they mean license." No man who has read the works of these men named, or read or heard the leaders of the woman-suffrage movement, is justified in making such a charge as that. It is a libel, pure and simple. However much "A Lawyer" may dissent from the views of an opponent, it is difficult to grasp his ethical (not to mention his religious) point of view and status when he ventures on such a statement. It has been my fortune to know personally most of the leaders in this movement, and to have read and heard them, and to know much of their personal lives and aims, and there is in no state, no church, and no home (not excepting the mother, wife, or daughter of "A Lawyer" himself) a loftier, truer, more truly liberty-loving and license-hating number of men and women on this globe. Their own lives and writings (with their own names given freely to the world) are open to the public, and "A Lawyer" can only prejudice his case and his audience by such a statement. He refers to Lecky to sustain his case, but in fact Lecky is wholly against him, and was one of the very ardent advocates of a larger liberty for woman, and was one of the first who pointed out that Christian law had degraded woman's status, and put a blight on progress. "A Lawyer" presumes too much upon the ignorance of his readers.

In chapter vii he argues that men are so wholly brutal, so entirely vicious, that were it not for the Bible they could and would have no idea of or respect for justice. He is apparently wholly unaware of any natural or scientific basis of morals. He does not appear to know that there are nations giving no allegiance to the Bible whose morals and sense of justice are quite equal to those of any Christian nation. Witness Japan in her last war. He thinks so badly of man that he believes that nothing but fear of hell and a priest and a vengeful and arbitrary God can keep him from devouring woman. No suffragist, however excited, charges man with quite so much willing and conscious brutality. It remains to be seen if men relish the character and reputation "A Lawyer" gives them. On pp. 103-4 he says:

It would well become all men to look to the future with great fear and trembling.

Without stopping to criticise or answer Mill's arguments in his "Subjection of Women," let us say he has suggested no remedy.

Admitting his facts to be true and his argument to be unanswerable, his conclusion resolves itself into this proposition: either the men of to-day ought voluntarily to turn over the government of the world to the women of to-day; or the Maker of us all made a mistake in that He did not make the men of to-day women, and the women of to-day men. The first alternative is a flat impossibility; the second is simply questioning God's wisdom, and does not in any wise aid or bolster up his argument. In a word, it is sheer nonsense, in which Mill frequently stranded all his logic, unless he followed some other mind.

The demand of the women who seek the suffrage is perfect equality before the law, in society, and under the government.

His misunderstanding of Mill and of the whole situation is so ludicrously apparent that this argument requires no reply. Women don't want to be men; they don't want men to be women. They simply wish to reduce the bump of self-importance of men sufficiently to enable them to grasp the fact that man is not the whole human race, and that in assuming to be so, and legislating upon that theory, he has not only outraged woman, but seriously crippled himself and his children. So long as each man lived for himself alone, and had no wider horizon, no sense of responsibility or honor or justice toward either his own posterity or the other half of the race, the subjugation of woman was inevitable. But the rising conscience—the development of a natural and scientific basis of morality as opposed to the strictly arbitrary and variously interpreted religious basis—has resulted as inevitably in a rising tide of civilization and progress, in which the question of the justice and right of the subordination of woman is one of the vital issues which any student of dynamic sociology might have foreseen and prophesied as to its drift.

Then, too, with the development of the knowledge and importance of heredity would naturally come the absolutely incontrovertible fact that subject mothers never did and subject mothers never will give to this world a race of healthy, liberty-loving, justice-practising, sane, and moral children. In Bible times they gave to the world sons who had to have "devils"—whole herds of them—"cast out," they gave lying Peters and thieves for the cross, they gave treachery, butchery, beggary, idiocy, insanity, and malice, as they do yet and as they will to the end of the chapter of enforced maternity and brutalized paternal ownership. It is simply for men to choose whether they wish to pay such prices as these for the gratification of their sense of ownership and their autocratic power. The ablest, wisest, and best men of the age feel that the price is altogether too high. The heartwung mothers of crime and insanity and vice *know* that it is, and if they fought only half-heartedly for

their own emancipation, they are willing to fight to the death to save their children from the results of the blindness of man.

"A Lawyer" shows pretty conclusively, from his point of view, that many previous forms of government and rule have produced dismal failures. All of these were under male control; all were the failures of male rulers to grasp the problems which arose; all indicate a lack of sufficient knowledge and moral and civic character to meet the developing situations. Is not this in itself an indication that men alone *cannot* legislate wisely and successfully and fairly for both sexes? Have not thousands of years of partial and total and repeated failures under various forms demonstrated pretty fully the fact that half of the race has neither the wisdom nor the ethical ability to legislate for and rule the whole race? Does not "A Lawyer" cut the ground from under his own feet?

He proves his case from the ultra orthodox point of view of one who believes in a "personal God," who had a "chosen" people and who changed His laws from time to time as He saw fit; who assumes that all "Pagans" are lower than are Christians in ethics and morals; who accepts the dictum of the Catholic Church as final, and finds that "Luther knew how to destroy, but not how to construct"; who holds that "submission" is the full law for a wife, but that she is also a "queen" and an "equal" with her husband; who on another page finds that "such equality" is impossible and her obedience to his will and control is imperative; who finds that it is wrong, unnatural, and impious for her—this "queen"—to "have control of her own property"; who finds that Christ settled for all time and so that "*no* one can misunderstand" the relations of husband and wife; who insists that the Bible is *in toto* against the equality of the sexes, the elevation of woman, or her equality with man before and in the law,—all of which many Christian clergymen have striven to disprove to their women supporters. I am more than pleased to see the whole case put so fully and simply and brutally before women and before men who believe that the Bible has been woman's friend. I hope most sincerely that both sides will read, analyze, and understand this book. I do not believe that the cause of woman could have a better stimulator than is this naive, simply stated, frank argument for her degradation and subjection. Fair-minded men will rebel, and it will need nothing more potent than a very slight self-respect and sense of justice to show women the outrage of it.

He claims the "headship and rule" for the husband not at

all on account of his superiority or ability, but *solely* on Biblical authority, and says, pp. 64-7:

That brings us directly face to face with female suffrage and its effects upon the institution of marriage as established by God and upon the doctrine of the marital relation as announced in the Scriptures. The Scriptures as the Word of God are either infallible or they are not infallible. Female suffrage is based on the assumption that the sexes are equal in all things, personal, social, legal, and political, and that marriage does not qualify or alter that equality. This is "the head and front of its offending," and it is enough. If this conclusion is justified by the irresistible logic of the argument upon which the question plants itself, then it can only be sustained by a denial of the headship of the husband, by an assertion that marriage is a civil contract and not an institution of God, and that, being a civil contract made by two persons at will who are in all respects absolutely equal, it can be dissolved at pleasure by these persons, and that God in the beginning had nothing to do with it. This conclusion conflicts at all points with the Word of God, denies its infallibility, and puts forth another law of marriage. And further, if the Scriptures are not infallible, then God has no right to His awful sovereignty, and should be dethroned; the Christ was an impostor and a fraud; and man and woman should be guided by their reason alone, and are responsible solely and exclusively to themselves in this life and in the life to come.

The assertion of female suffrage, carried out to its logical conclusion, as a correct principle in human affairs, is simply a denial of the right of God to reign, and of the infallibility of his word as his revealed will as to those affairs. If the principle is true, it destroys all distinctions and admits of no exceptions, because the headship of the man as husband refuses and excludes all equality in the woman as wife, and consequently the equality which it demands for woman must be not only personal and social, but also legal and political. If it be contended that these passages of Scripture are local in their application to, and temporary in the jurisdiction of their authority over, the relations of husband and wife, and ought to be so accepted in their practical consequences, social and legal, upon human affairs, I will not meet the argument intended to be thus asserted by the childish question, What portion, then, of the New Testament is to be considered as universal and permanent in its nature and of binding force? I shall at once admit that, if they are local and temporary, then they are not a part of God's law enacted for all time and for all His creatures, and consequently the New Testament is, to that extent, not Sacred Scripture and therefore is not infallible.

This view of the New Testament is not only the fruitful mother of infidelity, but is *per se* an actual denial of its authenticity and infallibility as a part of God's Revealed Will. It is not to be argued in this connection that this construction is correct on the basis of an exception to the rule, because there can be no exception to this rule.

Now the same dire and dreadful things were said to men by kings and barons when they assured men that none but infidels, etc., could claim equality and suffrage for all men, because God had "set rulers over them," and "men differ as one star differeth from another in glory," and God had "appointed some to rule by divine right and some to serve," etc.; but we do not observe that "A Lawyer" catches

the point of this logic of Scripture *as applied to himself* and men generally. The same Biblical scarecrow (as written, translated, and interpreted by white men) was observable in the slavery days. But "A Lawyer" and his followers, who are distinctly taught in the Bible to "be in subjection to the powers that be," to "render unto Cæsar," etc., prefer to decide in these days who shall be Cæsar, and to make and unmake the "powers," which "be" only so long as they suit the taste of the male voters. "A Lawyer" should pardon women for having also absorbed a little of the logic of events, and for concluding that, if a "A Lawyer" and his sex generally can bear up with fortitude when they themselves disregard the Bible teachings for their own elevation, possibly an earthquake will not follow the assumption of women that the time has come for them also to decide for themselves somewhat about "the powers that be"; and they find their authority (on p. 68) when they realize that "A Lawyer" is voting in spite of the fact that his male ancestors were taught that it was against the Bible for the common herd to presume to rule.

A marriage that cannot sustain itself without the subjection of one party to "the sacrament" cannot too quickly be dissolved for the interest of the state, of the children, and of morality. So long as wifehood and motherhood are mere matters of power and submission—of ownership and dependence—just so long will the state continue to have born to it feeble-minded, untruthful, insane, diseased, and criminal citizens. "A Lawyer" says (p. 52) that he is no sociologist. That is perfectly patent. It is also patent that he is no student of heredity nor of anything approaching a lofty ethical basis of sex morality and justice. The double standard of morals, ethics, right, justice, and honor which is fostered by his basis of argument, is at the root of more of the crime, insanity, disease, and idiocy of the race than are all other causes combined. Women are beginning to understand this in a vague way, and to refuse, as they should, to be the enforced mothers of a tainted progeny, which shall be a curse to itself and to the world into which it is recklessly thrust. Their sense of responsibility and honor toward the unborn is awakening, and when it is developed, children will cease to be the products of Lust and Fear, of Power and Submission; mothers will cease to *transmit to their children* the passions and propensities which inevitably lead to battlefield, hospital, insane asylum, and prison. Man will be the gainer. He will then be born with a sense of justice which would prevent him from

arguing calmly, as "A Lawyer" does, that it is wrong for a woman to own and control her own property, but that *he* should have it. The men born of that higher type of motherhood would scorn themselves for even wishing to establish such an immoral basis of action for their own selfish interest, which is, in its ultimate analysis, simply and only misappropriation of the goods of another to one's own selfish use.

"On the theory of the inspiration of the New Testament it must stand as a whole or fall as a whole, because the allowance of an exception to any portion, is to admit the argument against its infallibility."

Yet to-day not even the most orthodox of the clergy believe in and preach that it was "devils" that were in the insane man, nor do they preach "witches." I venture to assert that if a thief took away our author's cloak he would not present him with his coat also, nor would he "turn the other cheek" if struck a blow. This is not the way lawyers do; it would ruin their trade. What would become of "A Lawyer's" practice if some one who had been kidnapped called upon him for advice and redress in court and he replied by saying that kidnapping was all right because the Bible distinctly says, "If a man compels you to go with him one mile, ye shall go with him twain." How would it do to advise all the tramps and paupers in his state to "take no thought for the morrow, what ye shall eat nor what ye shall drink nor wherewithal ye shall be clothed"? Are these New Testament principles "*for all time and all people*"? Does "A Lawyer" believe that if they were obeyed civilization would continue? When he is ill, does "A Lawyer" call in the elders and have himself well oiled and prayed over, or has he the wicked and unbiblical habit of getting a doctor? Does he take no heed for the morrow—or does he take a fee? Has he "gone into all nations and preached the gospel" or does he practise law? Was not that command general? Was it not for all time and *to him*? If not, why are the others to *all* women? Come, come, Mr. Lawyer, even on your own grounds, and with your own logic, might it not be better if you would search (and obey) the Scriptures more faithfully for your own sex and self and be less distressed because women do not adhere to the letter of that which you and all men violate daily? Is there not an absolute command about first casting the beam out of one's own eye? Is there not another (also Christ's and for *all* men and all time) about selling all you have and giving it to the poor? Does "A Lawyer" believe in and live up to that? Does "A

Lawyer" believe that no rich man can enter the kingdom of heaven? Does he believe that Balaam's ass spoke human language?

The few times that Christ had occasion to speak to or of lawyers He appears to have quite clearly indicated that they were an undesirable class. Was this for all time, all peoples, and all lawyers? In Luke xi: 52 He said, "Woe unto you, lawyers! for ye have taken away the key of knowledge; ye entered not in yourselves, and them that were entering in ye hindered." And even unto this day "A Lawyer," who very evidently has not "entered in," is struggling to take away the key and hinder all women from entering. Yes, *that* remark must surely have been for all time if not for all lawyers.

Matt. xxii:35: "Then one of them [the Pharisees], *which was a lawyer*, asked *him* [Jesus] *a question*, tempting him," etc., and the reply of Jesus was a command which "A Lawyer" indicates by his book is still unkept.

In Luke x:25 the Lord is again represented as "tempted" by a lawyer, even as woman to-day is tempted to yield to this Pharisaic argument, and Jesus then, as woman to-day, declined the honor.

Luke xi:45-8 Christ appears to have foreseen the present position of "A Lawyer" and says: "Woe unto you, also, ye lawyers! for ye *lade men* [women?] with burdens grievous to be borne, and *ye yourselves touch not the burdens with one of your fingers*. Woe unto you! *for ye build the sepulchres of the prophets*, and your fathers killed them." Had Christ had "A Lawyer" instead of lawyers in mind He could not have made a clearer home thrust.

Luke vii:30, "But the Pharisees and the lawyers rejected for themselves the counsel of God." And they are doing it yet if the counsel of God is the voice of justice and honor and right.

Pp. 73-4:

It is not that the church and religion will lose the active work and influence of these women; it is the open defiance of God's law as to marriage and as to woman's place in society under that law, which permeates all social and religious questions touched by the relation of husband and wife, that will produce the great and irreparable injury. The true civil relation of man and woman, whether as husband and wife or as citizens, springs directly from God's law of marriage; because, under that law, it is expected and intended that all men are to be, or should be, husbands, and all women wives. Therefore it goes behind future or predetermined relations between them, and fixes their natural and necessary relations to civil government before they assume the final relation to one another of husband and wife.

If this theory or construction is wrong, either the whole object of God's

law would be frustrated, or the civil government would, of necessity, be compelled to enact the law as it stands in the Bible; in other words, the human law would be compelled to take from the wife those rights now contended for, and put her where God's law puts her the moment she becomes a wife—by sheer brute force.

Italics mine.

He appears to believe, and states in substance over and over, that women cannot be induced to marry men unless they are kept subordinate. That is to say, women must be forced to marry. This is a pretty low ideal of marriage, and "A Lawyer" seems to distrust wholly the attractive qualities of his own sex. A man who can secure or keep a wife only upon such terms is to be pitied indeed, for he has fallen far below the brute males, many of whom attract and keep mates with a varying degree of permanency. But the fact is that a very large percentage of the advanced women and the suffragists are not only married, but are happily married and are mothers of fine, healthy, intelligent, and loving children. Their husbands do not find it difficult to meet the situation. Most of them are able, capable, educated, thoughtful men who have a vast contempt for the laws which place their wives at a political and social, legal and financial, disadvantage. It is these very men whose wives, mothers, sisters, or daughters are leaders in the suffrage movement; who, most appreciating the qualities of such women, wish the state to have the advantage of the expression of their views in the organic law; and also wish to relieve their own sex from the stigma which attaches to those who hold by force the birthright of another, or are *willing* to profit (in a near-sighted way) by the degradation of their sisters.

"A Lawyer" assumes that if women voted, they would not marry. Wyoming does not appear to bear him out, neither does England, nor Australia, nor New Zealand. It is an assumption so absurd that it needs no reply. The two things have no necessary relation. The one has to do with legal status, and with one's power to be heard as to choice in the organic law; the other is a tender, personal home relationship. One might as well argue that if women vote, they will cease at once to like ripe peaches and that they will have to be caught and fed. Men *as* men have not had the franchise for so very long. It did not undermine any of their personal love relations. They did not become worse fathers or husbands because they assumed a new and more dignified footing in the state.

The author goads the "pulpit" to cease being "cowards" and to speak out upon this matter. Bishop Doane and Rev.

Lyman Abbott have done so, but I have heard of no minister or man who has had the good fortune to have had a mother, a wife, or a daughter who was or is a logical woman suffragist who takes the side of repression of womanhood. These men have learned to trust and admire unrepressed womanhood, and to value it far above a sense of ownership and mastery. They have found it far sweeter and loftier to live in warm companionship and equality with a woman who is brave and loving and true to her husband not because he is her "head" or master, but because there is absolute mutual respect, love, confidence, and equality. Such men would find marriage with a woman who was willing to be and remain their inferior and "subject" to them an intolerable, ghastly mockery of the relationship to which they have grown accustomed between two who are equals in fact and who should be so in law.

There are passages now and then in the book which almost convince the reader that the object of the entire work is a travesty, a burlesque upon the ultra-conservative religious view of this subject; witness for example p. 114:

The mere fact that Queen Elizabeth is admitted to have been a great sovereign, notwithstanding the very distinguished ability of her cabinet, proves nothing but the omnipotence of God.

Is not that fit for opera bouffe?

He says that in New York City alone there are 50,000 "loose women" (which means, according to statistics, 450,000 "loose men"), while he says "men have kept women pure" by denying them the ballot. He argues that these 50,000 women are a sufficient proof that women are not fit to take part in the municipal government, but he utterly forgets the 450,000 men who sustain and produce these women. He also forgets the fact that in cities where the ballot is in the hands of women, those of this class, almost every one, refuse to register and vote. This is history; "A Lawyer's" statement is only assumption. But to point out the fallacies of the book, its contradictions, its logical non-sequiturs, and its absolute historical misstatements would require a volume larger than is the book itself, for few pages lack several of these defects. The question is insistent when the book is finished, *Is it the sincere and best effort of that side, or is it a burlesque?* And to confess the truth, I do not know. I shall be glad to have its readers decide, if they can.

EQUALITY OF OPPORTUNITY: HOW CAN WE SECURE IT?

BY JAMES L. COWLES.

The fundamental postulates of our modern political economy are the free movement of labor and the free movement of capital. It is to the realization of these postulates in practical life that we are to look for the equalization of opportunities. It was to make these postulates practical realities that the inventors of the steamboat and the locomotive gave to the dead earth a circulating system, and it was to crown their work that the electrician created a nervous system and breathed into arteries, veins, and nerves alike, the breath of life. These inventors are the world's great ministers, and they are rapidly converting it from an abode of savage brutes, each preying upon the other, into an abode of civilized human beings, each finding his greatest delight in the other's welfare.

"Of all inventions (the alphabet and printing press excepted)," says Macaulay, "those which abridge distance have done most for the civilization of our species. Every improvement in the means of locomotion benefits mankind morally and intellectually as well as materially, and not only facilitates the interchange of the various productions of nature and of art but tends to remove national and provincial antipathies and to bind together all the members of the human family."

The ideal condition of things would be to annihilate time and space and to make transportation and communication altogether free, and it is toward this goal that the world is steadily moving.

"The crowning improvement in postal matters, that of an international transit entirely free," says the British Encyclopædia, "is merely a question of time. It is the logical, the necessary complement of the work initiated at Paris in 1863, organized at Berne in 1874, and methodized again at Paris in 1878. One postal territory, one code of postal regulations, one uniform postal tariff, free conveyance between nation and nation, will be the outcome of this important movement." And this era of free international conveyance

may not be so far off as some of us imagine. Already a five-cent stamp carries a letter round the world and a ten-cent stamp carries an eleven-pound package across any of the great countries included in the Parcels Post Convention of Vienna. The *Times*, of Hartford, Conn., in its issue of August 31, says that a proposition will actually be made at the International Postal Congress which meets at Washington in 1897, for each nation to carry the mails of all other countries across its territory free of charge.

The removal of all legal restraints upon the exchange of kindly services between nations must be near at hand, and the time cannot be very far away when the commerce destroyer will be transformed into the commerce promoter. True we have just completed three of these commerce destroyers at a cost of \$3,000,000 each and with an annual burden for their maintenance of \$800,000. "What," says Mr. Edward Atkinson, "are they good for? Nothing. What are they bad for? Everything." And is not this building of warships by civilized nations for the purpose of destroying one another's commerce a most stupid waste of human energy? Would it not be an infinitely more effectual method for preserving the peace and promoting the prosperity of nations for the different governments to join in the support of great international steamship lines devoted to the free conveyance of persons and property across the ocean ferries?

Under free international transit there would be no starvation, no congestion, either of human beings or of their products, anywhere. The questions of imports and exports, of immigration and emigration, would settle themselves, for both men and products would go forthwith where they were wanted. And this movement would be attended not only with no increase but with an actual decrease of our present burdens. It would only require that a comparatively small part of the public revenues now devoted to mutual injury should be devoted to mutual service. Is this a mere dream? The dream of to-day may be the reality of to-morrow.

But even though free international conveyance be in the dim distance, it does not follow that we may not secure free transit or comparatively free transit, at least within the limits of this country, in the near future. The advance in transportation and communication from the burden-bearing slave painfully dragging his or her slow way along the forest trail, to the electric car on the T-rail, measures all the difference between the American civilization of 1492 and that of to-day; but, great as has been this advance, the re-

strictions upon the transmission of intelligence and upon the movements of persons and of property are still the grand determining factors in human destiny.

The taxes on communication are still so high that only the well-to-do can make use of the telephone and the telegraph in their ordinary transactions, and the transportation tolls are so heavy that the ordinary laborer cannot go outside his immediate neighborhood to find employment or to educate his children or to expend his earnings. He is still the slave of his environment, and it is a very narrow environment. It is only on great occasions, such as a marriage, a birth, or a death, the removal of his family to a new home, or a very rare excursion, that the ordinary man can make use of that marvellous circulating and nervous system which the common interest demands should be always at his free service.

Many an opportunity to earn a day's wages is lost, many a family drags through life half fed, half clothed, ill-sheltered from the winter's cold and the summer's heat, simply because the bread-winners cannot pay the transportation taxes between their homes and the places where they are wanted; and this while great locomotives, capable of hauling 500 passengers in a train, run past our stations with average loads of but 42 passengers, loads hardly up to the capacity of a pair of mules. The lowest regular fare on a steam railway, two cents a mile, is an almost complete confiscation of the wages of a day laborer seeking occupation an hour's journey from his home, and a ride of 10 minutes to and fro absorbs full 10 per cent of his wages. To the man engaged in irregular employment, the man of all others most in need of the widest possible opportunities for obtaining occupation, the steam railroad is practically useless. Commutation tickets are unavailable in such cases. Even the swiftly moving electric car seldom attracts the ordinary laborer, for a five-cent fare to and from his home is a 10-per-cent income tax on a wage of a dollar a day and a 7½-per-cent tax on an income of \$1.50 a day. To pay such a tax regularly is altogether beyond his ability.

Under present conditions the wage-worker must be within walking distance of his work, even though he be compelled to live in a city slum and though his family be forever shut out of the green fields and seldom see the blue heavens. And it is towards the city slum that his steps are tending, for the workman must follow his work, and the business of the country is rapidly concentrating itself in the great cities, while small places are being wiped out; their industries are being taken from them. Not only is the business of the

country concentrating itself in our great cities—it is falling into the hands of a very few men in those cities; and the Hon. Chauncey M. Depew says that this is due to discrimination in freight rates in favor of the larger places and in favor of the larger dealers in those places.

These other facts are also worthy of notice, namely, a steadily growing discontent among the workmen compelled to follow their industries to the great cities, and a disposition to meet this spirit of discontent by an appeal to military force. In evidence of this statement it is only necessary to call attention to the immense fortresses recently erected in Boston and New York.

Checked in its fertilizing course, there is a congestion of the life-blood of the nation (its labor and its capital) at the great centres. That congestion must be relieved or the inflammation will continue to increase with all its dread consequences. The crisis is dangerous, but it is not to be met by the lancet. If it seems sometimes that the only difference between the past and the future is to be the difference between the savage of the dark forest and the savage of the dismal slum, it is because the masses of the people are not secured in the free and equal use of our systems of public communication and transportation.

The remedy would seem to be obvious. Make the railways, the tramways, the telegraph and telephone systems of the country, free to the use of the whole people in their ordinary transactions, and support these great public works by the ordinary forms of taxation. This done, we might raze our modern bastilles and disband our military forces, for the conditions which are the cause of our present dangers would soon pass away. Work and workmen would distribute themselves throughout the country where the circumstances were most favorable to the common welfare. The benefits accruing from every advance in "freedom to trade" would be equally divided among the whole people. The slum and the palace would both tend to disappear, for there would be neither excess of poverty nor excess of wealth. Each man would be master of himself in a sense the world has never yet known. This whole country would be open to every man for the disposal of his services and for the satisfaction of his wants. How it would widen, how it would equalize opportunities for labor and for enjoyment, if the entire system of railways, tramways, telegraphs, and telephones of this country were free to the ordinary use of the people.

And why not? Why support highways, schools, jails,

prisons, poorhouses, armies and navies, forts and fortresses, by the ordinary forms of taxation, and leave these infinitely more important public works to be supported by tolls, levied not by the representatives of the people convened in their public assemblies, but by private corporations and by private individuals endowed in respect to these tolls with practically absolute power?

Here lie the possibilities of the future. According as we deal with this question shall we go backward or go forward. The control of public communication and transportation, the regulation of the movements of intelligence, of persons, and of property, is the very highest attribute of sovereignty. It includes the power of industrial life and industrial death, as we have seen most graphically illustrated in the case of the Standard Oil Company and its ruined competitors. It involves our political liberties also. If the private managers of our railways and tramways, our telegraph and telephone systems, retain their present power, giving the free use or comparatively free use of these public services to their friends, while they exact, from the rest of us, the heaviest possible tolls, the result must be a growing inequality of opportunities, and in the end a state of things very much like that which existed at Rome at the fall of the empire, a very few dissolute rich men and a nation of discontented slaves. On the other hand, managed by the public authority and limited in use only by the public want, these great public works would secure to every man ever widening opportunities and to the whole nation ever increasing prosperity.

But I do not propose to advocate such a radical change as this to-day. I only ask that a single step in advance be taken. My proposition is to bring the systems of public transportation and communication under the control of the postoffice, making ordinary travel and the ordinary use of the telegraph and the telephone free, and determining the tolls charged for special services and for the transportation of property on the postal principle, adopting at the outset the lowest rate now charged for the shortest distance for any particular service as the uniform standard rate for that class of service for all distances within the United States.

And first as to the free conveyance of passengers and as to the demand for it. Mr. W. M. Acworth, the distinguished English writer on railroad problems, says: "If passengers could travel free, their numbers would increase so enormously that it would be necessary to create a new railway system to accommodate the existing goods traffic." There

is room, however, both in this country and in England, for a vast expansion of railway passenger traffic with the present equipment, for in neither country are the passenger locomotives used up to a tenth part of their capacity, and it is very safe to say that not an eighth part of the car equipment is used. Neither in England nor in this country does the average passenger train carry over forty-two persons—about two-thirds the capacity of a single American car. Every man, who rides in a railway car to-day, pays not only for the seat he occupies but for eight or nine seats kept empty by high fares.

And these prohibitive fares, confining the laboring classes to their narrow homes both for work and for pleasure, prevent the expansion of freight traffic by checking both the producing and the consuming powers of the population. Under free travel, wealth would increase so rapidly that the public would be quite able to create a new railway system when it became necessary.

We have an admirable illustration of both the public and the private benefits to be derived from free travel in the case of the free ferry established over the Thames, at Woolwich, in 1889. Mr. R. A. Cooper, of England, in his interesting pamphlet, "Free Railway Travel," says that, in the second year of its existence, this free ferry carried the equivalent of over 6,210,000 passengers, at a cost, including interest and repairs, of about £14,350. At a penny a passenger, the rate charged by the Great Eastern ferry boats which run alongside the free ferry, the cost would have been over £25,850. The saving to the public was therefore £11,500 for the year; and this from a ferry just established and capable of carrying, if necessary, 10,000,000 more passengers with scarcely any additional expense. The trade of Woolwich, moreover, was very largely increased, and land in North Woolwich which was recently a swamp was rapidly built over, the houses being occupied as soon as completed.

How keenly free travel would be appreciated by the general public is proved by the eagerness even of the most wealthy classes to get passes. It is evidenced again by the enormous use of the electric tramway system with its comparatively low fares and frequent service.

Some of our Connecticut towns have already inaugurated the custom of transporting school children free between their far-away homes and the central school, and with very great benefit.

During a good part of last year, one of the tramway lines of Savannah, Ga., was run at one-cent fares, and this low

rate was attended with an actual increase in gross receipts, its cars transporting from 1,400 to 1,800 passengers per car per day. These figures mean the saving of many a weary journey to tired humanity; they represent the saving to the city of Savannah of just so much human energy for remunerative employment; they mean lower house rents and more comfortable homes; yes, and they mean profit to the tramway company as well, for they mean receipts of from \$14 to \$18 per day per car as against expenses of from \$10 to \$13.

It may be worth while right here to take note of one or two of the economies that will follow free travel. There will be no tickets and no ticket agents will be needed. The conductor, freed from his business of collecting tax receipts, will be able to dispense with the service of one or more brakemen in his train. The saving in these items will run up to many millions, and on our tramways it will be proportionately much greater, for the present system requires a tax-collector on every car (conductors on tramways are nothing but tax-collectors), at an expense varying from \$1.80 per car per day, in some parts of the South, where the wages are 10 cents an hour, to \$3.60 a car day (the tramcar day is 18 hours), in New England, with wages at 20 cents an hour. Free travel will effect a saving of from \$600 to \$1,200 per car per year, or about 20 per cent of the entire expenses.

The electric cars of Chemnitz, Saxony, are run without conductors and with a consequent saving to the company of 44,000 marks (\$11,000) per year. The Saxon cars run as fast as ours and with but very few accidents. The tolls (less than 2½ cents each, less than one-half the ordinary American tolls) are paid into fare-boxes placed one at each end of a car.

But it is not enough to abolish the tax-collector from the railway and the tramway. Ordinary travel should be altogether free. Is a free railway an anomaly? There are thousands of them in existence to-day. What are the elevators in our city apartment and office buildings but vertical railways? And who ever heard of a landlord charging tolls for the ordinary transportation of persons and property on the railway which connects the different towns and villages located in his tower? And would it not be a most stupid thing for the owner of such a tower to allow a stranger to erect the vertical railway in the building and to exact such tolls as he pleased for the use of it? Would not the owner of the railway very soon become the owner of the tower?

And what is the difference in principle between this vertical railway running to and fro between earth and

heaven and the horizontal railway that clings humbly to earth's bosom? If it is good business policy for the owner of the tower to run his heavenly road free of tolls and to support it by a general tax on the tower property, would it not be equally good business policy for our different communities to run our systems of earthly communication free of tolls and to support them by the ordinary forms of taxation? As to cost there can be no comparison between the two. The road from the nether to the upper regions must be infinitely the more expensive both in its construction and its maintenance.

Free travel, by ordinary public conveyance, does not however imply that all travel should be free. My proposition is simply to change the relation of the classes. The president of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company says that the passengers in Pullman cars do not pay half the cost of their transportation, and "the man who gets his dinner on the train to New York does not pay twenty-five per cent of the cost of that dinner. It is the poor men who sit in the common car and sit two or three on a seat, who support the railways of the country." "In India," says Mr. Horace Bell, the consulting engineer of the state railways, "the third-class travel affords the backbone of coaching receipts: the other classes might, as far as profit is concerned, be abolished; indeed on most lines their removal would be a positive gain." Not many years ago a leading railway manager in India stated that it would pay him to give every first-class passenger twenty rupees to stay away. It is said that the balance of loss from the first- and second-class service of the railways of England, north of the Thames, in the year 1890, was \$1,625,000.

In other words, in America, in India, in England, and it may be very safely assumed, everywhere else in the railway world, the rich live on the charities of the poor. Now this surely is contrary to common sense and to common justice as well as to sound business policy. Travellers in Pullman cars, first-class passengers, should not only pay the actual cost of their own carriage but should also contribute of their abundance for the support of the general traffic without which they could not enjoy their luxuries. This does not, however, necessarily involve any increase in the charges made for *special services*.

President Roberts' statements as to the cost of Pullman travel are true, I believe, only because the rates are so high that comparatively few people can afford to use the Pullman cars. I doubt if on an average a fourth of the seats and

berths of our Pullman cars are occupied. It is not by increasing transport taxes that Pullman cars are to be made a source of income or that the freight business is to be made more profitable. On the other hand, it is by making the rates low and uniform, so that cars which now go empty may then go full, and that men and women, now impoverished by tariffs which prohibit them from obtaining occupation outside their homes, may then be enabled so to widen their spheres of action as to obtain a comfortable living.

As to the actual cost at which persons and property can be transported by railway when the equipment is used up to its capacity, we have some valuable evidence. In 1881, the third-class fares on the East India Railway were reduced from about three-fourths of a cent a mile to one-half a cent, and "from the very first the effect of the reduced fare was clearly seen, not only in the increase of numbers and in the slow but steady increase of receipts, but also in the manifest advantage which it gave to goods traffic in facilitating the movement of the smaller traders." In 1892, the net earnings of this road, with fares of but $2\frac{1}{2}$ pies (five twelfths of a cent) a mile, were 9.62 per cent on its capital. The Madras road has lately adopted a rate of two pies (about one-fourth of a cent) a mile and with very encouraging results.

Mr. Bell believes that for the carriage of food, grains, minerals, and the lowest class of passengers the Indian rates are the lowest in the world. "At the same time," he says, "it is by no means to be assumed that rates and fares have reached their lowest remunerative level; indeed there is good reason for the belief that, in the class of goods above mentioned and in third-class passenger fares, further reductions are certainly to be expected in the near future and on sufficiently profitable conditions. The statistics of the railways which serve the poor and populous districts point to the certainty that with large numbers (and large numbers always follow low fares), low speed, and properly fitted vehicles, passengers could be carried at one pie (one-sixth of a cent) a mile and leave a profit of 20 to 30 per cent; the cost of carriage is a quantity varying with the volume of traffic, and it may be found that an even lower rate is possible."

The experience of India and indeed of the whole world proves that the one essential thing in railroad business is large volume of traffic (large average train-loads); and with rates low, stable, uniform, regardless of difference of distance, and with trains run to meet the necessities of the masses, there will invariably be a large volume of traffic.

The lowest average train-load of any of the Indian railways is over 126. The average train-load of the entire Indian railway system is over 200. The Madras road carries over 260 passengers in its average train, and the Bengal, North-western & Tirhoot road over 290.

With average train-loads of 290 passengers, the cost per passenger on the New York, New Haven & Hartford railroad would be very little over one-third of a cent a mile, and a fare of one-half a cent a mile for ordinary travel would yield enormous profits.

In thinly settled Russia, under the new tariff of December, 1894, the third-class fare for short distances, .666 of a mile to 106.8 miles, is but a little over three-fourths of a cent a mile. For distances of 106.8 miles to 198.9 miles the rate is less than one-half a cent a mile, and for longer distances the fares are still lower. Eighty-one cents will carry a passenger 106 miles or as far as from Hartford to New York; \$2.32 will transport a traveller 464 miles, or farther than from New York to Buffalo, and for a trip of 1,989 miles the fare is but \$5.95. And our consul-general at St. Petersburg says that if travel increases as it has increased under previous reductions of fares, there is every reason to believe that these low rates will not only be a great benefit to the Russian people but will also prove profitable to the railways. In Belgium workingmen's trains have been running for many years carrying men to and from their homes and their places of business, forty-two miles, six days in a week, for fifty-seven cents for the entire week's service, and these trains have been profitable.

On the eighth of August last, three excursion trains were run over the Cleveland, Canton & Southern railroad, from Zanesville, Ohio, to Cleveland and return, 286 miles, for seventy-five cents the round trip—less than three-tenths of a cent a mile. Each of these trains consisted of 10 cars carrying 700 passengers. The receipts therefore amounted to \$525 per train trip—\$2.125 per train mile, or nearly double the earnings of the average passenger train of the country and 50 per cent more than the earnings of the average train of the New York, New Haven & Hartford railroad, in 1890, when it was paying 10-per-cent dividends. The cost and time of these excursion trains as compared with the regular trains, was not much greater. But granting the cost to have been \$1 a mile, or more than double the cost of the regular trains (.4719 in 1893), even then the cost to the railroad was only one-seventh of a cent a mile per passenger, and the profit of each passenger was over 45 per cent.

But the cost of transporting the passengers who will be induced by low fares to fill up the unoccupied capacity of our present railway equipment is lower than even these figures would indicate. The following calculation made by Mr. Acworth relates directly to the English railways, but it is equally applicable here: "If a passenger who would otherwise have stopped at home, were induced to go from London to Glasgow by the offer of a first-class ticket for threepence (6 cents), the company would, unless indeed there was no first-class seat available on the train, secure a net profit of $2\frac{1}{2}$ pence ($5\frac{1}{2}$ cents), for the additional farthing (one-half cent) is an ample allowance for the cost of haulage. The figures in detail are as follows: Extra coal used, four pounds, cost three-sixteenths of a penny; extra oil, stores, and water, one-sixteenth of a penny; total four-sixteenths of an English penny, equal to one-half an American cent. Add say another half a cent for wear and tear of the seat and you have one cent. Up to the capacity of the railway equipment of a country the cost of the additional passengers who could be induced to travel by low fares would not be over one cent for a distance of 410 miles.

As to freight, the *Railroad Gazette* tells us that during the past few months the New York Central & Hudson River railroad has hauled grain from Buffalo to New York, 440 miles, for 3.69 cents a hundred pounds, less than 80 cents a ton, and these low rates, resulting in train loads of 1,800 tons (60 cars of 30 tons each), earned for the road over \$3.24 a train-mile, or more than double the average earnings per train-mile of the railways of the country, and far more than the earnings per mile of its own average train.

But these figures not only show the low cost of railway transportation under a large volume of traffic—they also confirm the axiomatic truth that distance is not a factor that should be considered in the determination of rates, and thus clear the way for a very simple and practical solution of the whole railway problem. The mileage system of rates should be altogether abandoned, and so far and so long as our systems of public transportation are supported by tolls, those tolls should be determined on the postal principle, the lowest rate charged for the shortest distance for any particular service, being adopted as the uniform standard rate for that class of service for all distances, and the whole business should be brought under the control of the post-office.

This system of disregarding distance in the determination of transportation taxes has been in use for many years on

several of the great railway milk routes entering New York City, the rates being the same within distances of 200 miles, and says the interstate commerce commission: "It has served the public well. It tends to promote consumption and to stimulate production. It is not apparent how any other method could be devised that would present results equally useful or more just. It is upon the whole the best system that could be devised for the general good of all engaged in the traffic." Yes, and experience is rapidly proving that this system of grouping stations with a uniform standard rate, regardless of distance, is quite as applicable to other branches of railway traffic as to milk.

Potatoes are given the same rates from the different stations on the lines and branch lines of the New York, Philadelphia & Norfolk road within limits of 200 miles.

The grouping of stations with a uniform rate is very common in the coal districts. The entire Hocking Valley is grouped. In the Delaware peninsula, the rates on grain, flour, and other similar products are the same for a large group of stations.

All or nearly all the hundreds of railroad stations in New England, south of Portland, Me., are included in the group known as "Boston Points," from which the rates are the same on the same class of goods to each of the stations in even larger groups in the South and West.

In transcontinental traffic, all the Pacific Coast terminals, from Tacoma and Seattle, in the state of Washington, on the north, to San Diego, Cal., in the south, are in one group from which the rates are, in general, uniform to all the principal stations in each of the six great groups into which the railroad territory of the United States east of the Missouri River is divided. The carload rates on oranges are the same from Los Angeles, Cal., to all stations east of the Mississippi River, the same to Chicago, 2,265 miles, and to New York, 3,180 miles. The carload rates on grain are the same over the Northern Pacific Railway, from all its stations in the state of Washington, to St. Paul, Minn.

On petroleum and its products, the western-bound rates to San Francisco, Sacramento, Oakland, Stockton, Marysville, San Jose, Los Angeles, and San Diego, Cal., are the same over the all-rail lines, from all points in the United States east of the Missouri River.

In January, 1894, the Canadian Pacific road commenced to sell passenger tickets at the same rate, \$40 first-class and \$30 second-class, from St. Paul to Vancouver, 1,660 miles, to Portland, 1,990 miles, and to San Francisco, 2,760 miles.

The custom of giving large groups of stations a uniform rate on similar goods, in through business, has, indeed, become almost universal, and, as I have shown, it is not uncommon in local traffic. Milk, oranges, potatoes, coal, grain, passengers, are transported to-day, in numberless instances on our American railways, at the same rates, between stations varying in distance from one another and from the starting point, from a score of miles to a thousand.

Nor is this growing custom confined to the United States. The milk rates on the Great Western Railway of England, are the same for distances 10 miles to 100.

The stations in the coal regions are very commonly grouped both in Great Britain and on the Continent. The same rates are charged from coal stations in Germany to Bremen and to Hamburg, although the former is 71 miles further off than the latter.

In 1889, the railway stations of Hungary were grouped for long-distance traffic, within distances of 140 miles to 457 miles, with a uniform rate, by ordinary trains, first-class, \$3.20, second-class, \$2.32, third-class, \$1.60, and by express, first-class, \$3.84, second class, \$2.80, and third-class \$1.92.

In the summer of 1893, the Belgian government began selling passenger tickets good for 15 days over its entire network of railways, some 2,000 miles, for \$10 first-class, \$7.60 second class, and \$5 for third-class tickets, thus placing its whole railroad system in one group.

As to the grouping of stations with a common rate in our city tramway traffic, every American knows how wonderfully profitable it has been to the tramways and what a boon it has proved to the people.

Nearly sixty years have passed since Sir Rowland Hill startled the people of England with his scheme of a "penny post," proposing at one sweep to reduce the average price of inland postage from 20 cents to 2 cents, and to carry a letter from Land's End to John O'Groat's at the same rate as from London to the nearest village. It was a new idea in those days, this placing all the postal stations of a great country in one group, with one uniform standard rate, and that the lowest rate then existing, and the postal authorities declared the reformer mad. But we all know the story of Mr. Hill's wonderful triumph. His plan was hardly made public before it attracted great and hearty support, and in a very short time it was carried into effect. Colony after colony and state after state followed in the wake of Old England. Rates were continually reduced, and in nearly

every instance the postoffice revenue was greater at the reduced rate than when it was considerably higher.

In 1874 the International Postal Union was formed and nearly all the postoffices of the civilized world were soon brought into one great group with a uniform rate of five cents.

Several of the nations of Europe have also, in recent years, extended the sphere of the postoffice to the transmission of parcels, one pound to eleven in weight, grouping practically all products in one class and including in one or two groups all their respective towns and villages. The Imperial Parcels Post of Germany carries parcels up to 11 pounds, distances up to 10 miles, for 6½ cents, and for all greater distances within the Empire for 12½ cents.

Our own postoffice carries paper-covered books from the homes of book-publishers and news-agents to their customers, anywhere within our American empire, in parcels from one pound to a carload, for one cent a pound, and this by express trains. And now we find great railway corporations and groups of corporations giving to each of the stations in ever widening zones, the same uniform grouped rates, sometimes for persons, sometimes for property, almost universally in through business, and not infrequently in way traffic.

Is it not certain that we have discovered here the natural law for the determination of transportation taxes, and is it not time that this law, this best system that can be devised for the good of all engaged in the traffic, should be enforced by the only power to which its execution can be safely entrusted, namely, by the general government? The possibilities of our public transportation service when it is once devoted solely to the public welfare are altogether beyond imagination.

And what is true as to the conveyance of persons and property by tramway and railway is equally true as to the transmission of intelligence by telegraph and telephone. Three years ago, Postmaster-General Wanamaker declared that with the telegraph and the telephone under the control of the postoffice, one-cent letter postage, the world over, 10-cent telegrams, and 3-cent telephone messages would be near at hand.

Add to these low taxes on the transmission of intelligence, similar low and uniform taxes on transportation, on parcels, one cent a pound by express trains, and on ordinary freight, rates varying from \$1.20 a ton first-class freight to 40 or 50 cents a ton on sixth class between any two stations in the

country, ordinary travel free, and for special passenger service make the rate now charged for the shortest distance the uniform standard rate for all distances, and we should soon have such a condition of things in this country that the tramp, the pauper, and the criminal would disappear, and with them would go the slum, the poorhouse, and the jail.

"The natural effort of every man to better his own condition, when suffered to exert itself with *freedom and security*," says Adam Smith, "is so powerful a principle that it is alone and without any assistance, not only capable of carrying on society to wealth and prosperity, but of surmounting a hundred impertinent obstructions with which the folly of human laws too often encumbers its operations, although the effect of these obstructions is always more or less to encroach upon its freedom and to diminish its security." If these statements of the great Scotch lover of wisdom be true, what may we not expect from this wonder-working principle when both the inventor and the lawmaker unite for the removal of the natural and legal obstructions to its free action?

We are entering upon a new era, an era when the workers of the world are to be its rulers, when war and hate and robbery are to pass away, and a new standard is to be lifted on which is to be emblazoned the double motto,

"Liberty, Fraternity, Equality."

"Freedom to Trade, Peace on Earth, Goodwill among the Nations."

"Men, my brothers, men the workers, ever reaping something new,
That we have done but the earnest of the things that we shall do:

"If you'll dip into the future but where human eye can see,
You'll behold a glorious vision, all the wonders that shall be;

"See the heavens filled with commerce, argosies of magic sails;
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales;

"Far along the world-wide whisper of the south wind rushing warm,
With the standards of the people plunging through the thunder storm;

"Till the war-drum throbs no longer and the battle-flags are furled
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world."

THE PEOPLE'S LAMPS.

BY PROF. FRANK PARSONS.

PART I. ELECTRIC LIGHTING (*continued*).

§ 4. *The Public Safety* calls for municipal control of electric service no less strongly than economy, justice, and the fair diffusion of wealth. In 1890 a committee of the New York Legislature found that "Sixteen deaths were directly traceable to the poor insulation and bad arrangement of the wires of the electric light companies of New York City." Fire Marshal Swene of Chicago reports 231 fires caused by electric light wires and lights during two years (1893-4) in that city. In his address last year to the 28th annual meeting of the National Board of Underwriters President Skelton said: "Concurrent action regarding our greatest enemy, electricity, seems to be imperative. There has been plenty of evidence that fires caused by electricity are growing alarmingly frequent, and inspections show that but few buildings in any community are safely wired. This great and increasing danger cannot be ignored. It threatens the very life of fire insurance." In Boston we have had emphatic object lessons on the danger of the wires; they not only have originated a number of disastrous fires, but almost always they greatly hinder the subduing of the flames, and injure more firemen than all other perils put together. The firemen very justly dread them more than they do the fire.

If our cities would take the light works and unite them not only with the water system, but with the fire department also, a great improvement would soon take place in the safety of our cities. The firemen would be careful about the wiring for it is a question of life with them. It would do the regulars good to have something to occupy part of their time, and by a judicious use of their idle hours the city could wire all buildings in proper style and bury the cables underground at a very small expense.

§ 5. *Electrical Politics* constitute the reverse side of the shield on whose front we have found Extortion. The companies are obliged to give due attention to politics in order to keep their right to obtain an exorbitant profit on light, and they are compelled to make large profits on light in order to give due attention to politics. They begin usually

by bribing the councils to get their franchises. Then they have to keep on bribing to prevent the granting of rival franchises, and measures looking to the reduction of prices, and all other legislation injurious to their interests. To secure immunity from interference with their monopolistic right to overcharge—their inestimable privilege of taking something for nothing—and to intrench themselves in the law, they put their money and influence into politics, robbing the public with one hand, and with the other bestowing a part of the booty on the officers of the law, to keep them from stopping the game. This is well known to be the situation in Boston, New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Chicago, Minneapolis, and other large cities. In Northampton, Mass., it was found that all the city government from the mayor down were holders of stock in the electric lighting company. A member of council in Paris, Ill., says: "The light companies are composed of sharp, shrewd men. Their stock is distributed where it will do the most good. It was observed that the company took special interest in city elections. Men who never seemed to care who was made congressman, governor, or president, would spend their time and money to elect a man of no credit or standing in the community. The question was, 'Are you for the light company?'"

One of the *Aegis* investigators questioned nearly every large city in the United States upon this point, and a great majority replied that the electric light companies are in politics, and some said that the companies own and run the city. Mayor Weir of Lincoln, Neb., wrote: "The electric companies are in politics in every sense of the word. They attempt to run our city politics, and usually succeed." Similar words came from the officials of Milwaukee, Kansas City, Sacramento, and many other cities. Electrified politics are not a success for the people; electricity is undoubtedly beneficial to the body politic when properly administered, but it will not do to leave the treatment to unprincipled quacks, who care nothing for the health of the patient, if they can only get his money.

In one case public ownership has been crippled and finally destroyed by the scheming of a private company. Michigan City built a public electric light plant in 1886 with 84 arcs, for \$7,500. During the first three years the cost per arc was \$43. Then the Electric Street Railway Co. wished to buy the plant and had some backing in the government. The opposition, however, was strong. The result was that

the cost mysteriously increased to \$80 per arc, and at last in 1892 the plant was sold to the E. S. R. Co. for \$2,500, the company agreeing to furnish the city with light at a cost not to exceed \$75 per arc. The moral is that if a private company owns the government or the officers in charge of the light plant, it can nullify the benefits of public ownership. Public light works must be entrusted to men who are true to the interests of their employers. Fortunately such breaches of trust are very rare; so far as I know, this is the only instance. With this sole exception diligent search and questioning among the cities owning electric plants, has failed to reveal the least indication of corruption arising therefrom or connected therewith, the evidence being on the contrary that good government has been developed and strengthened, through the increased interest taken by the people in municipal affairs in consequence of their increased magnitude and importance.

§ 6. *Stock Watering* is another favorite pastime with electric light companies, as with all other companies except those of a military nature that have no stocks but of a kind with which water does not agree. We have already shown in § 3 that the capitalization of the Boston Electric Light Company is probably almost half water, and the symptoms are strong in the Edison also. In 1894 its capitalization was reported as \$3,150,000 and it was assessed on \$816,300—it was willing to pay dividends and interest on nearly four times the value it wished to pay taxes on. What a dainty plan it is for a little group of men (women are not yet sufficiently “developed,” thank goodness) to pay in \$100,000, and vote themselves stock to the amount on its face of \$500,000! Or better still to issue a million of stock and bonds, keep a good lot of it, give your friends some, and the legislators and councilmen some, sell the rest, build the works with a part of the money you get from the “bloomin’ public” in this quiet way, spend another part to buy the sort of politics and laissez-faire administration your business needs, and put the remainder in your pocket; then make some light, charge three or four times what it is worth, get a contract from your friends in power to light the city, turn in a small valuation to the assessors so as to make expenses light, but roll up the capitalization so as to spread out big profits over a large surface and make them look thin and small to the stingy people who are apt to object to a man’s making a few hundred per cent,—nice plan, isn’t it? almost as good as a bank robbery for getting hold of other people’s funds, almost as good for rapidity and a great deal safer. And

then if the people should wake up and attempt to take control you can put on an innocent look and tell them it's mean to ruin your trade, and if they insist they at least ought to buy up your plant at the entire amount of your capitalization.

How do you like the picture, my dear American citizen? You have to pay all the bills; you create the wealth that pays for the light plant or construct it with your own hands, and then you pay two or three times the worth of the light you use in order that a parcel of men, who fool you with some cunning accounts and slips of paper, may grow rich in return for the service of cheating you. Not all the companies are organized in this way—only the most unprincipled men turn the screws with all their power—but the principles set forth above are applied to a greater or less degree in a large proportion of corporations of every description. It is strange indeed that men who would die before they would pay one cent of tribute to a foreign prince under the name of tribute, will pay without a protest many millions of de facto tribute every year to the princes of deception, both foreign and domestic.

§ 7. *The Bad Service* rendered by many of the private companies is matter of common complaint. Philadelphia pays inspectors to test the arc lights nightly to see if the companies are living up to their contracts. The results are given in Chief Walker's reports. Many times the lamps fall far below the agreement. The latest report at hand (that for 1893, p. 108) shows that 7,100 lights were deducted from the bills of the various companies during the year. The *Aegis* of March 3, 1893, p. 168, gives a list of thirty-five cities in twenty states whose lamps were examined by experts and found to be far below the contract agreement.

Public ownership is not an absolute guarantee of good service, but a public monopoly has at least no interest opposed to good service. A business is apt to be managed in the interests of its owners. If the people own the lights they will be more apt to get what they want than under an antagonistic ownership. The servants of the people, with a good civil service, will be more apt to do the people's will, than the servants of a company whose will is opposed to the people and who are in the business to get all they can and give no more than they must.

§ 8. *Competition Does not Solve the Problem and Cannot.*—The people have sought relief in competition, but have found it foolishly expensive to build two or more plants in the same area, each one capable of doing the whole work of

the district, and have discovered that it is always a failure in regard to prices, because the companies, after a little, are sure to combine, openly or in secret, and lift the prices higher than ever, in order to pay dividends on the double investment. Allen R. Foote, the head of the Electrical Department of the Eleventh Census, says: "There can be no competition in the electric service of a city. Separate companies will quickly combine or agree on rates."

§ 9. *Regulation is Likewise a Failure.*—Finding the effort to secure competition worse than useless, the people have appointed commissioners to conserve the public interests, keep the companies in sight of the law, and regulate rates, but they have proved to be powerless to give the people reasonable rates because of the mass of watered stock in the hands of innocent purchasers, who have a right to demand that the company be allowed to charge rates which will enable it to pay dividends on all its stocks. The federal courts hold that they have this right under the constitution of the United States, any regulation that makes it impossible to pay a reasonable dividend being in reality confiscation. This, and the power of the company to tune its reports to any song that suits its ear, renders the commission of little or no account, except to raise the taxes a little higher so as to pay their salaries. The commissioners do not even succeed in stopping unjust discriminations by the companies. In fact, the commissioners are not infrequently men who sympathize with all the corporation methods and monopoly tactics of the companies they are appointed to watch. Even when they try to do their duty by the public they are frequently crippled by the power of the corporations in legislature and council, by the indefiniteness or unreliability of their returns, by the water in their stock, and by their cunning evasions of the law. Massachusetts has a commission system which has been referred to by the advocates of private enterprise all over the world, as the perfection of corporate control, and yet it has failed to secure reasonable rates (they are more unreasonable in Massachusetts than in many places that have no commissions, and are above the average charges for the whole United States), has failed to secure safety or good quality, or a stoppage of discriminations or violations of law, all of which facts are abundantly proved by the confessions in its own reports. And there is no other state in the Union that shows so much anxiety as Massachusetts to adopt public ownership of the electric lights; in a single year, twenty-five out of its 205 towns and cities having

more than 1,500 population acted upon the question, seventeen of them establishing a public system or voting for it, and eight appointing committees to investigate the subject. Regulation is capable of accomplishing much more than it ever has yet in America, but at its best it can never solve the monopoly problem. It is only an expensive makeshift, for it does not destroy the antagonism of interest between the monopolist and the public, which is the cause of all the evils of private monopoly.

§ 10. *Public Ownership the Only Remedy.*—Competition and regulation have failed and must always fail. One relief only is left: there is no escape from private monopoly but in public monopoly. That, with a good civil service, solves all the difficulties, and it is the only thing that can solve them because it is the only thing that can remove the antagonism of interest which is the taproot of the evils of monopoly.

When we examine cities that have already adopted this solution, we find economy, impartial administration, regard for public safety, efficient service, and a decided gain for good government—all the evils of private monopoly overcome, and no new evils introduced, if the civil service is guarded, which it is our duty to see done for the sake of good government in general, as well as in order to enjoy in the fullest degree the benefits of the public ownership of monopolies.

Public ownership is essential, not only to the highest economy, safety, and political purity, but also to the full attainment of those further fundamental purposes of statesmanship, the diffusion of wealth and the substitution of coöperation in the place of conflict.

§ 11. *The Current of Opinion and Events Runs Swift and Strong toward the Municipalization of Electric Light.*—In 1892, 125 cities in the United States owned and operated electric light works, in 1893 the *Aegis* found 190 cities and towns in the United States operating their own electric plants, and now there are more than 200.

In England, Scotland, and Wales more than 160 towns and cities own and operate their gas works, and a large number of them unite electric light works with the gas plants. In Germany a number of important cities have adopted this reform, among them Dresden, Darmstadt, Metz, Breslau, Barmen, Hamburg, Königsberg, Düsseldorf, Cologne, Lubeck, etc. Berlin in 1888 made a contract with the Berlin Electric Light Company which provides that the city shall receive ten per cent of the company's gross receipts; if the company earns more than six per cent on its

actual investment the city is to receive twenty-five per cent of the excess, in addition to the ten per cent of gross receipts; the city lighting is to be done at very low rates, and rates to private consumers are outlined by the agreement; the city officers have the fullest powers of inspection of the management and accounts; and the city has the right to buy the entire plant any time after Oct. 1, 1895, on a basis of valuation carefully provided for in the contract.

How strongly the tide is moving toward public ownership in America may be seen in the fact that not only the cities owning municipal light works are nearly unanimous in praise of the system, but in a majority of the sixty-five cities with private ownership of light that were examined by the Evansville committee, the officers were of opinion that public ownership would be best. Only eight out of the sixty-five answered "No" to the question, "Should cities do their own lighting?" Thirty-six answered emphatically in favor of public ownership, and twenty-one either had no opinion to express or did not wish to express the opinion they had. When we remember that answering "Yes" to such a question means the political opposition of the electric companies without reference to party, and probably the opposition of other corporations (for when a man is once tainted with this heresy of public ownership there's no depending on him to do the will of any corporation), and when we remember that even silence in the face of such a question—the great question of the age to the companies—would render the silent officer an object of doubt and distrust to some of the chief builders of politics, electors to offices, and providers of fat positions,—when we remember all this, the Evansville record is even more remarkable than the rapidity with which municipalities are going over to the public camp or their almost universal satisfaction with the results of their pilgrimage.

There is hope even of our largest cities. In Philadelphia Mayor Stuart, Mayor Warwick, and many other prominent city officers have favored and do favor public ownership of electric light. In Boston a committee of the common council has just reported unanimously and with the strongest emphasis in favor of public ownership in this city. The committee visited ten cities east and west. Their report, dated Oct. 10, 1895, is a very interesting and important addition to the literature of the subject. Their study of Chicago led them to the conclusion that when the city puts its four plants into full operation the cost per arc will be reduced to \$60 even with 8-hour labor at good pay. In Springfield they

found the situation reported to me by the mayor and set forth at the close of this article. They discovered that Bloomington, Ill., saved enough in five years to pay for the plant, etc. The committee tested Table X of the August ARENA, p. 381, and finding it correct inserted it in their report. The committee found the operating cost in the cities visited by them to be \$43 to \$60 except in Detroit where the cost is \$75 because of very incomplete operation as yet, and in Chicago, where as we have seen the exceptionally good treatment of labor lifts the rate. The committee sums up its conclusions as follows:

The actual cost of construction will not exceed \$168 per arc for an overhead system of 3,000 arcs in Boston, and your committee are positive that they are not in error in making this statement. The additional cost of real estate will of course depend upon the location, but your committee believe that such locations can be secured as to bring total cost of plant, including land and buildings, not over \$250 per arc.

Assuming that an estimate of \$250 per arc is correct, the cost to the city of a 3,000-arc plant (600 lights in excess of present needs) would be \$750,000. The interest on the investment, a fair charge for depreciation, and well-paid labor, would, in the opinion of your committee, make the total cost not over \$75 per arc, and there would be a net saving to the city of at least \$125,000 per year. . . .

The City of Boston should not pay more than \$75 per arc per year for its electric lighting, pending the establishment of a municipal electric-light plant.

The report closes with a recommendation that the legislature be requested to grant Boston the immediate right to establish an electric plant. In reply to a criticism on their report, the committee strongly reaffirm their conclusions and state that since 1882 Boston has actually paid the Electric Light Companies \$2,125,000 for services which would have cost but \$800,000 under public ownership according to the experience of cities that have been and are making their own light; in other words, public ownership would have saved Boston taxpayers one and one-third millions in the last dozen years on public lights alone.

§ 12. *How to Municipalize Electric Light.*—Generally the city acquires existing plants or builds a new one of its own. Neither plan is free from difficulty. It is wasteful to duplicate electric systems in the same streets, and it is the method of war. On the other hand, purchase quite often involves injustice. It is unfair to the taxpayers to buy existing plants at the exorbitant values usually put upon them by their owners and transformed into "market" values by means of watered stock and heavy overcharges; and it is

unfair to bona fide holders of stock paying full value in open market, to take the plant at less than its market value.

In the case of a national purchase the conflicting interests of stockholders and taxpayers may be harmonized by the issue of national currency in payment of stock and bonds, which would throw no special loss on any individual, would distribute over the whole country the burden of a change that is for the benefit of the whole country, and would also be a great advantage in itself as a moderate expansion of our finances and a mild relief from the nervous prostration that has followed our long struggle with the national grippe called "contraction." In such a case there is a public benefit to balance the payment of watered values.

But a city cannot issue currency, and the collateral benefit to the financial system falls out of the scales. There is left simply the purchaser of watered stock on the one side, and the public on the other—one of them must lose. It is clear ethically that the taxpayer has the superior right. The watering of stock is a fraud. Even if authorized by the people's agents, it was an authorization without authority—the people never gave their agents a right to sanction such an outrage. The purchaser of stock knows of the prevalent practice of watering, knows that it is a fraud on the people's right of eminent domain, and should be held bound to inquire, and to take his stock subject to the right of the people to reclaim the franchise at actual value on the basis of fair charges for the service rendered, considering the labor and capital really involved.*

If the courts had taken this view of the matter at the start, there would probably have been very little watering done. But as it was the judges held and continue to hold that when the people take private property for public use they must pay its full "market value," and in the case of a franchise the market value includes whatever the watered stock will bring in the market.

The market-value principle is on the whole a beneficent one, entirely just in reference to the mass of cases in the early law by the decision of which the principle was established. But the application or extension of the principle to modern corporations has led the courts to take a position the illogic of which is revealed not only by the fundamental considerations of justice already noted, but even by the

* If abstract justice could be reduced to practice, we would take from the taxpayers the actual value of the property and no more; settle the bonds and pay market values to the bona fide holders of stock as far as the purchase money and the remaining assets of the company would do it, and leave the managers who watered the stock to bear the loss. The trouble would be to locate the sin.

basic principles of the competitive system of which these corporations and their methods are a part. The people have a right to set up a rival plant. Ten men have this right with the authority of the people, or a thousand men, or the people may do it themselves directly. Of course the right is questionable ethically except as the best means of conquering a greater evil; but competition gives the right unreservedly, and the courts recognize it most fully. Yet this right means the right to squeeze the water all out of a private plant. How, then, can it be logically held that the people have no right to squeeze out the water by the easy method of a just appraisal of actual investment, but must resort to the clumsy and expensive method of a rival business? It is true that the constitution does not permit the taking of property except upon due process of law, which involves the right to a judicial hearing, and that the people cannot take private property except for public use and upon just compensation. But it is true also that the courts have full power to decide what constitutes just compensation, and that market values inflated by fraudulent means are not a true measure of just compensation. The fair measure is the value the franchise would have on the basis of reasonable charges considering the labor and capital involved, and the returns to similar labor and capital in the open field of moderate competition. After the long line of decisions affirming the market-value test, it is not easy to change the law, and much injustice must result in any case—to the public if the law remains as it is, to individual stockholders if it is changed.

Perhaps the very best way would be to provide that on and after a specified date (a few years subsequent to the passage of the law) all persons buying corporate stocks and bonds should be deemed to take with notice of the fraud called "watering," and should hold subject to the right of the people to take the corporate property at its just value purged of the said fraud and of all other frauds, viz., the cost of duplication plus whatever sum the said corporation may have paid into the public treasury in purchase of its franchise. The passage of an act holding stockholders to notice would make buyers cautious, and market values would fall toward the true level as the time approached for the law to take effect. The courts fully recognize the power of the public to regulate rates so long as reasonable dividends remain, and if water were not in the way, the earning capacity of a company could be reduced so that its market value would at least approach the just figures.

Another law that would do good would be a provision that any town or city should have a right to purchase property within its limits at a price not exceeding thirty per cent advance on the value at which the said property is assessed with the owner's knowledge at the time an application for said purchase is filed in court by the town or by any ten respectable citizens on its behalf, with fair allowance of course for improvements made between the application and the actual purchase. In other words, the amount on which a property owner pays taxes shall be held to be at least seventy per cent of its real value by his admission.

Another bit of legislation very greatly needed is the emancipation of municipalities. They are for the most part tied to the apron strings of the state, and cannot move without the consent of their maternal guardian. Our cities are not of age nor full discretion; they do not enjoy self-government and cannot run a wire along their own streets without the permission of the other towns, cities, farms, and districts in the state. There should be legislation in every state granting to cities and towns the privilege of home rule; in respect to their own internal affairs they should govern themselves. In Massachusetts after three years' struggle we succeeded in obtaining chap. 370 of the Acts of 1891 which enables "cities and towns to manufacture and distribute gas and electricity" for their own use or for sale to their citizens. There must be a two-thirds vote in each branch of the council and an approval by the mayor in each of two consecutive years, and then a ratification by a majority of the voters at the polls. In towns there must be a two-thirds vote in two town meetings. If there is a private plant in the place when the first vote is passed, and it is suitable to the municipal use, its owners may compel the city or town to buy said plant at its fair market value, including as an element of value, by the law of 1891, "the earning capacity of such plant based on the actual earnings being derived from it at the time of the final vote." Chap. 454 of the Acts of 1893 repealed the quoted words, gave the city after the first vote a right to demand a schedule of property from the private companies, required the companies to file the said schedule within thirty days after the request if they wished to retain their right to compel a purchase, made a number of concessions in the interest of the public in case the property is not desirable, and left the compensation to cover *the fair market value of the plant*, there being no words referring to the franchise, or to the earning capacity either, except words of exclusion and repeal. This looks as though the people of

Massachusetts *might* obtain justice in these cases. The franchises were theirs originally; they were lent to the companies free of charge; the companies have made a good deal of money out of the loan; it is perfectly proper to reclaim the franchises upon payment of the real value of the improvements the companies have made.

The provision requiring a two-thirds vote for two consecutive years, is oppressive, and was probably intended to kill the law by giving the companies a year after the first vote in which to secure the mayor or enough councilmen to prevent a second successful vote as required. The desire of the people for public ownership has been so great, however, that they have been able again and again to fulfil the conditions of the law and beat the companies on their own ground.

A city may borrow the money to buy or build and gradually pay off the debt out of the taxes saved by the lower cost of light, or from the receipts if the plant is a commercial one. If borrowing is impracticable the city may still obtain a public plant without increased taxation. For example, Springfield, Ill., was paying \$138 per full arc on the moon schedule. The city was aware that the price was too high, but could not borrow money to build because of the limit on its borrowing power. It therefore made a contract with a body of sixty citizens by which the latter were to build a plant, supply full arcs on moon schedule at \$113 a lamp, apply all surplus above running expenses and seven per cent interest on their investment to the cancellation of the capital account, and when this process pays for the property turn it over to the city free of debt. A 450-arc plant costing \$70,000 has been built under this contract; 300 arcs are in operation; the plant is run by two electricians who have contracted to supply light for \$60 a lamp; the city pays \$113 a lamp, the extra \$53 going to pay interest and cost of the plant, which it will do in about five years. In addition to this all public buildings are lighted with incandescents free of charge, and 25 per cent of the gross receipts for commercial lighting is credited to the city. Such are the facts as they come to me in a letter from Mayor Woodruff. The city is saving \$25 a lamp and paying for the plant at the same time; in five years it will own the plant free, and will then get its light for less than one-half what it formerly paid to a private company; and during the entire process of purchase there isn't a dollar of debt upon the city, nor any increase of taxation, but a decrease of it from the very start. Springfield has taught her sister cities a valuable lesson; and yet

fine as her method is, it is not so good as purchase for cash if the city is able, for that would save to the people the interest at seven per cent that now goes to the parties who built the plant.

NOTE 1.—AUTHORITIES.

In addition to visitation, correspondence, and the study of municipal reports, the committee has examined many electrical publications, and numerous discussions of public lighting. Some of those most useful to the general student are as follows:

Group A.—1. Electrical Census of New York, 1890, Allen R. Foote. 2. Bulletin 100 of the 11th Census, dealing with 50 of the larger cities of the United States. 3. Senate Mis. Doc. 56, 2d sess. 51st Cong. tabulating prices in 500 cities and towns under private ownership. 4. House Ex. Doc. No. 15, 1st Sess. 52d Cong. useful facts tabulated by the Electrical Commission of the Dist. of Columbia. 5. The Reports of the Mass. Gas and Electric Light Commissioners. 6. W. J. Buckley's "Electric Lighting Plants." D. Van Nostrand, N. Y., 1894. 7. Quarterly Publications of the Amer. Statistical Assn., Mar., June, 1893. "Cost Statistics of Public Electric Lighting," by Victor Rosewater. 8. The directories of Whipple, Brown, Johnson, etc., which may be found in any first-class library.

The data recorded by these authorities are supposed to have been gathered and arranged without argumentative purpose, and solely to disseminate information and increase our scientific knowledge. So far as I can judge, the work is free from any intent to support the opinions of the authors. It is true that Allen R. Foote, the head of the Electrical Department of the last census, is strongly opposed to public ownership, as his magazine articles clearly show, and that the Massachusetts Commission has been charged with manifesting a very peculiar solicitude for the interests of the private companies (see the testimony of Mr. Williams and the remarks of Mayor Matthews in the Bay State Gas Trust Investigation, pp. 17, 21, 75, 76.) It does not appear, however, that these personal factors have affected the returns unless perhaps their unconscious influence may have produced the remarkably clumsy arrangement of some of the electrical tables of the Census (making the columns of cost well-nigh worthless for purposes of comparison) and the equally remarkable omissions of both reports. I am assured by the Massachusetts Commissioners that they are fully aware of the imperfections of their reports especially in respect to the total output of electric companies, and they have tried hard to remedy the trouble even introducing a bill to require the companies to make proper returns, but the measure was defeated.

Mr. Buckley is not interested one way or the other in the question of public ownership; he writes for engineers in a thoroughly scientific way. Chief Walker also is simply a scientific electrician, "conservative and careful, and thoroughly master of his business," as Director Beltler says in his message to the mayor. The chief's estimates are given in Director Beltler's report (see next group).

Group B.—9. "Electric Street Lighting," by R. J. Finley, *Review of Reviews*, Feb. 1893, p. 68. 10. Professor Ely's "Problems of To-day," pp. 260-273, 3d Ed. 1890. 11. The Report of Director of Public Safety, Abraham M. Beltler, to the Mayor and Councils of Philadelphia, Jan. 8, 1894, printed in the *Journal of Select Council Vol. II*, Oct. 5, 1893, to Mar. 30, 1894, p. 117 et seq., and containing, 12 a copy of the very full report made by a Committee of the City Councils of Youngstown, Ohio. 13. The Report of the Evansville Committee, Feb. 28, 1894, an admirable statement which, with the Report of Springfield, Ill., is published in *Light, Heat and Power* for March, 1894, and in the *Engineering News* for Apr. 12, 1894. Springfield followed the advice of its committee and built a plant in the manner narrated in the closing paragraph of the text; 14. The *Aegis* of Wisconsin University (where Professor Ely is now) for Mar. 3, 1893; 15. Rev. Walter Vrooman's "Public Ownership"; 16. Victor Rosewater's article in the *Independent* March, 1890, and 17 the Providence Advance Club Leaflet No. 3 (1891) may also be referred to. The documents of this group come from persons who favor public ownership and who wrote with argumentative purpose. Since these groups were made up the important report of the Boston committee has come to hand (see § 11).

Group C.—18. H. A. Foster on "Public Lighting," in the *Electrical Engineer*, Sept. 5, 1894. 19. M. J. Francisco on "Municipal Owning." 20. The Report of the Committee of Philadelphia Councils printed in the same volume with Director Beltler's Report. These come from sources antagonistic to public ownership. Mr. Foster's article, however, is written in a spirit of fairness that puts to shame the intense partisanship and distorting personal interest elsewhere manifested in this group (see note below).

NOTE 2.—BIAS AND MOTIVE.

It is of great importance to remember that those who oppose public ownership usually do so from motives of self-interest of a low type, or from the bias of conservative training resisting change and new ideas by instinct and reflex action, or from both these motives; while those who advocate public ownership generally do so from

a conviction that it will be for the good of the community—a conviction reached in many cases after long, earnest, painstaking study that has overcome preconceived opinions to the contrary. Such advocacy, moreover, is frequently opposed to the selfish interests of the advocate, and made at serious loss and inconvenience.

It is perfectly possible for a man to oppose the municipalization of electric lighting from motives as pure and lofty as those which lead Professor Ely, Editor Flower, Mayor Stuart of Philadelphia, Mayor Pingree of Detroit, Mayor Cregier of Chicago, Dr. Lyman Abbot, Dr. Taylor, Director Beitler and many other distinguished men to advocate it; but in general personal interest is a strong factor in the arguments of the opposition, while it has little or no place in the advocacy of public ownership. The committee of Philadelphia Councils was controlled by men intensely favorable to the private companies as the report shows upon its face. The chairman made no effort to ascertain facts but devoted himself to a direct and determined attack upon Director Beitler's report, calling in Mr. Cowling, manager of the Powelton Electric Company, to testify that the director's estimate of 15 cents per arc per night was too low and ought to be over 40 cents—the Powelton Company is one of those from which the city buys light at the rate of 45 cents a night, or \$164 a year. It would indeed be curious if the manager of the Powelton could not show how foolish it would be for the city to do anything that would interfere with such a contract, yet his figures are mild compared with what the chairman of the committee attempted to force the director to accept. For example, Mr. Cowling's estimate for real estate was \$35,000, while the chairman of the committee placed that item at \$75,000 and another committeeman wanted to make it \$125,000 for a 400-arc light plant. The animus of the committee is further shown in the fact already mentioned that the pamphlet resume of the investigation published for free distribution, entirely omits the report of Director Beitler and the estimates of Chief Walker, and publishes only the chairman's attack on Beitler and Manager Cowling's estimates.

M. J. Francisco's pamphlet is no better in motive. He is attorney for an electric light company, and has been president of the National Electric Light Association. He is at the head of a company in Rutland, Vt., which the *Egis* says was charging \$280 per arc per year in 1893. In trying, therefore, to justify the high rates of the private companies against the indictments of Groups A and B, he was simply acting the part of a man accused of theft endeavoring to shield himself and his accomplices, and vindicate the right to continue his profitable enterprise. Mr. Johnston of the *Egis* consulted Chicago's chief of construction and other officers in reference to Francisco's statements about that city, with the following result: "In this pamphlet Francisco says that part of the operating expenses are charged to the police and fire departments. Mr. Carroll says not one cent is so charged." (Indeed Francisco must have thought the officers of fire and police were sleepy gentlemen to allow such accounting—they wish, like other officers, to make as good a showing as possible for their own departments.) "Francisco figures linemen's salaries at \$2,500. There is not a lineman employed by the city; all the wires are underground. The cost of coal per lamp is given by Francisco at \$40, while the real cost is but \$27, and in nearly every calculation, Francisco has juggled with the facts in order to prove his theory."

Mr. Foster's case is very different. He also has been a prominent officer of the National Electric Light Company, and has done considerable writing upon electrical subjects. The *Electrical Engineer* sent letters to 150 of the towns and cities that own and operate electric light works, received replies from forty-nine, and employed Mr. Foster to write them up. The *Electrical Engineer* is strongly antagonistic to public ownership, and Mr. Foster's views lean the same way. His bias has led him perhaps to adopt a very high rate of depreciation, and to make some errors of statement and comparison which he might have eliminated had not the results of the errors been favorable to his views and so lulled his watchfulness to sleep. But on the whole his intent to be fair is very apparent. For example he says, "The tone of all communications from those favoring the municipal side seems to have taken it for granted that the results shown would tell that side sufficiently well, and it must be admitted that in quite a number of cases such has been the fact." Again, "Somewhat over half [of the 34 places fully reported and in successful operation of public light works] are places where it is very doubtful if a commercial or private plant could be made to pay under any circumstances." And still again, "In all fairness it may be said that the much vaunted better management in private hands does not exist in fact, the men in charge of city plants comparing quite favorably with those in charge of private plants of similar size" (*Electrical Engineer*, Sept. 5, 1894, pp. 183, 184, 189.)

NOTE 3.—FALSE COMPARISONS.

In handling large masses of figures some errors are almost sure to creep in. The original information may be inaccurate, the author may make a mistake in using his data, the copyist, the printer, or the proof-reader may introduce a few variations to relieve the monotonousness of statistical discussion; but there are no such excuses for the mischievous processes of thought that pervade so many of the essays on this subject on both sides of the question. The lofty motives of reformers do not, unfortunately, protect them entirely from illogic. They are not apt to resort to intentional falsehood nor to be influenced by selfish considerations, but they are nevertheless under the

necessity of guarding themselves against the dangers of overstatement, of giving too ready a credence to all that seems favorable to them, and of underrating or ignoring the arguments, ideas, and feelings of their opponents.

Of the defective processes of thought just referred to, the most important is false comparison. It appears in numerous forms. One of the commonest is the *fallacy of averages*. It is a pleasing sort of condensation to lump a hundred cities in a couple of averages and lay down a generalization to the effect that private lighting is twice as costly as public. This result was obtained not only by Evansville, but by Mayor Pingree of Detroit and by the committees of Peoria, Springfield, Haverhill, and Scranton, all finding the average cost in public plants to be about \$50 to \$60, and in private companies twice as much. These averages do not add fixed charges to the reported expenses of public stations—an omission justified in some cases but not in all. The *Egis* investigation avoided this error and found an average of \$77.68 total cost per arc at an average candle-power of 1918 and an average run of 7.9 hours per night—\$50 operating cost and \$27.68 interest, depreciation, taxes, etc. Interest, as we know, does not belong in the calculation; depreciation was put at 5 per cent, which is too high, and taxes at 2 per cent on the whole value, which is also too high (see supra). The *Egis* investigators found 224 private companies throughout the United States reported in Brown's Directory with an average charge of \$102.40 for the same lamp running an average of 6.8 hours, or over an hour less each night than the public plants; and if the correction is made to 7.9 hours the average charge of the private companies would be \$116. In Massachusetts 67 private companies make an average charge of \$98.96 for a lamp averaging 1473 c. p. and burning 5.6 hours; correcting to 1900 c. p. and 7.9 hours we have an average charge of \$146 in Massachusetts as compared with \$77.50 for public service. Bulletin 100 of the eleventh census puts the average price paid under contract with private companies in 47 cities of more than 100,000 population in 23 states, at \$139.31, and in the 24 largest cities of the United States the Federal Commission found the average price paid by the city to a private company to be \$140 per arc. Bulletin 100 is entirely unreliable, as has already been seen, and as will more fully appear directly; any average based on it will be below the truth for standard service, because it includes sub-arcs and incandescents with the full arcs.

If the student wishes the averages resulting from the data of this report he may construct them for himself; the committee prefers to deal with specific cases and comparisons in which every element is taken into account.

When the individual cases that form the average are carefully classed, or the service rendered is accurately averaged as well as the cost, the results may have value, but the fact so frequently urged by reformers, that the average yearly cost per street lamp in cities possessing their own electric plants is only half the average yearly cost per street lamp in cities securing light by contract with private companies, while very suggestive, and really an understatement of the advantages of public ownership as revealed by a careful analysis of many specific cases, is nevertheless in itself entirely devoid of probative force. The average yearly service per lamp in the cities under private contract may be double the average service in the public plants; we cannot know the real meaning of the average unless we tabulate the elements of production in all the cities that enter into it, or those elements at least which are not known to be so nearly uniform as to cause no appreciable or important variations in the cost.

Take a specific case. A writer obtains the prices of light per arc year in a number of cities under public ownership and in another group under private ownership, takes the average of each group, \$53 and \$114 perhaps, and then infers or leaves the reader to infer that public ownership is much cheaper than private. That is the truth as we know, but such averages do not prove it; with another selection of cities the average might be against public ownership. Moreover the \$53 represents only running expenses, while the \$114 represents total cost, and the cities of the private group may get two or three times as much light, or have to pay two or three times as much for power and labor as the cities of the public group, for all that usually appears in these investigations of averages. The town of B gets a 1200-c.-p. lamp 6 hours for \$50; C gets a 2000-c.-p. lamp 8 hours for \$56; the average cost is \$53—the average cost of what? D pays \$100 for a sub-arc all night, and E pays \$125 for a full arc moonlight schedule; the average cost is \$114—the average cost of what? Is the average thing that is paid for the same in the two cases? Does the word cost mean the same in both cases? Or is the whole statement a compound pun? A certain music box costs \$50, and a certain piano \$200; the average cost is \$125—but the difficulty is to tell what it is the cost of. If you went to another city and found cornets selling for \$30 and parlor organs for \$100, would you be justified in taking the average, \$65, and proclaiming that musical instruments were cheaper in the latter city than in the former?

This fallacy of incongruous averages is to be found in Census Bulletin 100, in the *Egis*, in Mr. Finley's article in the *Review of Reviews*, February, '93, in Victor Rosewater's first article, in Francisco's "Municipal Lighting," in Horatio Foster's essay, and in many of the reports of local committees.

If care is taken to see that all the units in a group are of the same sort the average may be very useful, and such averages are to be found in electrical discussions mingled with the incongruous sort which is the only sort we wish to condemn *per se*. The true way to study electric light is to find the cost of a standard service under specific conditions, and determine the effect of all possible departures from those

conditions—then you are in a position to say what should be the cost of a given service under given conditions and ascertain if the present rate is too high. During this process units that are essentially alike may be grouped and averaged to obtain the mean of the variations produced by one or two unreduceable causes, such as the personal qualities of superintendents, etc.

Imperfect averages are not the only subjects of false comparison. Sometimes the cost per lamp hour or candle-power hour or kilowatt hour is used as a basis of comparison, but it is not valid unless the variations in the conditions of production are taken into account. It does not even eliminate the question of schedule, for if two plants are equal in every way except that one runs all night and the other to midnight, the cost per lamp hour, etc., will be considerably less in the former than in the latter. If the cost per candle-power were the same in the two cases, the all-night lamp would cost twice as much as the midnight lamp, whereas we know the difference is only one-fifth—so that an all-night plant that charges the same per candle-power as a midnight plant is charging a great deal too much if the midnight charge is a proper one and other things are equal. To compare the price per lamp hour in a commercial plant running day and night with the lamp-hour cost in a street plant running only during the night or part of the night, for the purpose of throwing discredit on the latter, would be very unfair; the street plant may be well managed and give its service at cost, and yet the hourly rate may differ little or none from that of the other plant which is making fifty per cent profit because of the advantage its commerce gives it. New York companies make a difference of 10 cents a night in their bids for street lamps located in streets where no commercial lighting can be obtained—\$36.50 more per year for a standard arc without commercial environment. The volume of business and the proportion of the capacity in use also affect the lamp-hour rate as seriously as the annual rate. How great such effects may be will be seen from the report of Pres. Sir John Pender to the directors of the Metropolitan Electrical Supply Co. of London a few years ago, which said in substance, "Our working expenses with 30,000 lights, are with few exceptions, the same to all intents and purposes as they will be when we are giving our maximum supply of 114,000 lights." The president went on to say that as they were making a profit with 30,000 lights, the business would be a very good one when they were running 114,000 at a "comparatively small increase of expenses." A number of the letters received by this committee from municipal superintendents, stated that their plants were run at half or two-thirds capacity but could be run at full capacity with little additional expense, reducing the cost per lamp by nearly one-half or one-third respectively.

Of all the misuses of comparison that fill the literature of electric light, perhaps the most misleading are those that are based on Census Bulletin 100 without investigating the service represented by its rates. The compilers of that Bulletin appear to have taken the total yearly amount paid by each city for electric light, divided it by the number of lamps, and set down the quotient in the column of "annual cost per lamp." For example the Lawrence cost per lamp is given as \$26 a year, and the Boston cost at \$237; no data as to candle-power, hours of burning, etc., are to be found in the Bulletin. The facts are that Boston had over a thousand full arcs of 2,000 candle-power burning all night and every night at a cost of \$237 a lamp; there were also a few street lamps of lower candle-power which do not seem to have been taken into account. In Lawrence there were 133 lamps of 30 candle-power burning all night and every night at \$36.50 a year each, 424 lamps of 20 candle-power burning from dark till midnight every night at \$18 a year each, and 23 lamps of 2,000 candle-power averaging six hours per night at \$122 each per year. The total cost of electric light in Lawrence was therefore \$15,292, and the number of lamps 580, giving an average cost per lamp of \$26; but what is that average good for? I am sure I do not know.

Mr. Johnston in his *Aegis* address, p. 169, says: "Last year Kansas City, Mo., was paying \$200 a year for the same kind of lamp for which St. Louis paid its company \$75; San Francisco pays \$440.67 for the same service that Denver gets from another company for \$581; Rutland, Vt., pays \$280 for a lamp that Mt. Morris, N. Y., under exactly similar conditions, obtains for \$49." The first comparison was just, but Denver is another case in the census, like Lawrence; it was paying about \$200 for a standard arc, and the conditions in San Francisco were not the same. The Mt. Morris lamp was a 1,200 c.-p. burning only till midnight, and water was the source of power, in part at least. Such defects in so able an address are a misfortune, which, however, is partly alleviated by the speaker's quotation from Whipple, a high authority among the opponents of public ownership: "It is plain that no local conditions can cause anything like such a great variation in prices. It is largely a matter of shrewdness on the part of officials on both sides as to the price paid."

Even Mr. Foster's work is tainted with the poison of false comparison. He first adds 131% on the investment for fixed charges—a great deal too much, as I think I have shown in § 3. Then he estimates (as he tells us he had to since they were not reported) the watt hours per lamp for all commercial arcs and incandescents, and for nearly half the street lamps; he says he has not much confidence in his estimates as to said hours, in which we cordially agree with him, said estimates being vague guesses apparently based on the principle that lamps of a given candle-power are run the same number of hours in all places. After this he proceeds to calculate the cost per kilowatt hour and per lamp hour, covering a 7x10 page of the *Electrical Engineer* with three- and four-place decimals to complete the operation. Being based on hours of burning guessed at in § of the cases, and on fixed charges out of all bounds, it is easy to see how much more convenient it will be to use these lamp-hour

rates as a basis of comparison with the charges of private companies instead of comparing the cost of a standard arc per year in a public plant with the cost of a standard arc per year in a private plant under similar conditions of production, as an unscientific person would be apt to do rather than spend a couple of weeks writing down guesses at schedules and ciphering out mysterious and irresponsible hour rates to four places of decimals, so as to forget that the said hour rates are based on guesses and proceed to draw inferences from them that never could be obtained from the simple, undifferentiated, unmythified, unsophisticated cost per arc per year. The public plants included in Mr. Foster's investigation are in every part of the country from Maine to California under all sorts of conditions as to output and length of run, cost of labor and power, but Mr. Foster says nothing about said relations of cost (except the general remark that in more than half of these places a private plant could probably not be made to pay), and selects a lot of places in New York state, nestling near the coal fields, pairs them off by population with the public plants—underground system against overhead, little street plants against commercial plants, stations with tremendous investment (\$473 per arc in the case of Alameda, Cal., which counts pretty fast at 134 per cent), and \$5 or \$6 coal, against stations with low investment and \$2 coal; and then, without making any allowance for differences of condition, sums up his groups, takes the average on each side, and announces that "The result is somewhat surprising, as there is a difference of twenty per cent in favor of the private companies." As already remarked (p. 94 of the ARENA for September, '98), if the manifestly unjust comparisons are omitted Mr. Foster's tables result in favor of public ownership in spite of the odds arising from Mr. Foster's overestimate of fixed charges, reckless guessing at hours, and special selection of private plants, which was probably not done with any intent to color the truth, but simply because the figures in respect to New York are easily attainable. It does seem strange, however, that Mr. Foster should have any confidence in results that rest so largely on the estimated schedules, reliance on which is expressly disclaimed by him.

Valid comparisons and useful averages are plentiful enough, and it is best to confine ourselves to them. If we find that Py paid \$185 a lamp last year, and this year gets the same service or better from its own plant at a total cost of \$62 per lamp, while the rates of private companies not affected by the growth of public ownership remain substantially the same as last year, we may conclude with reasonable certainty that public ownership has resulted in a saving of about two-thirds of the former cost per lamp in Py. If we find that S gets a 2,000-candle-power lamp burning all night and every night for \$75 a year on a contract fair to all parties, while B, Y, and P pay \$146 to \$180 for the same or lower service, and on studying the conditions of production in S, B, Y, and P discover that the difference in cost of production between S and the other cities is little or nothing we may conclude that B, Y, and P pay more than they ought, more than they would if they had as much wisdom as S and used it upon their street-lighting contracts. If we find two cities with practically identical conditions, and one makes a standard arc for \$46 a year, while the other pays \$146 per standard arc, we may conclude that the latter pays about \$100 per lamp more than if it managed the business for itself as skilfully as the former city does. If we find one city paying \$100 a year for an all-night sub-arc on a fair contract, and another paying \$182 a year for the same service, and learn that the difference in conditions of production is decidedly in favor of the latter, we may conclude that it is losing more than \$82 a year on each lamp. If we find in one city a fair profit at \$87 a year for a standard arc with 50 lamps, coal at \$2.58, etc., and another city paying \$127 a standard arc with 486 lamps, coal at \$3, etc., and having allowed for all important differences of condition we ascertain that the cost of producing a standard arc in the latter city is \$7 a year less than in the former, we may conclude that the \$127 should be reduced to \$80. On these and other methods that seem to us to conform to the laws of scientific reasoning we have placed our trust in this report.

NOTE 4.—ERRATA.

Page 336 ARENA for May, 1895, twenty-second line from top, "2 cents" should be 2½ cents.

Page 129 ARENA for June, Table IX, San Francisco \$148 should be San Francisco \$200.

Page 389 ARENA for August, fourth line from the top, "full arcs" should be sub-arcs.

THE LIFE OF SIR THOMAS MORE.

BY B. O. FLOWER.

To the casual observer the life of Sir Thomas More presents so many contradictions that it will prove an enigma unless he is acquainted with the type of individual to which the philosopher belonged; the cold, calculating intellect little understands, much less appreciates, a mind so profoundly sensitive to the varied and multitudinous influences of environment as that of the author of "Utopia." His brain received and reflected the complex and frequently opposing influences of his wonderful time as did the mind of no other man of his epoch. His intellect was largely swayed by the thought-waves which beat upon the brain of his century with a force and persistency hitherto unknown. He felt most keenly, *and with a sympathy for both*, the struggle between the old and the new. But he also felt the higher and diviner thought-waves—those subtle influences which inspired Angelo, and drove with tireless energy the brush of Raphael. He was a man of vivid imagination, but, true to the spirit of his country at this age, the divine afflatus which came to him awakened the ethical nature, while in sunny Italy, it spoke to the artistic impulses.

In great transition periods there are always a few children of genius, who hear something higher than the din and tumult below—lofty souls who hear a voice calling them to ascend the mountain of the ideal and catch glimpses of the coming dawn; these chosen ones bear messages from the Infinite to humanity. They behold the promised land from the heights, and they return with a word and a picture; but to the careless rich, the frivolous, the poor, who are absorbed in self, to the slow-thinking and the slaves to intellectual conventionalism, their messages are as sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal. They who speak of peace, progress and happiness through altruism usually find that they have spoken in an unknown tongue to prince and pauper. But their messages are not in vain; the true word once given will not return barren. It touches some awakened intellects, it kindles a fire which burns brighter and brighter with each succeeding generation. The ideal once given becomes an inspiration. The prophet is the annunciator of the

Infinite. The eternal law of justice and progress, when once more broadly and truly stated, sits in judgment on individuals, societies and nations.

The philosopher when upon the mountain of the ideal receives truths larger and more potential for good than aught man has before conceived. But when he returns to earth, that is to say when he is jostled by the positive thoughts of masterful brains, when he is confronted by dominant ideas struggling to maintain supremacy in the empire of thought, he is in peril; that which was a blessing upon the mount becomes a dirge in the valley, for unless he is great enough to hold steadfastly to the high new truth, and rise above sensuous feeling, personal ambition and innate prejudices, he is liable to yield to the psychic forces in the atmosphere below. Then he falls, and the fall is pitiful, for after calling the world to judgment by a great new ideal of truth, he rejects the divine message which he has uttered, and by it is condemned. Painful to relate, this was, I think, to a great degree true of Sir Thomas More, as we shall presently see.

But the point I wish to illustrate just now is the liability on the part of historians and biographers to misjudge persons who are profoundly sensitive, endowed with a wealth of imagination, but who also possess deep-rooted convictions—men who love the good in the old, and yet who yearn for the new; those who in moments of ecstasy speak for the ages to come, but when oppressed by the fear and prejudice which environ them, reflect the dominant impulses of the old. Without a clear understanding of the mental characteristics of such natures, it will be impossible to understand, much less sympathize with, the noblest and most far-seeing English philosopher of his age.

Sir Thomas More was born when the twilight of mediævalism was paling before the dawn of modern times. Feudalism had lived its day; there were everywhere the signs of a coming storm. The conditions of the poor had grown most pitiful. The ambition of kings had received a strange new impulse; the superior rulers surged forward toward absolute power, with a confidence and recklessness which cowed the feudal lords. The popes, as we have seen, in many instances were secular potentates rather than spiritual fathers. Dreams of conquest swelled in the breasts of those born to the ermine, those who had risen to the scarlet cap, and those who had carved out position and power by the possession of military genius and daring, aided by the fortunes of war. But while the anarchy of

feudal brigandage was giving way before a more centralized and, in a way, orderly rule, while kings were engrossed with plans for personal aggrandizement, scholars, scientists, and skilled artisans were intoxicated by an intellectual stimulation seldom if ever equalled in the history of the race. Some were revelling in the rediscovered treasures of ancient Greece; some were brooding over the wonder-stories of the far East. Artists and sculptors were transferring to canvas and marble the marvellous dreams which haunted their imagination. Gutenberg had recently invented the printing press, Copernicus was interrogating the stars, and another profound dreamer was gazing upon the western ocean with a question and a hope—the one which would not be silenced, the other so big as to appear wild and absurd to the imagination of small minds. At this momentous time, when the clock of the ages was ringing in the advent of an epoch which should mark a tremendous onward stride in the advance of humanity—at this time when change was written over every great door of thought or research throughout civilization, Sir Thomas More was born.

At an early age he was sent to St. Anthony's School in London; afterward he entered the home of Cardinal Morton as a page; here his fine wit and intellectual acuteness greatly impressed the learned prelate, who on one occasion remarked, "This child here waiting on the table will prove a marvellous man." On the advice of the cardinal, young More was sent to Oxford University, where a strong friendship grew up between the youth and Colet. At Oxford Thomas More learned something of Greek. From this college his father removed him to New Inn that he might perfect himself in law; still later he entered Lincoln Inn, where he continued his studies until he was ready for admission to the bar.

Shortly before Thomas More entered Oxford, England began to respond to the intellectual revolution which had enthused the advanced scholarship of the Continent. In a few years, thanks to a few bold, brave men, Great Britain was convulsed with a religious and intellectual revolution which struck terror to the old-school men and the conventional theologians. In 1485 Linacre and Grocyn visited Italy, where they diligently studied under some of the great masters who were making Florence the most famous seat of culture in Europe. Linacre was tutored by Poliziano. In 1493 Colet visited Italy and came under the influence of Pico della Mirandola and Savonarola. These three scholars returned to England, fired with moral and intellectual enthu-

siasm and touched by the dawning spirit of scientific inquiry. Linacre and Grocyn taught Greek at Oxford; later, the former founded the College of Physicians of London. Colet broke away from the scholastic methods of mediævalism and startled England no less by his handling the New Testament in a plain, common-sense way than by his plea for a purified church. Later he proved how deep were his convictions and how sincere his desire for a higher and truer civilization, by devoting the fortune left him by his father to the founding of St. Paul's Latin Grammar School, where children were to receive kind consideration instead of being subjected to the brutal treatment which characterized the education of that time,* and where, under the wisest and most humane teachers, "the young might," as the founder expressed it, "proceed to grow." In this noble innovation Colet laid the foundation for that rational and popular system of education which has grown to such splendid proportions throughout the English-speaking world, and which probably finds its most perfect expression in the public-school system in the United States.

We now come to a passage in the life of Thomas More, which calls for special notice, as it illustrates the intensity of his religious convictions even when a youth. Had the philosopher been born a few years earlier, in all probability he would not only never have written "Utopia," but we should doubtless have found him among the foremost enemies of the new order. Throughout his life he ever exhibited a divided love. The new learning and the spirit of the dawn wooed and fascinated him until he paused long enough to realize how rapidly the old was falling away, then a great fear came upon him lest the church should go down and civilization degenerate into barbarism. He was by turns the most luminous mind among the philosophers of the dawn, and the most resolute defender of conventional religion. In this he reflected the varying intellectual atmosphere which environed his sensitive and psychical mind, and which sprang from ideas and influences which challenged his confidence or coincided with his convictions. When he completed his education he and William Lilly (afterward head master of the Latin Grammar School founded by Colet) determined to forswear the world and become monks. For four years they dwelt at Charterhouse, subjecting themselves to the most severe discipline, scourging their bodies on Friday, wearing coarse hair shirts next

*Youths were brutally beaten at that time at school; it being an all but universally accepted precept that "Boys' spirits must be subdued."—*Maurice Adams.*

the skin, and living upon the coarsest fare. Whether close acquaintance with the monkish life of that time disillusioned More, as it had disillusioned Erasmus some years before; whether the entreaties of Colet and Erasmus, or the passion excited by the bright eyes and sweet winning manners of Miss Colt, whom he frequently met when visiting her father's home at that time, served to make him forego his determination to become a monk, we know not; perhaps all these exerted an influence. Erasmus disposes of the question in this characteristic expression, "He fell in love, and thought a chaste husband was better than a profligate monk." And thus instead of taking vows he married Miss Colt and renewed the study of law.

In 1504 More was elected to a parliament convened by Henry VII to extort money from the impoverished people in the form of "reasonable aids, on the occasion of the marriage of his daughter and the knighting of his son." The subsidy demanded from the wretched and oppressed people amounted to considerably over half a million dollars (£113,000); a sum of this size at that time was equivalent to many times a like amount to-day, for the medium of exchange was then so scarce that a fat ox sold for twenty-six shillings, a fat wether for three shillings and sixpence, and a chicken brought a penny.* The Parliament had grown so servile in the presence of the growing despotism of the crown, that only one voice was raised against the measure, and that voice was Thomas More's, then a beardless youth. He denounced the demand as extortionate and unreasonable; he showed how the people were oppressed and overtaxed; how an increase of taxation would mean added misery to the English people. Reason after reason was advanced for denying or at least substantially reducing the amount demanded; argument after argument, clear and convincing, fortified each reason advanced. The members of Parliament were enthused even while they sat in amazement at the unmatched daring of the gifted youth. Something of the old-time fire and love of liberty filled their craven minds. They began to behold how low they had fallen by surrendering their manhood and the sacred trust given them through fear of losing their heads. The friends of the king were astounded; they gazed at one another in blank amazement; the reckless audacity of this youth who stood as the incarnate voice of justice pleading the cause of the poor menaced the throne. At length the fearless orator resumed his seat, and so clear, logical, and unanswerable had been his plea that for a moment the mem-

* Froude's History of England, vol. i, pp. 30-32.

bers of Parliament forgot their role of puppets and became men. The demand was rejected, and in its stead an allowance of about \$150,000 (£30,000) was granted, whereupon a Mr. Tyler, one of the members of the king's privy chamber, who was present, brought the king word that his demand had been denied, owing to the eloquent opposition of a "beardless boy." The king was at once enraged and alarmed; he could find no cause for the immediate arrest of the offender, so he sought to wreak vengeance on the father; a complaint was accordingly trumped up, and old Mr. More was sent to the Tower, where he remained until he paid a fine of five hundred dollars (£100). Thomas More now retired to private life, and was preparing to leave England owing to disquieting rumors which came to him of the king's displeasure, when Henry VII died.

With the accession of Henry VIII to the throne, the star of the apostles of culture rose. The king espoused the cause of the new learning, and More, Colet, and Erasmus and their companions basked in the royal favor. In vain the Trojans, as the defenders of conventionalism were called, denounced the new learning, and at length Henry VIII silenced the "brawlers." One of this class took occasion to denounce the heresies of Erasmus in a sermon before the king. After the discourse he was summoned to the presence of Henry, and there interrogated; More being present answered the arguments advanced by the dogmatist. At length, finding it impossible to cope with More, the priest fell at the feet of the king. 'He was trembling with terror as he implored the king's forgiveness, saying he had been carried away "by the spirit." "But," said Henry, "that spirit was not the spirit of Christ, but of *foolishness*." Next the king asked him if he had read the works of Erasmus; the priest acknowledged that he had not. "Then you prove yourself a fool," cried the king, "for you condemn what you have never read." This illustration indicates the attitude of Henry VIII toward the apostles of the new learning during the early years of his reign.

In 1515 More was sent with a royal embassy to the Low Countries to settle a quarrel between Henry VIII and Prince Charles. While in Flanders, More heard wonderful stories of the New World, and also the fabled land of India now opened, nay, more, all but conquered, by Portugal. The very air of Flanders was vibrating with that restlessness which comes over men when life becomes more dignified and its possibilities greater. Wonder trod upon the heels of wonder, and a great hope filled the minds of the commercial

world, no less than the realm of the thinkers. While here, More wrote the second part of "Utopia." The first part was not written until after his return to England.

The publication of "Utopia" revealed afresh the superb courage of its author; it was a thinly disguised satire on England. It contrasted the England of his time with what England might and should be. It was written to influence, if possible, a headstrong, vainglorious and extravagant young king, who during six years of his reign had involved his country in an ignominious war, which had drained the well-filled coffers left by Henry VII; a young king who was now insisting on levying the enormous income tax of six-pence on the pound, and insisting that the tax extend to the miserable, half-starved agricultural laborers. Henry VIII greatly admired Thomas More, but only a thinker who placed conviction above even life would have dared put forth a work so bold and so well calculated to open the eyes of the people to the shallow pretences as well as the criminality of the rich and powerful. Artemus Ward speaks of a man who was fifteen years confined in a dungeon; one day an idea struck him—he opened the window and climbed out. Now, "Utopia" was calculated to show the sturdy Englishmen the window, and King Henry was no dolt—indeed, he was a man of strong mental power and quick perceptions; he was as headstrong and despotic as he was intellectually acute; hence Thomas More in publishing "Utopia" displayed that same superb courage which he evinced in his strenuous opposition to the extravagant demand of Henry VII.

How striking in contrast was the action of Machiavelli, who at this time had finished "The Prince," and was industriously seeking some method of bringing it before the attention of one of the ambitious despots of Italy. More risked the king's displeasure, and indeed his own freedom, to win a greater measure of happiness for the people and to advance civilization. Machiavelli sought to destroy freedom and the rights of man by furnishing a diabolical treatise for the private perusal of a tyrant, hoping, thereby, to win an important position as counsellor for the despot, and also to gain wealth. The motives which actuated these two great writers on political economy were as unlike as were their works; from one fountain flowed poison and darkness, from the other hope and light.

King Henry took "Utopia" in good part, and instead of disgracing the intrepid author, he knighted him; and from time to time promoted him, making him treasurer of the exchequer, speaker of the House of Commons, and at length,

when Wolsey fell, he was made lord chancellor of England. More was then fifty-one years old. His personal appearance has been thus graphically described by Erasmus:

"He is of middle height, well-shaped, complexion pale, without a flush of color in it save when the skin flushes. The hair is black shot with yellow, or yellow shot with black; beard scanty, eyes grey, with dark spots, an eye supposed in England to indicate genius, and to be never found except in remarkable men. The expression is pleasant and cordial, easily passing into a smile, for he has the quickest sense of the ridiculous of any man I ever met. The right shoulder is higher than the left, the result of a trick in walking, not from a physical defect. The rest is in keeping. The only sign of rusticity is in the hands, which are slightly coarse. From childhood he has been careless of appearance, but he has still the charm which I remember when I first knew him. His health is good though not robust, and he is likely to be long-lived. His father, though in extreme old age, is still vigorous. He is careless in what he eats. I never saw a man more so. Like his father, he is a water-drinker. His food is beef, fresh or salted, bread, milk, fruit, and especially eggs. His voice is low and unmausical, though he loves music; but it is clear and penetrating. He articulates slowly and distinctly, and never hesitates. He dresses plainly; no silks or velvets or gold chains. He has no concern for ceremony, expects none from others, and shows little himself. He holds forms and courtesies unworthy of a man of sense, and for that reason has hitherto kept clear of the court. All courts are full of intrigue. . . . His talk is charming, full of fun, but never scurrilous or malicious. He used to act plays when young; wit delights him, though at his own expense."

The years which had passed over Sir Thomas More from the day he entered the service of the king until he left the chancellor's office were fraught with anxiety and apprehension. He was a keen observer and an excellent reader of human nature. He early learned the true character of the king. On one occasion after Henry had visited him at his home in Chelsea, his son-in-law, William Roper, expressed his joy at seeing the king so attached to his father-in-law. "Ah!" replied Sir Thomas More, "if my head would win him a castle in France, it should not fail to go." But distrust in the king was by no means his chief cause for apprehension and gloomy forebodings. The hope of the new learning, which promised so much a few years before, when its apostles had the ear of some of the most powerful sovereigns

and when its cause was openly espoused by many of the greatest prelates and scholars of the age, was suffering a partial eclipse, while, on the other side, the Reformation was assuming giant-like proportions.

The disciples of the new learning were distinctly apostles of broad culture. The leaders among the reformers too frequently assailed culture as the handmaiden of evil; they had seen culture and art flourishing in Italy and elsewhere, where artificiality, insincerity and cynical scepticism prevailed, and they imagined that art and scholarship, beyond very narrow limits, were sensual and enervating. Moreover, the summary measures being adopted by the church aroused the spirit of hate and retaliation, as is ever the case, and calm reason gave way before savage invectives and violent denunciations. More, Erasmus and Colet had dreamed of a purified church in which love should supplant form and dogma—a pure religion based on reason and hospitable to science and culture. But instead of this they now beheld the church rent asunder. Schisms were springing up on every hand. Instead of the waters of reformatory truth, flowing gently over the earth, cleansing it of corruption and giving life to that which was highest and finest, as the apostles of the new learning anticipated, they beheld in the Reformation a torrent which was sweeping the good away with the bad; a savage, intemperate power, which opposed culture and railed against that which they held sacred in religion, a movement which gained momentum and volume with each succeeding month.

The day for a middle course seemed past. The cry, "Who is on the Lord's side?" came from the reactionary and intolerant Catholics no less than from the Reformers. Zwingli and Latimer threw in their lot with the Reformation. Erasmus opposed the Reformation, but held aloof from the reactionaries. Sir Thomas More moved slowly but steadily toward the camp of the ultra-conservatives. To him came some of the most intense spirits among the old-time Catholics of England, and he caught the infection of their mental atmosphere. Their fears seconded his apprehensions, and further fanned to fire the prejudice which at one time he seemed to have outgrown. The ascetic spirit which in youth almost made a monk of him, again asserted itself to a degree, and we find him once more wearing the coarse hair shirt next his skin, and he also returned to the old habit of scourging his body with whips and knotted cords, as he had punished himself in youth when he expected to become a monk.* The magnificent faith in truth,

* See Roper's Life of More.

the wonderful spirit of toleration breathed forth in "Utopia," which lifted him high above the finest thinkers of his age, faded away, and he became a persecutor of heretics.

I know it has been argued that he merely permitted the execution of the law; while on the other hand Froude goes, I think, to the opposite extreme in representing More in darker colors than the facts warrant. This historian claims that for some time before the fall of Wolsey the persecution of heretics had become less and less rigorous, but with the accession of More to the chancellorship, the fires of Smithfield were again lighted. From official documents of the time it appears evident that persecutions continued during the brief period in which he served as lord chancellor. And we know enough of the courage and fidelity to convictions of More to be sure that he would not have remained a day in the high office to which he had been appointed had the king insisted on the destruction of heretics when More felt that such a course was criminal and wrong. The man who had defeated the demand of Henry VII; who had at a later day, when speaker of the House, defied Cardinal Wolsey; the man who preferred the block to taking the oath under the Supremacy Act, was not the man to allow men to be punished for heresy under his rule and remain silent if such punishment ran contrary to his convictions of right. And yet he doubtless had his misgivings. His prophetic soul cast a sombre shadow over the future, for on one occasion when William Roper congratulated Sir Thomas More on "the happy estate of the realm that had so Catholic a prince that no heretic durst show his face," the philosopher replied, "I pray God that some of us, as high as we seem to sit upon the mountains, treading heretics under our feet like ants, live not the day that we gladly would wish to be at league with them to let them have their churches quietly to themselves, so that they would be content to let us have ours quietly to ourselves."

It would have been far better for the reputation of Sir Thomas More had he steadfastly refused to become lord chancellor of the realm, for during this period he placed an indelible blot upon a reputation which otherwise was fairer than that of any other great man of his age, and it is doubly sad when we remember that he himself had called the church, the state, and the individual conscience to judgment for intolerance in "Utopia." I can conceive of few sadder spectacles than that presented by a lofty genius, like More, who, after ascending the mountains of the ideal and there receiv-

ing the inspiration which belongs to the dawn of true civilization, so far forgets the fine, high truth he has enunciated as to turn his back upon it and allow himself to become a persecutor of those who differ from him.

But while not ignoring this blot on the otherwise fair fame of Sir Thomas More, let us not forget that he lived in an age when the Inquisition of Spain, having received the authorization and benediction of the church, was in active operation. Ferdinand and Isabella, whose reign was so indelibly stained with persecution and murder of Jews, Moors, and heretics, had each been designated "The Catholic," as a title of special favor. On every hand it was argued that the heretics would be burned forever and ever in a lake of fire and brimstone; that if a heretic was allowed to go at large he would soon poison the souls of others. It was felt that the man who, having a plague, went forth sowing death, was less dangerous than the man who sowed the seeds of heresy, which it was affirmed were the seeds of eternal death. More had always cherished a passionate love for the Roman Church. It never seemed to occur to him seriously to question the authority of the pope. And had not the church and that pope sanctioned persecutions? Had not John Huss long before been burned to death? and he was only one of many. Moreover, the spirit of the age favored persecution; it was a savage period; human life was very cheap. Thieves were hanged by the score in England. The blood of the Hundred Years' War between France and England left its impress on the brain of this century. The dark shadows of departing mediævalism were still visible, while already in the south loomed the formidable spectre of the coming half-century of religious persecution, which should prove such an age of human slaughter and fiendish torture as Europe had never known. Thus while we deplore the fact that More permitted persecution, we must not judge him by the standards of our time, nor must we forget the fact that More's brain was sensitive to the dominant thought-vibrations of the hour, as well as the positive convictions of those in whom he placed confidence.

It was during this brief and sunless period when he was lord chancellor of England that the turn of the tide of his worldly fortunes set in. The king vainly endeavored to win him to his way of viewing the proposed divorce. Sir Thomas More saw in it the severing of the crown from the Church of Rome, and held steadfastly to his convictions which were opposed to such a step. At length rather than

consent to the divorce he resigned his position at the court. He went from office a very poor man, as he had steadfastly refused all proffered assistance and had spurned the princely bribes which were offered him.

In 1534 the Act of Supremacy was passed and More was summoned to take the oath. The king was very loth to destroy his one-time friend; he made many overtures, and assured More of his love for him. Later he threatened; both plans were alike unavailing. Had More been willing to consent to a modified oath, he would probably have escaped the block, but the philosopher ever placed loyalty to conviction of right above life; he was accordingly arrested and at length was beheaded. His tragic death raised him to the peerage of martyrs.

The domestic life of Sir Thomas More was singularly beautiful. His home has been termed a miniature Utopia. He possessed a gay and buoyant spirit and carried sunshine instead of fear to his friends. His political career, if we except his actions when religious prejudice clouded his reason and dulled his naturally keen sense of justice, evinced statesmanship of a high order. His views on social problems were in many instances hundreds of years in advance of his day, while his genuine sympathy for the poor and oppressed led him dauntlessly to champion their cause, where a time-server would have remained silent. He was a statesman unsullied by the demagogism of the politician. He was an apostle of culture, and in his writings embodied the best impulses of the new learning in a larger way than did any other scholar of his time. He was a prophet of a true civilization, and had his soul remained upon the mountain, above the baleful psychic waves which beat around his prejudices and played upon his fear, More's life, as well as his writings, would have proved an unalloyed inspiration to the generations who came after him. Yet, though like Seneca, whom in very many respects More resembled, he sometimes fell far short of his high ideals, when judged in the light of his age and environment, he stands forth one of the noblest figures of his time, and in his "Utopia" he reveals the imagination of a true genius, the wisdom and justice of a sage, and the love of a civilized man.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

A SKETCH-WRITTEN FOR A PURPOSE.

BY JOHN DAVIS.

CHAPTER IV.

Failure of Napoleon's Financial System—Success of the English System.

I now call attention to an incisive discussion of the subject of taxation by Napoleon. Writing from Fontainebleau to his brother Joseph, king of Naples, Oct. 21, 1807 (Conf. Cor. p. 276), he said:

My Brother: I see by your letter of the 3d of October that your kingdom, taking one month with another, gives you 900,000 ducats, which make 4,410,000 francs; that is to say, nearly fifty-three million francs a year. This is very little. The kingdom of Italy yields me 122,000,000. I should like to have a statistical return of your kingdom to make me well acquainted with its extent, population, and taxation. It seems to me that your kingdom ought to yield at least a hundred million.

Here is a letter written by Napoleon to Joseph when in Spain, dated Dec. 12, 1808:

Send agents into the provinces to seize the funds in every town and village in that part of Cuenca, La Mancha, Castile, Segovia, and Talavera de la Reyna, into which we have entered. There is money everywhere.

Again, six days later, Napoleon wrote to Joseph very urgently on the same subject:

I can find only thirteen million in the public exchequer, and eleven million in the *caisse consolidation* and others, which make altogether twenty-four million, and, with the eight that you brought, thirty-two million. You must make use of them either through the capitalists in Madrid or by other means. It is for the minister of finance to find out the way. Here is already a fortnight passed, and these moments are the most precious, as force may now be employed. You should therefore procure about thirty million reals in specie without losing a minute.

Napoleon wanted money, and he wanted it quickly, while "force could be employed." The fact is, his policy was an absolute failure from the beginning, *except when force could*

be used. And even that was not sufficient, as already stated, unless he invaded neutral or friendly nations, where he could tax and rob both friends and enemies. This proposition was proved and illustrated by the invasion of Spain, where the people were less friendly than in other parts of western Europe. After the first experiences there, it was impossible to prevent the war from being, in part, a burden on the French treasury. Napoleon's letters on the subject state the case very fully. Writing to General Berthier in Spain, he says:

Paris, Jan. 28, 1810. Let the king of Spain know that my finances are getting into disorder; that I cannot meet the enormous cost of Spain; that it is become absolutely necessary that the funds required to keep up the artillery, the engineers, the administration, the hospitals, surgeons, and administrators of every description, should be furnished by Spain, as well as half the pay of the army. . . . All that I can do is to give two millions a month towards its pay.

As matters grew more desperate Napoleon wrote again to Berthier on Feb. 8:

I can no longer stand the enormous expenses of my army in Spain. . . . In future I shall be able to send only two millions a month to pay the troops that surround Madrid, and which form the nucleus of the army. . . . Write to the general commanding in Aragon that he is to employ the revenue of the province, and, if necessary, even levy extraordinary contributions for the pay and support of his army. . . . Write to Generals Thiebault, Bonnet, and Kellerman, and to the Duke of Elchingen, . . . that they must not trust to the French treasury, which is exhausted by the immense sums which it is obliged to send; that Spain swallows up a prodigious amount of specie, and thus impoverishes France.

July 14, 1810, General Berthier wrote to Joseph as follows:

The emperor, sire, is deeply grieved to hear that the army which is laying siege to Cadiz is in a state of complete destitution; that their pay is nine months in arrears. This state of things may be productive of serious misfortune.

That is the opinion of the emperor respecting the war in Spain, where, he says, "to discipline and pay Spanish troops is to discipline and pay one's enemies." It is thus seen that, where the people are united, war cannot be made to support war, on the Napoleonic plan.

May 29, 1811, Napoleon writes from Havre to General Berthier in Spain:

Express my perfect satisfaction to Gen. Suchet, and let him know that I have granted all the promotions for which he asked. Reiterate to him the order to levy a contribution of several millions upon Lerida, in order to obtain food, pay, and clothing for his army. Tell him that the war in Spain makes such an increase of forces necessary that I am no longer able to send money thither; that war must support war.

Advice like that was never thrown away on General Suchet. At the close of the campaign in the province of Valencia, he imposed on the people a contribution of fifty-nine million francs; and "such was the skill that long experience had given the officers of the imperial army in extracting its utmost resources from the most exhausted country, that this enormous impost was brought, with very little deduction, into the public treasury." Marshal Suchet was also so particular to maintain order in his conquered province, that he promptly arrested the most energetic characters, especially among the clergy, on the side of independence; nearly 1,500 in number were arrested and sent to France, "and some hundreds of them were shot when unable, from fatigue, to travel farther." His rigorous and extortionate administration in Valencia was so pleasing to Napoleon that he conferred on him the title of Duke of Albufera, with rich domains attached in the kingdom of Valencia. And on this new kingdom, including the dukedom of Albufera, Napoleon bestowed two hundred million francs, to be raised in different parts of Spain.

I will now give illustrations of Napoleon's plan of collecting taxes and contributions in countries which had been exhausted of their money, and were compelled to pay their contributions in kind. The Poles, from the very first until their utter ruin in 1812, were friendly to Napoleon and to France. They contributed to the armies of the emperor, both men and money, to the utmost of their ability. The city and province of Warsaw alone furnished 85,000 men, fully equipped with arms, horses, wagons, and artillery, to the grand army for the invasion of Russia. Napoleon had no more faithful allies than the Poles, yet his hand of spoliation fell upon them most heavily. Russian Poland was the first province in Russia to be despoiled by the march of the grand army as it started to Moscow. Alison's "History of Europe" (vol. x, pp. 818-19) says:

The wants of such a prodigious accumulation of troops speedily exhausted all the means of subsistence which the country afforded, and all the stores they could convey with them. Forced requisitions of horses, chariots, and oxen from the peasantry soon became necessary, and the Poles, who expected deliverance from their bondage, were stripped of everything they possessed by their liberators. To such a pitch did the misery subsequently arrive that the richest families in Warsaw were literally in danger of starving, and the interest on money rose to eighty per cent. Yet such was the rapidity of the marches at the opening of the campaign, that the greater part of the supplies thus exacted were abandoned or destroyed before the army had advanced many leagues into the Russian territory.

The Polish territory about Warsaw was utterly ruined.

It was stripped of its able-bodied men and of every means of life. The 85,000 Poles were the best troops in the grand army. They were in all the great battles; they were inured to the climate and accustomed to the management of horses and vehicles; they carried with them smiths for the shoeing of horses and the repair of wagons, and they were the only troops that returned from Russia with a whole battery of artillery in good condition. And yet, so heartless was Napoleon, that in his flight from Russia through Warsaw he declared to the Abbé de Pradt that the Poles had done nothing, and that he had not seen a Pole in his army during the entire campaign.

My next picture of taxation and spoliation without mercy will be that of Prussia. Alison's "History" (vol. xi, p. 224) says:

The pecuniary exactions which had been drawn from Prussia and the requisitions in kind which had been drawn from its unhappy inhabitants during the last year (1812) would exceed belief were they not attested by contemporary and authentic documents. From these it appears that no less than 482,000 men and 80,000 horses had traversed Prussia in its whole extent in the first six months of 1812, and that more than one-half of this immense force had been quartered for above three months on its unhappy provinces. By the convention of Feb. 24, 1812, the furnishings made for its support were to be taken in part payment of the arrears, still amounting to nearly one hundred millions of francs, which remained unpaid of the great military contribution of six hundred forty millions levied on Prussia after the battle of Jena. But though the French authorities, with merciless rapacity, enforced the new requisitions, they never could be brought to state them in terms of the treaty, as a deduction from the old ones. The French hosts, like a cloud of locusts, passed over the country, devouring its substance, plundering its inhabitants, and wrenching from them by the terrors of military execution the whole cattle, horses, and carriages in their possession. The number of horses carried off before September in the single year of 1812 in East Prussia alone, amounted to 22,700, while that of the cattle was 70,000, and that of the carts seized was 13,349. The weekly cost of Junot's corps of 70,000 men, quartered in lower Silesia, was 200,000 crowns (£50,000 sterling), and that of all the rest of the country in the same proportion. These enormous contributions were exclusive of the furnishings stipulated to be provided under the treaty of Feb. 24, 1812, which were also rigidly exacted; and of the arrears of the great contribution of 1806, the collection of which had become, by the total exhaustion of the country, altogether hopeless.

The arrears above mentioned, which were rigidly exacted, are given in Count de Segur's "Expedition to Russia" (vol. i, p. 22), as follows:

Two hundred thousand quintals of rye, 24,000 of rice, 2,000,000 bottles of beer, 400,000 quintals of wheat, 650,000 of straw, 350,000 of hay, 6,000,000 bushels of oats, 40,000 oxen, 15,000 horses, 3,600 wagons with harness and drivers, each capable of carrying a load of 1,500 pounds weight, and, finally, hospitals provided with everything necessary for 20,000 sick.

That is the way Napoleon collected arrearages of taxes from an exhausted people, when there was no money in the country. It will be remembered that he got his foothold in Prussia by professing to be a republican and proclaiming "war on the palace, but peace to the cottage." This hypocrisy divided the people and gave him easy victories. At a later date, when his treason to liberty became manifest, it was too late for the people to help themselves. At the time of the above devastations and exactions Prussia was an ally of France, and furnished her quota of men in the grand army for the invasion of Russia.

Napoleon, at one time being taunted as "a mere youth" by an older officer who had never commanded an army in battle, replied, "One ages very fast on the battlefield." The reply was appropriate and cutting; but, later on, Napoleon found that there was "a field of finance" in which *he* had not "aged very fast." He found that war, on the modern plan, requires money; and, discarding paper, he must have metal. He next slowly learned that the metallic money of Europe was easily exhausted, not only in each conquered country, but in all of them. So to get more money to supply his increasing necessities, he was compelled to extend his conquests. New conquests required larger armies and still greater quantities of money. Hence the effort to supply his increasing necessities for money by new conquests was like an effort to fill a sieve with water. It could not be done.

And yet, when contributions from present acquisitions of territory had been collected, paid out, and ultimately hoarded by individuals, out of the reach of even the sword, he had no resource but new conquests. In this way all the countries subject to the French empire were exhausted of their specie, and new pastures for military forage and exactions had to be found, and new treasuries which could be robbed.

There were, ultimately, but two countries in Europe worth robbing—England and Russia. The former was safe in her citadel amid the waves. Russia was open to invasion by land; and beyond Russia to the east and southeast lay all Asia, with great wealth and numerous treasuries of specie. The men and money of Russia were to enable the conqueror to proceed with his long-cherished hopes of invading Asia. That enterprise had been cut short years before by his failure at the siege of Acre. He had two principal reasons for invading Russia, both financial: (1) to recuperate his own exhausted finances; and (2) to break down the English finances by closing the ports of Russia against English

goods, as he had already closed most of the ports of the rest of Europe.

Count Philip de Segur, in his "Expedition to Russia" (vol. i, pp. 52-3), gives the principal reason for the invasion of Russia in Napoleon's own words. Count Mollien, trying to dissuade the emperor from invading Russia, remarked to him that his finances required peace. Napoleon replied, "On the contrary, they are embarrassed and require war." The Duke of Gaeta also opposed the invasion on financial grounds. The emperor listened to him attentively to the end, then, with a smile, said, "So you think I shall not be able to find anyone to pay the expenses of the war?" On another occasion, writing to Mollien on the subject (Lanfrey, vol. iv, p. 468), he "calculated the resources which the war would place in his hand. Not only ought it to give him the dominion of the world, but likewise the means of restoring his finances: 'I shall make this war for a political object; also for the sake of my finances. Have I not always reestablished them by war?'"

On the way to Moscow, Napoleon was advised to stop and winter at Witepsk. He objected on account of having to pay his own expenses. "While at Moscow," said he, "there will be peace, abundance, a reimbursement of the expenses of the war, and imperishable glory." His generals long and earnestly argued with him against going to Moscow. They said that every year the hardships of war increased, fresh conquests compelling them to go farther in quest of fresh enemies. Europe would soon be insufficient; he would want Asia also.

At sight of Moscow, his exultation knew no bounds. Count Philip de Segur, an eyewitness, in his "Expedition to Russia" (vol. ii, p. 30), says:

His eyes, fixed on the capital, already expressed nothing but impatience. In it he beheld in imagination the whole Russian empire. Its walls inclosed all his hopes—peace, the expenses of the war, immortal glory. His eager looks, therefore, intently watched all its outlets. When would its gates be open? When should he see that deputation come forth which would place its wealth, its population, its senate, and the principal of the Russian nobility at his disposal?

Poor, mistaken man! Prior to this he had gained victories in countries permeated with the liberal ideas of the French republic. It was not so in Russia. Both the government and the people were against him. He had lost more than two-thirds of the grand army in reaching Moscow. And, as he entered its gates in triumph, he was in fact a beaten man, with no chance of returning to France again except by flight. He was never again to enter Paris except

as a fugitive. However, he thinks of money and has his consolation. Though Moscow yields him nothing but burnt ruins, want, and danger, he says: "Millions have no doubt slipped through our hands, but how many thousand millions is Russia losing? Her commerce is ruined for a century to come. The nation is thrown back fifty years, which of itself is an important result. And when the first moment of enthusiasm is past this reflection will fill them with consternation." The conclusion that he drew was "that so violent a shock would convulse the throne of Alexander, and force that prince to sue for peace."

But Napoleon waited in vain for the Emperor of Russia to treat with him. The "honest-money" man who would never use paper could now find no more treasuries to rob, and his effort to get into the Russian treasury had broken his back. His financial system had failed, utterly and ingloriously, beyond the hope of recovery. He next tries *paper*! Yes, the Emperor Napoleon appeals to paper money for salvation! He tries paper in its most ignoble form. The famous brig-and of Europe, unable further to replenish his treasury by the methods of savagery, turns *counterfeiter*! I will relate the case. It may, perhaps, not inappropriately be styled a farce by the "star actor," in that stupendous tragedy known as "Napoleon's Expedition to Russia." I call attention to this item for two reasons: (1) To prove that Napoleon was out of money, and that it was *imperious pecuniary necessity* that drove him to Russia; that the invasion of Russia was an absolute *dernier ressort* for financial purposes; that it was absolutely necessary to recruit his finances, which were "embarrassed"; and (2) I desire to prove that the *purse* is mightier than the sword, compelling, by the inexorable laws of finance, even "the Conqueror of Europe," "the king of kings," "the Lion of the desert" to bow his head in impotent submission, to yield to the inevitable!

Speaking of the French army in Moscow, M. Thiers, in his History (vol. iv, p. 216), says:

Paper roubles being the money that is current in Russia, and the French army chest containing a large quantity of them, fabricated in a manner which has already been described, but of which there was then no suspicion, he [Napoleon] caused it to be announced that all provisions, and especially forage, brought into Moscow would be paid for, and directed that those peasants who answered to the appeal should receive ample protection. He also paid the army in the paper roubles, at the same time arranging, however, that those officers who desired to send their pay to France should be able to exchange this paper for genuine money at the government treasury.

But how came those "fabricated" Russian roubles in that

French army chest in Moscow? M. Thiers (vol. iv, p. 196), explains the matter:

Napoleon now had at his disposal, consisting partly of a great sum in money, and partly of a still larger sum in false paper roubles which he had forged in Paris without scruple, considering himself justified by the example of the coalitionists, who at another period filled France with forged assignats.

By this time it is seen that the "honest-money" financier who would never issue or use paper money, who would "stop the pay of his soldiers rather than use it," was ultimately glad to fabricate and use the counterfeit paper of a foreign nation, and even to pay his troops with it!

Napoleon returned from Russia badly crippled, to use his own expressive language, "like a lion with his nails pared and mane cut," but full of vinegar and vigor. He called himself a "lion not yet dead." He conscripted the youth of France and raised an army of a million men, but he had no more easy victories. He met one defeat after another, and to pay expenses he levied taxes on everything in France that was taxable; he seized and sold estates, somewhat after the manner of the revolution, but with less discrimination and justice.

The tide had turned; France was invaded, Paris was occupied by the allies, and the whilom conqueror of Europe and the would-be emperor of Asia became an exile in the island of Elba; afterward came Waterloo and St. Helena.

Let us now examine the paper system of England in contrast with the financial system of Napoleon. In 1797 coin failed in England to meet the demands for prosecuting the wars against the French republic. The Bank of England paid out its last silver sixpence, and paper money was the only resource. It was adopted, specie was abandoned; and then commenced a contest of eighteen years of British paper against the coin of Europe in the hands of Napoleon. After the fall and banishment of Napoleon, when paper money had completed its triumph over metal, Alison (vol. vii, p. 1) described the situation and the cause of England's success as follows:

It would be to little purpose that the mighty drama of the French revolutionary wars was recorded in history if the mainspring of all the European efforts, the British finances, were not fully explained. It was in their boundless extent that freedom found a never-falling stay; in their elastic power that independence obtained a permanent support. When surrounded by the wreck of other states, when surviving alone the fall of so many confederacies, it was in their inexhaustible resources that England found the means of resolutely maintaining the contest and waiting calmly, in her citadel amid the waves, the return of a right spirit in the surrounding nations.

Vain would have been the prowess of her seamen, vain the valor of her soldiers, if her national finances had given way under the strain; even the conquerors of Trafalgar and Alexandria must have succumbed in the contest they so heroically maintained if they had not found in the resources of government the means of permanently continuing it. Vain would have been the reaction produced by suffering against the French revolution, vain the charnel-house of Spain and the snows of Russia, if Britain had not been in a situation to take advantage of the crisis; if she had been unable to aliment the war in the peninsula when its native powers were prostrated in the dust, the sword of Wellington would have been drawn in vain, and the energies of awakened Europe must have been lost in fruitless efforts if the wealth of England had not at last arrayed them, in dense and disciplined battalions, on the banks of the Rhine.

How, then, did it happen that this inconsiderable island, so small a part of the Roman empire, was enabled to expend wealth greater than ever had been amassed by the ancient mistress of the world; to maintain a contest of unexampled magnitude for twenty years; to uphold a fleet which conquered the united navies of Europe, and an army which carried victory into every corner of the globe; to acquire a colonial empire that encircled the earth, and subdue the vast continent of Hindostan, at the very time that it struggled in Spain with the land forces of Napoleon, and equipped all the armies of the north, on the Elbe and the Rhine, for the liberation of Germany?

The solution of the phenomenon, unexampled in the history of the world, is without doubt to be in part found in the persevering industry of the British people, and the extent of the commerce which they maintained in every quarter of the globe. But the resources thus afforded would have been inadequate to so vast an expenditure, and must have been exhausted early in the struggle, if they had not been organized and sustained by an admirable system of finance, which seemed to rise superior to every difficulty with which it had to contend. It is there that the true secret of the prodigy is to be found; it is there that the noblest monument to Mr. Pitt's wisdom has been erected.

Near the close of his History (vol. xiv, p. 170) Alison again states the case as follows:

In vain, however, would have been the numerous advantages, physical and political, which Great Britain enjoyed during the contest, if a fortunate combination of circumstances, joined to uncommon wisdom on the part of its government, had not established a system of currency in the heart of the empire, adequate to the wants of its immense dependencies, capable of expansion at will, according to the necessities of the times, and not liable to be drawn off at particular periods by the balances of trade or the military necessities of foreign states. No amount of metallic treasure could have been adequate to the wants of such an empire during such a contest; if the whole gold and silver of the world had been brought together, it would have proved unequal to the combined necessities of the government and the people. The vast and imperious demand for the precious metals, and especially gold, for the use and maintenance of the immense armies contending on the continent, of necessity and frequently drained away nearly the whole precious metals from the country at the very time when they were most required for the support of domestic credit or the cost of warlike establishments. When such a drain for specie set in from foreign ports, certain ruin must

have ensued, if the empire had possessed no resources within itself to supply the place of the precious metals which were taken away. But such resources did exist and were managed with a combined liberality and caution which gave the country the whole benefits of a paper currency, without any of the danger with which it is attended. In February, 1797, when the vast abstraction of specie from the British islands, owing to the campaigns of the preceding year in Italy and Germany, joined to an extraordinary run upon the banks, arising from a panic at home, had brought matters to extremities, the Bank of England was on the verge of bankruptcy, and the nation within a hairbreadth of ruin.

But Mr. Pitt was at the helm, and his firmness and foresight not only surmounted the crisis, but drew from it the means of establishing the currency of the country on such a footing as enabled it to bid defiance throughout the whole remainder of the war, alike to foreign disaster and internal embarrassment. To the suspension of cash payments by the act of 1797, and the power in consequence vested in the Bank of England, of expanding its paper circulation in proportion to the abstraction of the metallic currency and the wants of the country, and resting the national industry of the country on a basis not liable to be taken away either by the mutations of commerce or the necessities of war, the salvation of the empire is beyond all question to be ascribed.

Not only did paper prove the salvation of the British empire, but it became the ultimate resource and safety of the continent. In September, 1813, Russia and Prussia jointly adopted the paper system of England. Speaking of it, Alison's History (vol. xii, p. 5) says:

To the supply of money obtained, and the extension of credit effected by this bold but withal wise and necessary step, at the critical moment when it was most required, and when all human efforts but for it must have been unavailing, the successful issue of the war and the overthrow of Napoleon are mainly to be ascribed.

England issued that paper money for Russia and Prussia, and guaranteed its circulation in their own dominions. Speaking of the case, Alison's History (vol. xii, p. 6) says:

It affords a proof, also, of the inexhaustible resources of a country which was thus able, at the close of a war of twenty years' duration, not only to furnish subsidies of vast amount to the continental states, but to guarantee the circulation of their own dominions, and cause its notes of hand to pass like gold through vast empires, which, extending from the Elbe to the Wall of China, but a few months before had been arrayed in inveterate hostility against it.

In 1815, the contest between paper money and metal ended. During a part of the struggle there were arrayed on each side more than a million men in arms. In 1812, nearly all the nations of the continent except Sweden, Turkey, and Russia were on the side of Napoleon, aiding him to replenish his finances by robbing the Russian treasury.

All southwestern Europe had been robbed and taxed to penury. When Napoleon failed to reach the Russian treas-

ury, and his "financial system" of "honest money" and "forged paper" had utterly failed, he went to the wall in spite of all his relentless conscriptions of men and money in France, aided by his still numerous allies. His army of a million men and conscript boys, in 1813, melted down to nothing in a dozen months. Brigandage as a financial system can only be justified from the standpoint of piracy; and the brigand must be sure that he is master of both ends of the halter, otherwise ultimate results may prove unsatisfactory to him.

It may be argued, perhaps, that Napoleon's *system* was right and proper, but that his administration of it was bad; that he should have obtained his specie by taxation and borrowing. In reply it may be said that, in time of war, there are seldom any lenders of specie. During the wars of Napoleon there were few either in England or on the continent. England, Russia, Prussia, and all the other borrowers had to be content mostly with paper. Napoleon alone objected to paper. He was determined to use specie only. To get it he levied taxes and contributions, but the levies could only be collected by *force*; and that was his system, as here described. He pursued the only course open to him with his specie system.

During the late war in this country gold disappeared as the dangers increased. It could not be coaxed nor forced from its hiding until the use of the greenback began to threaten its supremacy. Then, by a bribe of from fifty to one hundred and fifty per cent added to its price, it could be had in limited quantities only. In view of all the facts and the experiences of the past, including Rome, Venice, and many later nations, it may be stated as a general proposition, almost without exception, that paper is the only available and reliable money capable of meeting the great and sudden emergencies of war. It saved the Roman empire after the disastrous battle of Cannæ; it sustained the existence and the vast commerce of the republic of Venice for more than six hundred years of almost continual warfare on sea and land, without panic or failure; it was the only available war money in the American and French revolutions; of England and the continent of Europe during the Napoleonic wars; of America in time of the great rebellion; and of France in time of peace after her defeat and humiliation in 1870.

The reason why modern wars cannot be successfully prosecuted with coin may be stated in few words: gold and silver cannot expand to meet the increasing demand for

money. And, failing to meet the monetary demands, money at once appreciates in value. A money of insufficient volume and increasing value *will not circulate!* It hides away in the bankers' vaults and misers' hoards. This makes matters worse. The appreciation is accelerated; and *an appreciating money will not circulate!* In time of war coin refuses to go into battle after the first shock of arms. This is a law of finance which even the sword of Napoleon could not reverse. The moment he supplied himself with coin by forced taxes and contributions, and paid it out, it escaped into private hands and was hidden away till the rise in the value of coin should cease. Hence new conquests were necessary to recoup his finances; and when the last public treasury, the last bank vault, and the last hidden hoard were out of his reach, his financial system failed, and his sword lost its power. England, with her expansive paper, came out of the contest with a million men on foot and afloat, guarding in triumphant safety an empire that encircled the globe. She was mistress of the ocean in every part of the world, she dictated the policies of Europe, and her people were jubilant and happy.

A VISION NOT DREAMT OF IN THE PHILOSOPHIES.

BY BAYLIS MONTGOMERY DAWSON.

"It is by no breath,
Turn of eye, wave of hand, that salvation
Joins issue with death!"

I wonder why it is that story keeps so in mind—the one Aunt Abbie told. Each detail comes back so vividly!

We were sitting in our hammocks, you and I, swinging lazily, quietly enjoying the many beauties of that perfect day and scene—Elm Farm. I do not have to close my eyes to see it now: the little clouds that glisten as they float, the green fields, the woods and hills all about, and away off on the far horizon our mountains, with their familiar outlines stamped so cleanly against the lighter blue. Odors and perfumes delightfully new to city folks, of clover, grasses, flowers, all sweet and pure, filled the warm, life-giving air; and the low voice of Nature fell so soothingly, lulling every sense to dreamy ecstasy.

Then Aunt Abbie came to add the last touch. How the neat figure and kindly face harmonized with the fresh green earth, the old, weather-worn house—with the simple handiwork of Nature and man!

She told us of the clover, and where lucky sprays could be found—perhaps; of the flowers, the wooded walks, the little rivulet on Elm Farm. We swung and listened while she entertained us from her store of fact and fancy, quaintly expressed in that dear dialect, a matter more of inflection and simplicity than of changed word forms. But hers was a busy life; she had "just come out for a moment and must go right back."

"Haven't you time for a story, Aunt Abbie, before you go, just one?"

No one could withstand that, so she turned back; and as the tale unfolded, our swinging hammocks slowly came to rest, the shrill voices from the grass sank into a soft accompaniment, and the glorious beauties all around became a simple background, as all attention was held by the weird relation.

"Well, it isn't much of a story anyhow, just about my sister. She had been sick a long time. Her cough had been growing worse and worse till she was so thin and weak it made my heart ache to be near her, and she did suffer so. Everybody else knew it couldn't last much longer, but she was always saying she was getting better, and would be well soon.

"I was terribly afraid to have my sister leave us. I felt she was not ready to go. She didn't seem to be a Christian, and—I was afraid.

"This night I am telling about, I went to bed all tired out, but for a long time I couldn't get to sleep for thinking of my poor sick sister, and praying for her as I lay and tossed. Then I don't remember anything, till she came and called me. I saw her come in with a lamp. It lighted up her face, and I shall never forget how she looked—so thin and weak and sunken, all but her eyes, and they seemed to glisten as if they were burning; and her hair, that was so soft and fine, shone too in the light. She took my hand, and somehow I knew she wanted me to go with her for company. I didn't feel like saying a word, and it didn't seem strange at all to follow her out into the night. Rain had been falling, and the ground was wet and slippery. Everything was so gloomy and still! Great dark clouds seemed almost ready to fall, they looked so heavy, the woods and hills were black, and as I looked back once I saw the house, all dark but one little light in her window shining in the night. She didn't speak at all, but hurried on, clinging to my hand and pulling. I never had been over that road before, nor even seen such a country. There were no woods and no fields, only great rocks, lying all about and piled in hills.

"By and by we came to a river. It was broad and deep, because the water flowed so slowly, and made hardly any noise as it swept along. I looked back to the right, and saw the moon shining through a hole in the clouds. It looked so strange! My sister's hand felt cold, clutching mine, as she stood and looked out across to the bleak and shadowy other shore. Then I saw a little boat coming towards us swiftly. It seemed to glide along, and although the man in it was rowing, it came much faster than any man could make it go, and without a sound. I was afraid of that dark man in his black boat, and tried to pull my sister away as he stepped ashore; but she couldn't move, and didn't struggle as he took her hand and pulled her from me into the boat. He turned and started back, and then—the boat sank. I saw it go down, leaving a little whirl where it had been on

the water, and—I was alone. My sister had gone down there."

Aunt Abbie stopped, overcome by the vivid recollection of that terrible scene, then resumed, in the suppressed, awed voice which narration of the supernatural seems always to inspire.

"I stood a long time looking down at the spot where I had seen my sister go. Gradually a light began to glow and grow there. I raised my eyes to see where it came from, and right across the dark river saw—her, my sister, standing and looking at me. But it was not my sister as I had known her, for she was beautiful, glorious—all the light that made the night so bright came from her. Her face, her hair, the white robe that floated about her, shone with a light like that of little stars on a cold, clear winter night. As I stood with outstretched arms gazing at the sister I loved, the brightness seemed to grow and fill her eyes, till all that I could see was light. Staggering and blinded I fell on the river bank, and knew no more.

"In the morning my mother came to wake me. Her voice trembled as she told how my sister had gone to sleep for the last time here. But I never was afraid for her after what I had seen that night."

The good woman left us to think it over, while she made ready the midday meal.



MISS DROMGOOLE OUT FOR A DAY'S VACATION ON THE RIVER ELK.

THE VALLEY PATH.

A NOVEL OF TENNESSEE LIFE.

BY WILL ALLEN DROMGOOLE.

This clay well mixed with marl and sand,
Follows the motion of my hand:
For some must follow and some command,
Though all are made of clay.

— "Kéramos."

The sea forms just a few faint bubbles
Of stifled breathing, when a ship goes down.

— Alice Cary.

CHAPTER I.

At the foot of the crags, a gray bird in a nest of green, stood the doctor's cabin. Above it, the white mists ascending and descending about the heights of Sewanee; below, a brown thread in winter, in summer a strip of gay green, the pleasant valley of the Elk; through the valley—now lispings along its low banks, now cutting its course, a mountain torrent, through a jungle of cedar and ivy and laurel, the everlasting greens—the Elk itself, gurgling gaily down to meet the Tennessee; and through the valley, in and out among the greens, climbing the mountain farther back, the old brown footpath that used to pass the doctor's door. Making a turn or two it also passed the door of the next house; a little white-washed cabin, set back in a clearing which Alicia Reams, the miller's granddaughter, used to call her "truck patch." Singing among her pea-rows, summer days, her voice would come down to the doctor under his own vine and fig tree, mixing and mingling strangely with his fancies.

The click-clack of the mill on Pelham Creek might be heard too as far as the doctor's, such days as toll was plenty and the wind not contrary.

It was only a step from the doctor's house to Alicia's by way of the brown footpath, and he was a frequent visitor at the miller's. Yet were their lives far enough apart, for all the connecting path. For Jonathan Reams was a dusty old fellow in jeans, a domestic that was considered only the better for being unbleached. Of a pattern was the miller

with his wife, familiarly known, as mountain mothers are, as granny. Of a pattern the two so far as appearances went; no further, for granny was querulous and "fixed in her ways some." Any hour of the day, when she was not dozing over her pipe, either upon the hearth or under Alicia's honeysuckle vines, her voice might be heard scolding the miller, calling to Alicia to "shoo the chickens out of the gyarden," singing the praises of the herb doctor or the psalms of the Methodists, as her mood might move her. Alicia's mother, however, had "been a schoolma'am once, befo' she died," and had taught her children, Al and Lissy, something of books. She had been a dreamer evidently, who had mistaken brawn for manhood and so married Jed Reams, the miller's son. The mother died, for grief of her mistake; the father, like other miller's sons, from natural causes. The boy Al inherited the mother's frail physique; to the girl fell her qualities of soul. Humble folks enough were they.

There was a silver doorplate on the doctor's door:

BARTHOLOMEW BORING, M. D.

Within, there were books, carpets, and servants: those marks of culture, and, they said, of the "eccentric." Such they were pleased to call him, those who had known him before the valley knew him, for a friend. He might have walked the heights; that he found the valley paths more to his taste, the years in which he trod their humble ways bore evidence. That he had been ignorant of those unpretentious ways the first days of his coming, the silver plate bore evidence. When he did fall into line with all about him the silver plate furnished so much of wonder and amusement that he let it be. And there it is to this day:

BARTHOLOMEW BORING, M. D.

They had come for miles to look at it; come horseback and afoot, singly and in squads. They had wondered if M. D. might not be a warning, like "hands off," or "look out for pickpockets," or "don't tramp on the grass," until at last a shrewd young giant from across the mountain made out to read the riddle:

"It stands for mad," he declared. "Bartholomew Borin', Mad Doctor.' That's what the sign says."

From that time he was placed, labelled like a vial of his own strychnine; *the mad doctor*.

He chuckled, enjoying the joke as keenly as its perpetrators. He even swore they were right: "Else why

should a man forsake houses, and brethren, or wife,"— and there he stopped, as he always did, to sigh. Wife; that was the pivot upon which his fate had turned; swung from sun to shade, to rest at last under the stiller shadows of the wilderness.

The footpath way was familiar with his tread; and with his thoughts,

"If things inanimate catch heart-beats."

He was fond of its varied windings among the dusky glooms and sunnier ways. The brown trail had been first opened by the cattle that went up daily to graze upon the long lush plateau grasses, stopping by the way to touch their nozzles to the cooling waters of the Elk. Later the opening in the brake became a footpath for the people on the mountain's side who came down Sabbath mornings to worship in the valley "meet'n house" at Goshen near unto Pelham Creek.

"Because," they said, "the Episcopors had tuk the mount'n bodaciously, callin' of it S'wany. And furthermore," they said, "Episcopors an' mount'neer won't mix worth mentionin'."

And so the mountain monarch had followed the example of his red brothers and "moved on," leaving the plateau to the "Episcopors," who planted their flag and erected their homes and worshipped their God under the beautiful groves of Sewanee. But to this good day "Episcoper" and mountaineer refuse to mix, "worth mentionin'."

The doctor "mixed" with them as little as his rustic neighbors.

"They're out of my beat," he would declare, pointing along the footpath. "Too high," pointing up the mountain, "too church. I like this better."

He seldom followed the path further than the foot of the mountain, unless he had a patient up there, as was sometimes the case among the very poor, the natives, living along the steep. He would walk to the spot where the path made a turn at Alicia's truck patch, and stand leaning over the palings of Alicia's fence, talking with grandad Reams, the miller, about heaven, until dismissed by granny from the doorstep, as "a doggone infidel."

Sometimes it would be Alicia he talked with, about the chickens, the eggs he wanted her to fetch over, or to ask if little Al was ailing. Sometimes he only walked there to look up at the heights and at Sewanee, and to wonder concerning its creeds and dogmas. But he always called over the fence to Alicia, for some one thing or another.

"Just for the pure pleasure of hearing her laugh," he told himself; "it is like the gurgle of Elk River among the gray rocks at low-water time." He remembered the first time he ever walked there and saw the bright head among the corn rows, and heard the little gurgling laugh, and met the honest, gray eyes with their untroubled deeps, and felt the force of her beautiful character, abloom like the sturdy mountain laurel among the secluded ways of the wilderness. He remembered her hands, and the first strong clasp of her fingers, and the gentleness of their touch the first time he ever met her, in a cabin by the Pelham road, with a dead baby lying across her knees, and those strong gentle fingers feeling for its heart, that had fluttered like a wounded bird's and then—stopped. She had looked like a Madonna, with her motherly arms and sweet girl face. In his fancy he had called her "the Madonna," that first time he saw her. And he had wondered then—but if he is going back to that "first time" when, yielding to a whim or an inspiration, he had bidden the old walks farewell, sent his servants on to prepare a place for him to set his foot down free of creeds and friends and heartaches, and had sought the cabin in the wilds, cast his lot among the humble dwellers there, and had stumbled upon other creeds and friends and heartaches—why, we will turn the page and go with him, back to that *first time* when among the Tennessean vales, in a cabin in the wilds, he encountered Alicia, the miller's granddaughter, *his Madonna*.

Women know their fate from the moment they know anything; with a change in the pattern of a dress their destinies are fairly one, with perchance this slight variety—wife, spinster. But men stumble upon a strange destiny as they stumble upon one another; along the crowded walk, in the glare and glow of gaslight, in the ballroom, in the quiet woodland ways after their rose dreams have ended, along with youth and youthful fancies. Yet are the colors of the afterglow warmer, less blinding than the sun's rays at meridian.

CHAPTER II.

The workmen had gone back to the city and the house had been in all readiness for more than a week, when a trap set the doctor and his terrier Zip down at the gate of that which he was pleased to term his "mountain home."

Aunt Dilce had scrubbed and rubbed and made things "homeful" within doors, while her son Ephraim had per-

formed a like service in stable and yard. Both servants, however, felt that it was so much good labor gone for naught: so much care put upon a cabin that was only a cabin when all was said and done. The only redeemable feature about the business was that it was all for the master, and was one of his whims of which, they doubted not, he would soon tire.

Then there was the silver doorplate: to be sure that covered a multitude of sins. Aunt Dilce felt an honest town pride in that doorplate. The workmen whom the doctor had sent up to attend to things, and who had put the plate in place, were scarcely outside the gate before old Dilce was polishing the bit of silver fit to kill. She kept it up every day until the doctor arrived. When the natives began to ride by and peep over the low fence at the little shining square, the old woman only polished the more vigorously. When they opened the gate and striding up the walk to the door, stood spelling out "the sign," her pride in it became such that she would certainly have rubbed it out of countenance but for the doctor's rush to the rescue.

It was the morning after his arrival, a morning in early spring. The laurel was in bloom along the river bluffs, and a quince tree in the corner of the yard near the fence gave promise of bursting buds.

The doctor rose early—an indication of old age he told himself—and called for his coffee.

"Throw open the windows," he said to Ephraim, "then hand me my purple dressing gown and tell your mother I want my coffee. I want it hot: as hot as —"

"Here 'tis, marster: en yo' bre'kfus' 'll be raidy in a minute." The old woman had appeared most opportunely: the doctor was about to let slip his one pet profanity.

He laughed softly as he slipped into his purple robings and his easy chair, and leaning his big gray head back against the velvet rest he prepared to enjoy the coffee which old Dilce was arranging on the stand at his right hand.

There was a click of the little gate latch; the "big gray" was lifted; through the open window came the fresh, sweet river-breath, and the far-away odor of new mould where some industrious plowman was overturning the sod further down the valley. And through the window the twinkling blue eyes saw a long, lank figure, followed by another and another, amble up to his doorstep, stop a moment, and move on, making room for the next, like a procession at a public funeral stopping to look at the corpse in state. Fully twenty passed in at the gate and out again. The master turned to Dilce:

"What the hell are they doing?" he demanded; and then came old Dilce's turn at chuckling.

"Hit's de do' fixin's, marster," she declared. "Dem do' fixin's am too fine fur dese parts; en de ain' showin' ob you de proper respec', accordin' ter my suppression. Yistiddy one o' de stroppinist ones ob dem all nicknamed ob you 'de Mad Doctor.' He say dat what de sign mean; M. D.—'Dat mean Mad Doctor,' he say."

The gray head went back upon the velvet chair rest, and a laugh echoed among the rafters and sills and beams of the gray cabin such as they had not heard since rescued from the owl, the bat and the gopher, to make room for the medicine boxes and books of the "mad doctor."

"It is enough to make them think me a lunatic," he told himself, as all day the passersby stopped to wonder at the reckless waste of silver. "And when they discover that I am not here to practise, but merely to nurse a whim and a disposition to cynicism and catarrh, they will think me madder still—rip, ranting mad. 'The other side' thought the same thing because I refused to put the plate on a door in the city. Well, well: we'll see, we'll see. Maybe there will be no call for declining to practise," he laughed softly, "among my new neighbors. At all events I need not refuse until the arrival of my first patient."

Sure enough, as he had half expected, they set him in the balance at once. "Against herbs and conjure and hornets," he said whenever he told the joke, as he certainly did tell it, to any of his former friends who hunted him up now and then by a visit to his "shanty," or sent him an invitation to meet them at Sewanee, the Episcopal seat of learning.

They set him in the balance the very first day of his arrival. He was strolling about the yard among the flower beds Ephraim was laying off, enjoying his modest possessions in his own cranky old way, bareheaded, the sun making a sparkle of his wavy hair that touched the purple velvet collar of his robe, working a pleasant contrast even in the eyes of the young giant riding along the footpath toward the gate.

To a mind more familiar with the æsthetic might have occurred some pretty imagery, some blend of color, gray and purple, like the mists that covered the mountain-top. But the visitor was a stranger to æsthetics. He saw the gray head and the purple gown, the kindly, old-young face with its laughing eyes half hidden under the bushy brows. If he made any comparison nobody knew it. There were curiosity, eagerness, business, in the man's whole appear-

ance; in the very trot of the yellow mule upon whose bare back he sat astride, his own bare feet almost touching the ground on either side.

At the visitor's "Halloo," the doctor looked up from the mignonette bed; something told him this was the arrival of his first patient. The two regarded each other steadily. What the doctor saw was a slender-built young fellow, with clean, sharply defined features, blue eyes that were wells of mirth, a chin which meant defiance, a brow browned by the valley sun, and pushed back with careless, unconscious grace an old slouch hat, the inevitable adornment of his class. A mass of soft clinging curls gave a girlish softness to the defiant face. The full, beardless lips were ready to break into smiles despite the scowl with which their owner was regarding this newcomer to the valley.

In this newcomer the visitor saw a young-old face; the eyes and smile of youth, the lines and snow of age on brow and temple. Beyond the physician the mountaineer saw the silver door plate and its flaunting M. D., and seeing took courage.

"Air you the town doctor?" he demanded, flecking a cockle burr from the yellow mule's comb with the tip of a willow withe which served him as a riding whip.

"Yes," said the doctor, "I am, and a mighty good one at that."

The visitor lifted his big bare foot and planted it upon the topmost rail of the gray worm fence, almost under the very nose of the Æsculapius, and pointing with the willow switch to his great toe, swollen and red and distorted, demanded:

"What ails *hit*?"

The possessor of three diplomas put on his spectacles: the toe was three times its ordinary size; the flesh was raw-looking and ugly: he touched it gingerly with his practised fingers.

"A bad toe," he declared, in his slow, professional voice.

Ephraim, the bow-legged boy of all work, had sauntered up, dragging his hoe after him; Aunt Dilce was listening, arms akimbo, from the corner of the house.

"That, sir," the physician explained, "is what we doctors call a pretty bad case of erysipelas."

The mountaineer reined in the yellow mule. "Erysip'lis hell!" he replied. "A hornet stung it."

The mule went down the road to Pelham in a cloud of yellow dust. Old Dilce ambled back to the kitchen with her cotton apron stuffed into her mouth. Ephraim stumbled

back to his mignonette bed. The doctor suddenly turned upon him:

"You Ephraim."

"Yes, sah!"

Ah! he *was* showing his ivories.

"If you ever tell that to a living soul, sir, I'll break every bone in your body; do you hear, sir?"

He couldn't hear Aunt Dilce chuckling over the cake she was about to slap upon the hoe that had become too hot while she had been enjoying the call of the master's first patient.

Yet that first patient proved another pivot upon which life made a turn; such is the unsuspected magnitude of trifles. It was the real beginning of his life in the little cove tucked away among the spurs of the Cumberlands where he had elected to pass his summers, not his life. That he would have other patients he never once considered; no more did he moralize upon "the opportunities of doing good" which had become too much of a phrase to hold real earnest meaning. He had given up moralizing long ago; while as for the opportunities he rather thought of them as something either self-creative or thrust upon one. That they would come he took for granted, though he refused to seek them. When at last one tapped at his door he did not recognize it at all, hearing in its voice only the cry of suffering humanity; he merely buttoned on his coat and went to meet it, that was all.

(To be continued.)

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

MAX NORDAU'S "DEGENERATION." *

A man who has done such good work as the German Hebrew, Max Nordau, in his volumes, "Conventional Lies" and "Paradoxes," is perhaps entitled to more serious consideration than has been accorded him by certain critics who have lost all patience with the glaring inconsistencies, the intemperance and the abusiveness which are too often present in his latest work. But it must be admitted that the fatal defects of "Degeneration" as a volume of criticism, no less than the lofty assumption of monopoly of wisdom on the part of Nordau, are well calculated to provoke the criticism which has been meted out to him on all hands. While I have always deplored the mediæval ideas which this writer has advanced in regard to woman and his total lack of sympathy with much that I regard as most vital in the new thought of our day in his earlier works, I had so admired his brave, strong and vigorous unmasking of conventional hypocrisy, that it was with the most painful disappointment that I finished a perusal of his last and most pretentious volume; because this book, while possessing the vigor, and, at times, the brilliancy and lucidity of expression which are characteristic of "Conventional Lies," impresses me as lacking every element which must distinguish any work of literary criticism that in the nature of the case can possess real value.

A critical treatise conspicuously wanting in discriminating judgment, in all sense of proportion, in a temperate or judicial spirit, and which is glaringly inconsistent, as well as frequently abusive, even descending at times to coarseness and vulgarity, cannot be expected to add lustre to the fame of the author. Nor can it prove helpful to thoughtful and discriminating people, although it is liable to prove exceedingly injurious to that large class of readers who do little thinking for themselves, and who are more influenced by brilliant rhetoric than by a logical or critical examination of a subject. I do not wish to be unfair to Max Nordau, and yet I cannot understand how any candid reader can escape the conviction that all of the defects I have mentioned are present in a fatal degree in this work. In his diagnosis he reminds me far more of a pretentious charlatan, than a truly scientific physician. Like a quack who has made a vital mistake in regard to the disorder of the patient, and who seeks to

*"Degeneration," by Max Nordau. Cloth; pp. 360; price \$3. D. Appleton & Co., New York City.

exaggerate unduly and to magnify all symptoms which might support his erroneous conclusions, while resolutely closing his eyes to the major symptoms which prove the falsity of his position, our author has arrived at certain conclusions which are open to serious criticism, and maintains his false premises by magnifying the unquestioned evils which are ever present in a great transition period like ours. But he does something even more indefensible, in manufacturing capital by assailing and abusing many of the noblest and sanest brains of this or any other age.

His work, while at times unquestionably brilliant, lacks every element of sound criticism, and is painfully wanting in the application of scientific methods at almost every point. That it contains some philosophy, I gladly concede; that many of his strictures on the tendencies of certain gross and materialistic writers are excellent, I freely grant, while I must admit that those who are conversant with his writings will be surprised at many of the strictures coming from Max Nordau. These excellences in his work, which we readily admit, are, however, so hopelessly mixed with scurrilous criticism of the finest and loftiest thinkers of the age that the result is painful to those who have admired Nordau in the past. An indiscriminate and often inaccurate attack upon writers and thinkers who are manifestly far less amenable to the criticisms made than is the critic, naturally offends the sense of justice in sober and sane men and women. All that he says which is true and just in criticism of our age might be said of any great transition period, or any era of great growth, of any time when the race has been engaged in a tremendous struggle for the realization of higher ideals and nobler truths. Such periods are always trying to sensitive natures, for the ocean of human thought is lashed by its own conflicting ideas like the sea in a furious tempest.

Moreover, as new lights dawn there are always some minds who abuse the higher trust vouchsafed to the expanding mental hunger, mistaking a wider liberty which should serve to impel man more rapidly upward for a permission for license which degrades. This is unfortunate; something always to be deplored and condemned. But to mistake these exceptional instances for a tendency of civilization is one of those fatal errors of our critic; and after arriving at this false conclusion to seek to sustain it by denouncing as "degenerates" such noble characters as Ruskin and Tolstoi is as unphilosophic as it is absurd. We naturally expect that Nordau would show no quarter to mystics, idealists, or symbolists. A Sadducee of the Sadducees; a man who has been the idol of the realists, who is nothing if he is not blunt, and in the eyes of many, gross; a thinker whose ideas are not only materialistic, but whose conceptions in many respects, certainly in regard to woman, are cast in an ancient mould, is not to be expected to show much consideration toward those persons who have

heard the "still small voice"; who are conscious of "the inner light"; who see and hear much which men and women on a different plane cannot comprehend. Nordau in this respect is precisely like one who is color-blind and who is also afflicted with egomania. He is disgusted and indignant that any one should see what he does not see, and at once relegates such persons to the realm of the mentally unsound and labels them "degenerates." The possibility of his being mistaken never enters his mind. The mystics are "degenerates," and that settles it, for Nordau has spoken.

One would scarcely expect to find a critic thus afflicted with egomania denouncing Ibsen as an egomaniac. The admirers of the great Norwegian poet, however, will be pleased to learn that, after denouncing him at length in the most vigorous manner, ridiculing what he terms "his absurdities," and sneering at his defence of wider freedom for women, Nordau relents slightly, and gravely tells us that "Ibsen is not wholly diseased in mind, but only a dweller on the borderland—a mattoid." But having admitted this much our critic seems to be oppressed with a guilty fear lest he has conceded too much, especially when he remembers "his imbecile tendency toward allegory and symbolism." This form of "mental stigma of Ibsen," his "mysticism," throws Nordau into a paroxysm, as anything relating to idealism, mysticism, or symbolism is liable to exert a very unwholesome influence upon him; and he tells us that Ibsen might "be numbered among the mystic 'degenerates.'"

In this fashion he rambles on until a new idea seems to rush in upon his frenzied brain, when he exclaims "this egomania assumes the form of anarchism." Poor Nordau! What is the form which characterizes your egomania? For surely there never was a clearer case of egomania than that exemplified in your latest work.

On reading this book one is reminded of the little boy who sallies forth with his hatchet, bent on chopping down every flower and shrub which age has not rendered impervious to his attacks. One trembles at times for Nordau's own brain children, for they are far more vulnerable than many of the works which he assails most savagely in order to establish the fact that the authors against whom he inveighs are "degenerates." But our anxiety on this point is unnecessary; he mercifully spares his own works. That he lacks all sense of proportion and constantly displays an absence of intellectual poise is seen in his assault upon almost all the great thinkers of our time, urging that they are insane or "degenerate." The mystic and the realist, the idealist and the veritist, John Ruskin and Tolstol, together with Ibsen and Wagner no less than Zola and writers of still more questionable morals, are all indiscriminately assailed. He shrewdly saw that by attacking the noblest and most luminous geniuses of the century, as well as men of grosser fibre, he would call down the indignation and contempt of thoughtful people. Therefore

in his preface he predicts that he will be assailed, and in an ingeniously written advertisement of his book in the August *Century Magazine* we find him posing as a prophet and martyr. He gravely informs us that people have been distressed at the rumors of his insanity, and have written him to know whether or not there is insanity in his family, after which he soberly states that his ancestors have been rabbis, where the only sign of insanity he knows of is found in their not being thrifty enough to amass money. I am free to confess, after reading his shrewd advertisement of his book in the *Century* and a recent number of the *Forum*, that I think we can fairly absolve him from any suspicion of insanity on the ground of lack of thriftiness. Any reasonably sane man would know that a work which assails as "degenerate" the noblest constructive thinkers, as well as the grosser writers of our times, would call forth general condemnation from thoughtful people, so it needed not the keen vision of a prophet to foresee this; and it is equally clear that if our author expected that a person who assailed so lofty and inspiring an author as John Ruskin as a "degenerate" would retain the esteem of well-balanced men and women, he could not, to say the least, have formed a very high opinion of the discriminating power of men and women of our time. His criticisms of the pre-Raphaelites, who we are gravely informed "got their leading principles from Ruskin," display such ignorance of the facts involved that the reader is at once placed on his guard against accepting as facts various statements on which much of Nordau's reasoning is based. The necessity for this becomes more and more apparent as one peruses this volume, which as I have observed is at once brilliant, erratic, reckless, and not seldom violently abusive. Those acquainted with Ruskin's "Modern Painters" will be amused to hear this critic of critics referring to the great English thinker's work as "*feverish studies in art*." Nor will sane persons agree with him when he adds that "*Ruskin's theory is in itself delirious*."

Whenever the gross materialism of Nordau runs against the finer conceptions of idealists or mystics, which he is wholly unable to comprehend, not only is he satisfied that he has found a "degenerate," but he becomes so furious that he is liable to resort to scurrilous epithets. The mystics among painters of an earlier day, such artists, for example, as Giotto and Fra Angelico, were unlike Ruskin and the modern painters of whom he writes, in that the former were "mystics through ignorance," whereas the latter's mysticism arose from mental degeneration!

When our critic comes to Wagner he at times appears to lose all control of his mental powers; sometimes becoming absurd, at other times abusive, and so palpably unjust in his strictures and so devoid of the critical spirit as to make one feel mingled pity and disgust for the critic. Nordau has a case to make against Wagner, who he

informs us is a "mystic," a "sensualist," and an "anarchist." And being both prosecutor and judge he proceeds without interruption, ignoring almost every essential of sound criticism. I have space for only a few of the extreme utterances which illustrate the lack of discriminating power and the incoherence of our author. And I wish to preface these extracts with one in which our critic characterizes one kind of "degenerate" which I think most persons who wade through this bulky volume will agree is far more applicable to Max Nordau than to Richard Wagner: "His fundamental frame of mind is persistent rage against everything and everyone, which he displays in vicious phrases, savage threats, and the destructive mania of wild beasts. Wagner is a specimen of this species."

In the chapter entitled "The Richard Wagner Cult," we are told that "Richard Wagner is himself alone charged with a greater abundance of degeneration than all the 'degenerates' put together with whom we have hitherto become acquainted. The stigmata of this morbid condition are united in him in the most complete and most luxurious development. He displays in the general constitution of his mind the persecution mania—megalomania, a mysticism; in his instincts vague philanthropy, anarchism, a craving for revolt and contradiction; in his writings all the signs of graphomania, namely, incoherence, bugitive ideation, and a tendency to idiotic punning, and in the groundwork of his being the characteristic emotionalism of a color at once erotic and religiously enthusiastic. . . . His system calls for criticism in every part. . . . The incoherence of Wagner's thought, determined as it is by the excitation of the moment, manifests itself in his constant contradictions. . . . Wagner is a desperate anarchist." (This is a favorite expression with Nordau, when he wishes to arouse the prejudice of his readers against some great genius.) Again he tells us that "shameless sensuality prevails in his dramatic poems. . . . The irresistible propensity to play on words and other peculiarities of graphomania and maniacs is developed to a high degree in Wagner. Like all 'degenerates,' Wagner is wholly sterile as a poet, although he has written a long series of dramatic works. . . . Wagner swaggers about the art work of the future, and his partisans hail him as the artist of the future. He the artist of the future! He is a bleating ego of the far-away past. His path leads back to deserts long since abandoned by all life. Wagner is the last mushroom on the dunghill of romanticism. . . .

"Of Wagner the musician I treat lastly, because this task will give us a clear proof of his degeneracy. . . . To the end of his life Wagner's existence was conflict and bitterness, and his boastings had no other echo than the laughter not only of rational beings, but, alas, of fools also. It was not until he had long passed his fiftieth year that he began to know the intoxication of universal fame. And in the last decade of his life he was installed among the demigods.

It had come to this; that the world in the interval had become ripe for him—and for the madhouse. He had the good fortune to endure until the general degeneration and hysteria were sufficiently advanced to supply rich and nutritious soil for his theories of art." In one place Nordau tells us that with Wagner amorous excitement assumes the form of mad deliriums.

In his shrewd advertisement of his book in the *Century*, to which I have alluded, Nordau complains of the abusive character of the criticisms which have been heaped upon him. In this connection let me quote the following compliment paid by Nordau to the tens of thousands of the most intellectual and cultured men and women of modern civilization who admire Wagner:

"The lovers of his pieces behave like tom-cats gone mad, rolling in contortions and convulsions over a root of valerian. They reflect a state of mind in the poet which is well known to the professional expert. It is a form of Sadism. It is the love of those 'degenerates' who in sexual transports become like wild beasts. Wagner suffered from erotic madness, which leads gross natures to murder from lust and inspires higher natures with works like *Die Walkure*, *Siegfried* and *Tristan und Isolde*."

Would it not be difficult to conceive of anything more coarse, vulgar, abusive, or insulting to be hurled in the face of refined, highly organized and truly civilized men and women? And yet Nordau poses as a martyr and complains against the abuse of his critics!

There is one other point I wish to notice about this book, which emphasizes the inconsistency of the author. In his chapters on Realism he makes several very excellent observations as to the influence of gross and sensual literature on certain minds. He holds that such realistic pictures, even though true, are poisonous, and severely denounces them; and then, as we near the close of the volume, he draws a picture of the twentieth century as it might be if conditions as he imagines they exist continued to run riot, and in this imaginary sketch he completely out-Zolas Zola, but assures us at length that such conditions will not obtain. Now if it is poisonous to have these pictures or delineations given to the world in literature, even though they be true, what can be said of the man who draws an imaginary sketch at once revolting and disgusting, while he admits that such a condition of things will never be realized!

I have seldom read a book so thoroughly disappointing as this; a book which I regard as exceedingly pernicious, because of the confusing of the ignoble with the noble, chiefly due, I think, to the absence of any fine spiritual discernment in the author and to a mental state which has rendered him entirely unable to discuss matters temperately, judiciously, consistently, or with any sense of proportion in regard to their merits and demerits.

B. O. FLOWER.

THE PASSING OF ALIX.*

This bright, American society novel will appeal to a large class of persons who desire to read for amusement and who do not wish to be burdened with weighty themes. And yet the chief value of the work lies in the *naïve* manner in which the author sows seed thoughts which will set many readers to thinking. Every little while the interrogation is raised, and then the writer artlessly carries us on with the story in hand. The author is evidently familiar with society life in New York and Paris.

The heroine Alix, is a beautiful Virginia girl. Her father, a wealthy Parisian, had fallen in love with a young American beauty in Paris, but the young lady, unlike most of the daughters of our mushroom aristocracy, would marry only on condition that her husband should come to America and to her loved Virginia to live. This he did. At the birth of Alix the mother passed beyond the curtain of physical life. The father cherished and reared with the greatest care his little daughter. When a young lady the two went to Paris. Here a boyhood friend of the father, the Marquis de Morier, a distinguished but dissipated member of the old order, sought the daughter's hand for the ducats the marriage would bring. He played his game skilfully, however, and deceived the father, who believed him to be the soul of honor. The daughter, always accustomed to acquiesce in her father's wishes, married De Morier. On their wedding trip they stop at Monte Carlo. There the bride is startled to see the maniac gleam in the eyes of her husband when he sees the gamblers plying their trade, and his conduct assures her that she has married one as insane in regard to gambling as was ever drunkard in regard to drinking. Coming out of the halls a telegram is handed her informing her of the sudden death of her father.

But it is not my purpose to tell the story. The events which follow reveal to the young wife the real nature of the moral wreck she has married. She leaves him a handsome sum and returns to America. On board ship she meets an elderly lady and a strong intimacy springs up. They are spiritually related, and that is the truest relationship that can exist. After a time a child is born, and the young mother follows the promptings of her sense of duty and informs the Marquis, who, however, dies shortly after the birth of the child. Later, the high-minded little American widow meets and loves the son of the elderly lady whom she met on her return to America. This young man was then absent in the Orient.

Of the remainder of the novel I shall not speak, for it is not my purpose to dwell upon the entertaining story here given. The land is

* "The Passing of Alix," by Mrs. Marjorie Paul. Pp. 266; price, cloth \$1.25, paper 50 cents. The Arena Publishing Company, Boston, Mass.

flooded with novels quite as strong as this from a literary point of view and some far more meritorious if judged as literature. But the true value of this story lies in its twentieth-century seed thoughts which are given to the gay novel reader among society people. The work will appeal to a class who would not read a story of a different character, and they will unconsciously receive some fine thoughts which cannot fail to prove beneficial. Thus, for example, we find these observations in regard to woman's position in the marriage relation:

The world condemns always that woman who will not subject herself to her husband, be he ever so vile, so he be great in its estimation—great in riches or titles, and greatly sought after.

Bitter the tears and terrible the strivings, the invectives, against fate and a false dictum of those unfortunates also, children who have actually been thrust into the world without the ordinary forethought which attains in the most trivial undertaking, and, worse still, into chaotic and opposing elements, unwelcomed and unloved. Is it amazing, given such conditions and habits, that society both high and low, should be corrupt, families embittered, and communities disrupted?

Better depopulate our continents than thrust unwilling and unwelcome human egos into the vortex of a civilization which does not civilize the fathers and mothers of men.

It would be well to civilize the individual, to teach him the ethics and responsibilities of fatherhood, motherhood—that the foundation-stone of vice and pauperism is irresponsible propagation. License, unrestricted or unhallowed, is a crime in nature's ordinances.

So long as church or state approves or tolerates such irresponsibility, or encourages directly or supposititiously, the hungry, the illiterate, the imbecile, or the criminal to "increase and multiply," rather than teach them temperance, responsibility, and an exceptional obligation in this fundamental and far-reaching procreative principle of life and living, so long will poverty, viciousness, and violence hang like a pall over the wide, unthinking world.

The innocent—none are innocent who, knowing, withhold knowledge; who, beholding the inevitable, refuse to raise a hand to stay the torrent which ignorance is forcing to the flood. All will go down before its onslaught if eyes that see warn not the sightless, and knowledge give not of its abundant store, that ignorance be arrested at its source and not its centres.

Men will not force the siege, but women must. Men will surrender when women proclaim their freedom. When they have won the ballot, surely they will besiege the judiciary and the halls of legislation and demand the children's ransom. They will enact laws that shall replace the old laws of oppression and protect these little people whose small voices are not heard in the land, but who presently will make or mar its civilization.

The spirit which permeates the work is summed up in the words:

This is heaven—to help the beloved who are helpless, to inaugurate great reformations, and, impressing certain sensitive and responsive organisms, push them forward to completion.

To progress, there is no other heaven. Hell is retrogression.

The story is occult and will appeal to the uninitiated in our great cities who are eagerly seeking occult truths. Many critics sneeringly pronounce this passion for spiritual and occult knowledge among the wealthy a "popular fad." I do not regard it as such. It is the outcropping of hearts hungry for something grander, nobler, and truer than the shallow round of social life offers. Some there are who are faddists, but this is not true of the majority; they hunger and thirst for something deeper and higher than the frivolity of social life or the empty and meaningless platitudes of creedal religion. Hence, they turn to occult research for something to satisfy their spiritual hunger. To this class of persons this work will appeal strongly. One cannot but regret, however, that a book which contains so much of the higher truth of the new time should not be stronger in a literary way, although I think it is up to the general run of novels of society life of our time. I am curious to see how it will be received. To serious students of life, grand and noble souls, *those who know that self mastery is essential, and that the concern of one is the concern of all*, this novel will be tiresome in its pages devoted to general topics and the butterfly life which thousands of self-absorbed children of earth are living; on the other hand many of the careless lovers of the general society novel, while they will enjoy the lighter chapters, will I fancy find the high and ennobling thoughts sown throughout the book tiresome, if, indeed, they understand or are able to grasp their real meaning. Yet, as before observed, there are thousands of children of wealth in the social world who are hungry for the truths which this book contains, and to them I fancy it will appeal.

Here are some lines which will reflect the new thought of our time and which give this book a value aside from the ordinary society novel. They are words of one who has been a student of nature and her mysteries and who has drawn deeply from that inner well of knowledge which speaks of the divine in man:

God never built a prison for a world, and manacled its occupants, after imbuing them with aspiration and mentality.

A fury might, had she the delfic and creative faculty; but furies are destroyers. None but the living God creates or governs.

And what He has created lives and grows, and as expressed in man blossoms into an intellectual profundity which unravels the abstruse, forcing the very elements to serve him in his search for truth. And the laws of nature aid him and abet him.

God has set His seal upon His children; in the image of divinity has he shaped them and their attributes. To what end, then? To the end that they shall grasp of their own effort and volition the eternal secrets, which are no longer secrets if He solve them.

Eternal progress is eternal mystery and solution. And only so can men become as God in likeness and similitude. As yet they are but the shadows of His reflex. The Christ encouraged research. "Seek and ye shall find. Knock and it shall be opened."

The prophets were fallible, as are the prophets of to-day. As much as is possible God constantly reveals Himself and many miracles through many prophets, whose sensitive organisms pre-
 dilect them to inspirational prophecy.

There are miracles to-day, as there always have been, such as Christ revealed to His disciples, which they performed in accordance with natural laws, and which many men of many ages have performed, having faith and comprehension of this immutable but marvellous law of psychics. Christ Himself proclaimed it—"And greater things than these shall ye do."

To give each ray or child* of his begetting the faculty and the opportunity—here or somewhere—of hewing its career of individual conquest, by eternal exploration and experimental knowledge.

There can be no knowledge without personal experience and investigation, no achievement without effort, no eternity of fulfilment and progression without ages of experience and aspiration.

The extracts quoted will give the reader an idea of the author's style, and, as before observed, I believe this novel will prove helpful in dropping high and noble thoughts in minds not ready to read a more serious work. I conclude this notice by quoting the closing paragraph which gives a hint that I believe to contain a profound truth:

It may well be that in heaven there is no "marrying or giving in marriage" in any accepted sense or meaning. But that there is indubitably a love so great and indivisible that life or death or eternity itself may not disrupt or wither it, that love itself proclaims which has survived the throes of time and defies the grave to sever it.

It may well be that such alone are the "marriages made in heaven" or of which heaven takes any record.

B. O. FLOWER.

OUT OF THE PAST.*

This is not only an interesting but an instructive book. The tale is of the nature of an allegory, built upon the basis of the unending conflict between Good and Evil. Yet it is so skilfully wrought that the story itself holds the reader's interest and compels his admiration to the exclusion of the thought of its allegorical nature.

The method employed in the telling of the "Story of Gargya Balaki" (chapters 2 and 3), while possibly open to the criticism of prolixity, has been carefully planned to conform, in a measure, to the line of Hindu writing as found in the "Hitopadesa" and in the "Upanishads."

In those chapters he has outlined the possible life of a Brahmin of the earlier times, using extreme care to express by quotations the laws which compelled him, as a conscientious Brahmin, to pass

* "Out of the Past," by E. Anson More, Jr. Price, cloth \$1.25, paper 50 cents. Arena Publishing Co.

through the four stages known as the "Brahmacarin," "Grihastha," "Vanaprastha," and "Sannyasin." These quotations are taken from the "Four Vedas," "Hindu Institutes" (or "Laws of Menu"), the "Upanishads," "Bhagavad-Gita," etc.

In chapter 4 he has pictured the several experiences of the soul in its various transmigrations after death, as described in the "Upanishads," and in accordance with the doctrine of the "Sankhya Karika."

The words ascribed to the Buddha have been taken from the "Dhammapada" and other writings of his early disciples.

In every instance the author has made it a rule to correctly illustrate his quotations by placing them in their proper environments. If the reader should care to combine information with what pleasure he might derive from the story, he will find that information given to accord with the belief of the orthodox Brahmin.

Two young men, college graduates, go to India. Their guide was bitten and killed by a cobra. One, being left alone while his comrade was gone for help, went into a cavern, where he had a grown-up experience with a cobra, which he conquered. There is the suggestion all the time that the cobra is a human being's soul thus incased as a punishment. Then he found in the pillow of a mummy, over which the reptile had seemed to keep guard, old writings, which he took to a native priest to translate.

The translation indicates that, from the Hindu point of view, women are "the cause of all trouble," etc. It is done in (Hindu) biblical style and has many Hindu words. The great sage who wrote the manuscript once went to Indra to get advice about women, having cursed his wife "because the flies troubled him in the morning." He then remarks naively, "Yet could not Indra help me, for women are subtle in wickedness beyond his curing." Indra recommends him to go to a still wiser god, and takes him through space to a mountain hundreds of miles high where the mango trees were miles high. There he is given the Holy Manuscript to read, and reads (and *incidentally writes into it what he sought*) as to the conduct and duty of wives. The author indicates in footnote, and later on elaborates the idea, that this was the way the priests originated the law of burning wives on husbands' graves—"Suttee." "Thereupon I showed them"—the householders who came first to learn—"the verse as it was changed, and they rejoiced *changing each his own book*; and we all agreed to teach the doctrine throughout the land, and to call it Sute or Suttee—it is revealed." "So they gave me many presents and great riches, and returned each to his home. For truly women, if taught the Suttee, will think more of their husbands living than dead. Verily it will make the husband's life precious unto them."

There follows a well-argued satire on the situation. To a religious

mind it would possibly be very serious. To me it is exceedingly amusing and is good logic. Then heresies arose, and it was said "Man had written the Vedas!" also that "Woman could attain beatitude through her own petty moralities." "And the women were drunken with liberty." He then explains how he secured the first victim for Suttee and how inspiring and noble was the sight, and how the priests had presents as a result. The book has many wise "sayings" of Hindu origin. It symbolizes much that is as true in America as he makes it seem with the Hindu, with Vishnu, or with Om. Man tries to bind woman to him by force, and at and for his pleasure, but ever and always the real woman eludes him, and he is not happy with the shell he secures by force and artifice. She does not leave him, but he sees scorn, contempt, pity, and distrust ever in her eyes. Her voice is gentle; she submits when she must, but he knows that he has not secured what he sought. He knows, without knowing why, that he has lost the spirit in compelling the action of womanhood. Yet he does not understand. Much of it reminds one of Oliver Schreiner's "Dreams." An idea of the fascinating style of the book may be indicated by a quotation:

I was Gargya Balaki, the twice-born man, and, with Uma, I had reached the place of the cave. The chamber was finished, and I was returning from it to where she lay asleep under a tree. In my hands were a roll of strips of cotton cloth, and a bamboo bottle, containing a liquid wax. Before this my dream was indistinct, hazy, like a foggy morning on the water. Impressions of form, of color, of motion, came to me suddenly and fragmentarily, as sea waves appear from the fog to break at our feet. But when I reached Uma, and bent over her in hopeless passion, I suffered as no woman had made me suffer in all my actual past as Maurice Amilon. The love of my dream was the agony of a strong, resolute, unscrupulous man, hopeless yet purposeful. Even as I dreamt, I wondered at myself, as one will in a dream, and realized that the feeling was deeper, more passionate than I had ever known.

One moment of suffocating intensity, then I had her bound hand and foot, immovable, and as I turned backward her tongue, to imprison the five vital airs, she opened her eyes. She seemed to understand what I was doing, to fathom the depths of my passion, and I perceived not only scorn but triumph in her gaze. For an instant it unnerved me and I was powerless to move, to think, so like the agony of death was the bodily pain I suffered. But strength came to me, and I wound the cloth about her and would not see her, yet I felt her look. And as I wound wrap by wrap, an inward, exultant cry arose from my heart. "She is mine, mine, mine!"

It was a horrible dream and I strove to waken from it; but I could not. I was Gargya Balaki, desperate, hungering, yearning Gargya Balaki, who loved and would not lose.

I cried aloud, saying, "I will not look at her," but could not resist the impulse to meet her gaze. And then I would have given anything to have missed seeing her expression, so terrible was it in blended pride, pity, and triumph.

In one of his visions with the gods, a voice said, "These are all the inventions of man, of avaricious, bigoted, priest-creating man."

"It was the saddest voice I had ever heard." His punishment begins: "The soul of the Hindu priest passed into the body of the cobra," "and the woe of my punishment seemed to stretch through the years that were gone, and forever into the future."

Finally the young American student secures the mummy of the Hindu girl he had found in the cave and takes it to New York to see if he can revive it according to his dream and the instructions contained in the paper he had found in the cave, and had translated. Thence he goes with "it" and his sister to the mountains of Colorado. Then we have the description of the experiments in following out the Hindu priest's method of restoration of life. Interest is well sustained, and the probability of the whole thing made to appear. She is made to live, but is like a little child—she, the wise Uma. Then begin the long watch and wait for memory and intelligence to develop or return. The development of his theory of a dead and living brain in one head is interesting, unique. The mingling of "holy writ," of various gods and bibles, in awakening brain is truly well done and effective. As he watches her development, misgivings as to the wisdom of calling her back to life stir him; "I was beginning to realize what it is to be responsible for the existence of a human being." One day he told her of a part of his life in India.

"Do not stop," she said wistfully. "You make me see many things."

I thought of the well at Cawnpore, and its memorial garden, of the garrulous old soldier from whom I had the story of the massacre; and I related to her incidents of the mutiny, when life was a little thing, and men and women rose superior to death, coveting it as a relief from indescribable horrors. I pictured to her the "Massacre Ghaut," where I had sat and translated the story of Gargya Balaki. The yellow Ganges had been pleasant to me; its low banks more slightly than where the bushes had masked the boats that were covered with luxuriant shrubbery, and nowhere were they served to decoy the English soldiers from their miserable fort. For the first time Uma heard of Nana Sahib's treachery to those who had received him after as a welcome guest. She heard of the days of heat and carnage, of pestilence and thirst, and how the confiding English forgot their sufferings in their joy over the deliverance Nana had planned only for their destruction. I told how the men filled the boats they believed would save them; and of the crash of ambushed cannon, the roll of musketry, the death cries, the death silence. I could not touch upon the indescribable ending of that awful drama, when women and children were butchered, and cast indiscriminately into the well from the bloody house. Yet I told her of Havelock's men, trying in spite of floods and heat, and the odds against them, to force a way to their relief, and how they wept when, too late, they reached the well, and swore vengeance, and treasured hairs from the slaughtered women and children to keep them to their vows.

Then I spoke of a lady I met in Cawnpore. Her hair was white, her face very gentle, her voice noticeably soft. She, too, had passed through the furnace of these summer months, when hope was gone;

and once she and her husband had promised each other that the last two shots from his pistol should be, one for her and one for him. Then I would have stopped but Uma said:

"Your words are full of strength. They send strange heats through me. Everything seems larger, and life nobler, while you speak. Death is not fearful when we use it to befriend us."

He touches in a new and fascinating way the idea of the transference of thought—of the action of one mind upon another. The girl recites indiscriminately from the newly learned Bible and the half forgotten Vedas:

"Christ said: 'But I say unto you that ye resist not evil; but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also.'"

"Buddha said: 'When a good man is reproached, he is to think within himself, These are certainly good people since they do not beat me. If they begin to beat him with fists, he will say, They are mild and good because they do not beat me with clubs. If they proceed to this, he says, They are excellent, for they do not strike me dead. If they kill him, he dies saying, How good they are in freeing me from this miserable body!'"

The story preserves throughout the idea that whether in India or America, whether 2500 years ago or to-day, whether under Buddha or Christ, woman, as sister, wife, or mother, is ever and always an automaton. Man is the world, the "lord," the "master," the "teacher"; she is ever and always his pupil and slave. He lives for and because of himself—she for and because of him. Whether intentionally or not, the author shows also that most of her sorrows and sufferings and many of man's are due to this single fact—the dog-like faithful confidence and belief in and obedience to his will—the obliteration of her individuality. I am not at all certain that this thought or intention is in the author's mind, but that it is the effect left upon the mind of the reader is undoubted.

HELEN H. GARDENER.

A WOMAN WHO DID NOT.*

This is a novel having, so far as I can understand, no conceivable good purpose and therefore no excuse for existence. It has not even the merit of good or commendable literary style. Its tone throughout is, I think, immoral, and whatever lesson its pages may teach will be bad, more or less degrading to the reader of either sex. The book is an insult to decent, intelligent womanhood, and it is, or should be, therefore, also an insult to decent, intelligent manhood. Its heroine toys with the morally doubtful, and its hero explicitly regards virtuous living as too monotonous, and vice, if gilded, as a pleasant refuge from ennui.

C. SELDEN SMART.

* "A Woman Who Did Not," by Victoria Crosse. Cloth; price \$1. Roberts Brothers, Boston, Mass.

THE LAND OF NADA.

This book may be read with profit and pleasure by the young. The story is wholesome and improving and the perusal of it will strengthen the moral fibre of the youthful reader. The land here described is a land of genii, fairies, and goblins over whom rule a kind-hearted if somewhat dull-witted monarch, King Whitcombo, and his lovable consort, Queen Haywarda, who had a "sweet way of mothering everything and everybody." This good king and queen had an only son, Prince Trueheart, a lad of fourteen, who unfortunately was blind; but he was the happy possessor of a violin which a fairy had given him at his birth. He acquired so complete a mastery of this magic instrument that "by the witchery of his harmonies he sent wild thrills" through his absorbed and breathless audience. These "exultant thrills became so ecstatic that they trickled and dropped off in round beads of gold" out of which the goblins made all sorts of beautiful things. This skill of the prince in discoursing sweet music is turned to fine account by the author in the sequel.

Visitors from neighboring lands frequented the court of King Whitcombo and Queen Haywarda. Among these Prince Arthur, Prince Kneebaby and his two sisters, the Princesses Helen and Wimsy, who were respectively six and seven years old, were especially welcome. How Prince Arthur was the means of bringing great happiness to the royal family is related in a very entertaining way.

As one reads of the beauty and resources of the Land of Nada, one no longer wonders that King Whitcombo and Queen Haywarda were led to give up their home in their native land—the home of a long line of ancestors—and seek to develop a land so rich in possibilities. A balmy climate and gorgeous flowers increased the attractiveness of this wonderful land, and here for years they lived a delightful life, until in the lapse of years a great sorrow came to them. The few menial offices were performed by goblins. When, for instance, the king desired buttermilk, Ingram would hasten to the meadow where grazed the graceful cattle watched over by fairies, and, approaching a pale-white cow, would obtain the desired beverage by using the magic song:

Gentle Seafoam, soft as silk,
Give the king the buttermilk.

By similar magic songs Babe would get delicious milk, rich cream, and excellent butter for the queen's table. But ordinary mortals who inhabited the town had, in those days as so often in our days, to be content with the blue milk of Harebell, the pale-blue cow.

* "The Land of Nada," by Bonnie Scotland. Pp. 115; cloth 75 cents, paper 25 cents. The Arena Publishing Company, Boston.

Gillia, however, a cow whose body was the color of crushed strawberries, yielded the most wonderful products, products that are toothsome to the most fastidious youngsters.

The beauty of the land of Nada was enhanced by a bewildering variety of trees, "forming a vast breadth and wealth of sloping orchards and shady groves." In the centre of the garden stood a strangely curious tree that yielded a bountiful supply of three different kinds of lemonade. This tree was the cause of trouble, as once upon a time was another tree that grew in a still fairer garden. From other trees delicious fruits were canned and preserved in a truly remarkable way. But the most wonderful tree was the genealogical tree that stood before the queen's window. In its branches grew seats like swinging chairs, where the king and queen and Prince Trueheart would sit for hours, the parents describing to the blind prince the great variety of beautiful things they saw, while he in turn would charm them with sweet music from his violin; and "as the soft strains from the little magic instrument floated through the air, the very birds paused to listen and ceased their carols."

The full-dress parade of hens resplendent with all the vivid hues of the rainbow from deepest purple to palest lavender, "drilled by gay and martial roosters of the same hue as the divisions of which they had charge," is an episode that children will particularly enjoy.

But perhaps the most wonderful event that occurred in this land of wonders is yet to be mentioned. Amid the branches of the wonderful genealogical tree where, as has been said, the king and queen and Prince Trueheart passed many delightful hours, there grew, in the course of time, a wonderfully beautiful cradle that the fairies decorated as only fairies can; and into it "one little blue-eyed darling fluttered downward—down, down, down—until the soft white-robed form nestled within the cradle rocking there in the boughs of the genealogical tree." Under direction of the fairy queen the flowers in an exquisitely melodious song hailed the advent of the babe. Kings and queens, fairies and goblins, came from far and near to pay their respects to the beautiful little Princess Dorothy.

How this enchanted land was shut off from other lands and securely guarded by a monster genie; how the genie *Strictum-taskum-trabajo*, the servant of the lemon tree and the guardian of the underground goblins, instigated by the lemon tree brought trouble upon the land; how the enchanted hawks instructed by this wicked goblin spirited away little Dorothy; how Aunt Hope consoled the queen; how Prince Trueheart earned gold for the redemption of his sister; how Dorothy, after being well cared for by a tender-hearted goblin maiden, was finally restored; and how several betrothals were happily celebrated; lo, is not all this and very much more recorded in this delectable little volume?

Nor is the book devoid of humor. Even older readers will smile as they read, to learn that there was not perfect equality in Nada; some could have lemonade; some, only picnic lemonade, or circus lemonade. The ladies there, too, observed the fashion of wearing "very full sleeves to their gowns, so large, indeed, that they were obliged to enter church doors sideways." And it will doubtless occasion surprise that under the lovely Haywarda society was broken up into sets. "The hens were of different colors, and each remained in her own set. This is the reason that when they wished to *sit* they fell into the way of calling it *set*, because they were so particular about going outside of their own circle."

The typographical execution of the volume is admirable. The healthy tone pervading the story will be noted with pleasure by parents who select their children's reading with scrupulous care. The book will be an acceptable present to any child whose taste has not been perverted by devouring sensational stories.

E. H. WILSON.

ROBERTA.*

It is a common remark that the market is to-day flooded with cheap and trashy literature. But it is also true that never before were so many noble men and women endeavoring, through the medium of either the novel or works of a more serious character, to uplift humanity and rescue the submerged tenth, by calling attention to the hideous injustice of our social laws, and bringing before the minds of those who are willing to see, the wrongs which exist in our midst, but which the easy-going sophists who are not willing to see, comfort themselves by believing to be necessary evils.

One of these noble writers is Miss Blanche Fearing, who is already known to the public through her works, "The Sleeping World," "In the City by the Lake," and other volumes. But in "Roberta," the work now under consideration, Miss Fearing has surpassed all her previous efforts. To my mind, it is one of the strongest social novels which has appeared since Victor Hugo wrote his masterpiece, "Les Misérables." Indeed, while not being in any sense of the word imitative, the history of Roberta Green, the heroine of the book, is strikingly similar to that of the hero of "Les Misérables," Jean Valjean.

The scene of the story is laid in the new Chicago, or the Chicago which sprang from the ruins of the great fire of Oct. 9, 1871. Roberta, the heroine, is the daughter of simple, honest, industrious working people, although her father, John Green, is superior in thought and refined feeling to the average workingman. For his

* "Roberta," by Blanche Fearing. Cloth; pp. 424; price \$1. Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago, Ill.

little "Berta" he cherishes a love that is almost akin to worship, and his ambition for the child, who is beautiful, with gentle, winning ways and a great love for books, is that she should have a fine education. Johnny Green, as his fellow-workmen called him, had never studied political economy; he knew nothing of the iron law of wages; yet he realized in a blind way that something was wrong in our social economy, which prevented him, despite years of steady, unflinching, hard work from providing what was necessary for the comfort and education of his family.

When Roberta was fourteen years old, her father was killed by falling from the scaffolding on one of those modern structures of our large cities which rejoice in the name of "sky-scrappers." And now the burden of caring for the little family--there were three other children, the youngest a mere babe--devolved upon Roberta, on whom her mother had always leaned for support and advice, notwithstanding her tender years. The little girl who had hitherto been shielded from contact with the rough and unfeeling world was forced to go into a factory, in order by her slender earnings to help keep the family from starvation. The author thus describes her new surroundings:

One of a long row of pale, silent girls, most of whose ages ranged from twelve to twenty, though there was one middle-aged woman, and two with iron-gray hair and bent shoulders, and one little girl who could not have been more than nine, unless, indeed, she had been stunted like a plant taken from the garden while it is yet young and tender, and thrust into a dark cellar, Berta sat day after day bent low over the heavy jackets, toiling patiently up and down the long, monotonous seams, never speaking to her neighbors, unless it was to borrow a needleful of thread, for the girls furnished their own needles and thread.

The large room was ill-lighted and ill-ventilated. The ceiling was low, and black with smoke and dirt. The air, besides being laden with lint and dust, was saturated with a confusion of odors which the most sensitive olfactories would have analyzed and classified with difficulty, predominant among which were the impure exhalations from a throng of half-starved, unwashed human bodies (and many of them were mere bodies; the souls having shriveled away or become altogether worm-eaten), bad sewerage, and the hot, sickening steam from the penny soup kitchen in the basement, where most of the employees took their midday meal.

The floor trembled with the jar of heavy machines, whose ceaseless roar and rumble would have baffled any attempt at conversation had not the rules of the establishment prohibited all talking among employees. The monotonous thunder of the machines was varied a little by the dull thud of the pressers' irons.

At noon when they flocked to the soup kitchen, and at night after work when they were putting on their wraps, the girls sometimes talked together, but their conversation consisted chiefly of bitter execrations upon their employers, expressions of discontent about their work, and coarse jesting and bantering about their male acquaintances. And what wonder? Of what shall we talk if not of the things of which we think, and of what shall we think if not

of the curious pattern of circumstances and events falling hourly from the roaring loom of life, at which destiny sits feeding the vital threads? Shall we think of lofty sentiments in noble tragedies which we have never read, or of the faces of Madonnas in the Louvre or the Pitti which we have never seen, or of "The Messiah" of Handel, or "The Elijah" of Mendelssohn, which we have never heard? For the most part we speak as we think, and we think as we are, and we are largely what our conditions in life have made us, for it is a rare soul that can be much above its conditions. To be sure, there is a power within us designed to enable us to change or modify the environment into which we are born, but mighty are the external forces with which it must contend.

Amid these surroundings Berta, who, in spite of being a poor man's child, had from birth been accustomed to clean and wholesome conditions, soon sickened of typhoid fever, and was taken to the hospital. Here she attracted the attention of one of those ghouls under the semblance of women, who seek victims among the young and innocent of their own sex. This woman managed to prevent Berta's having any communication with her mother, and as soon as she was permitted to leave the hospital took her to her own home, and for the furtherance of a deep-laid scheme of fraud and swindling married her to her son. In a short time, however, both mother and son were arrested for swindling, and Berta with them. On being questioned she claimed to be the wife of the son, but both mother and son laughed her claim to scorn, declaring that they had taken her from the hospital to act as a maid. Roberta was then discharged. She returned to her home, where the mother was trying to support herself and her little ones by taking in washing. Here the child of fifteen soon became a mother, and henceforth had to endure obloquy and reproaches, which in her youth and ignorance of the cruelty of the world she did not even comprehend. In order to relieve her mother's burdens, as soon as she was able Berta sought work and obtained a situation as maid with a wealthy but vulgar and coarse-minded woman.

During all this time, however, Roberta was being utterly metamorphosed from the timid, loving, winsome child, who used to nestle at her father's knee when the day's work was done and read to him or talk with him. The author describes the change which had taken place, not only in the outward form, but in the soul:

She stood before the full-length mirror and contemplated herself. Somehow that strange, unfamiliar self had become a great mystery to her. What was it she beheld? Not the pale, timid little girl she had been accustomed to meet on such occasions, but an erect, finely-developed figure, dark, restless, resentful eyes that looked out fearlessly and defiantly, lips and cheeks deeply dyed with the glowing carmine of healthful youth, this rich coloring heightening the dazzling whiteness of the skin, and the whole set off by a crown of jet-black ringlets, clustering round the face, whose chief expression was of vague discontent and undefined strength. The whole attitude of the erect, finely-proportioned figure, head up, shoulders

back, arms folded across the chest, and one foot a little in advance of the other, expressed resistance. Unconsciously to herself she had been interrogating life, and when the soul begins speaking to life with interrogation points, look for a sharp controversy. The soul is likely to be perplexed and grieved, and life is likely to be put to much confusion, like a reluctant witness whose answers are inconsistent and contradictory.

While in the service of the woman referred to Berta incurred her displeasure and after a shower of abuse was ordered to leave the house, and without the month's wages which was due her. Before leaving she had occasion to go into her mistress' room, where she saw a heap of jewels lying in an open casket. Smarting under the abuse which had been heaped upon her, and remembering that the woman had refused to pay her what was justly hers, the thought flashed across her mind that she would pay herself with some of these jewels. Our author says:

Poor ignorant child! What did she know of crime and its consequences? What conception had she of the might and majesty of the law, reaching forth its strong arm persistently and resistlessly to lay hold of its violators? What did she know of the distinctions between robbery and burglary, between grand and petty larceny? What did she know of the felonious taking and carrying away described in the statute? She simply knew that she was suffering from the evils deeds of others; that she had not consciously sinned, and yet that she had been cruelly and unjustly punished; that the vulgar and wicked could pave their way with gold and jewels wherever they chose to go; that wealth made theft simply sharp practice, licentiousness simply fast living; that money closed the eyelids of justice, and laid the finger of silence upon the lips of public opinion. She was vaguely conscious of all these things, and as she gazed at the jewels consciousness of her own wrongs grew stronger, and her apprehension of right and duty as applied to her own conduct fainter and weaker. It is often so with us all. The strokes of injustice which we receive are apt to paralyze our own sense of justice. This is especially true of youth and ignorance.

With her breath coming quickly and her cheeks burning, Berta thrust her fingers into the casket and closed them over some of the gems. Then she fled.

Then begins a career which carries the reader along with breathless interest, and which, as before observed, bears a wonderful resemblance in many respects to that of Jean Valjean. Berta's regeneration begins, as did Jean Valjean's, through meeting with one of those pure, lofty souls who, like the good bishop in "*Les Misérables*," fulfil the ideal of the Christ life. Roberta becomes a beautiful character, beloved and influential, and devotes her influence and means to uplifting suffering humanity.

The book is essentially a powerful plea for justice and equality of opportunity—the watchwords of to-day. It is a strong arraignment of a social system which inevitably makes criminals, and then relentlessly hunts to death the victims of its own blind fatuity. The burning question of the reciprocal duties of labor and capital

is fairly and judiciously handled, as will be seen from the following quotation, which aptly illustrates the author's impartial and unbiased treatment of this subject. An erratic, but large-souled and philanthropic young lawyer, one of the finest individualities in the book, is about to embark in a coöperative enterprise, and before the inauguration of the scheme he thus addresses those who are to be associated with him in the work:

"My fellow-workmen, I trust we shall never lose the feeling of fellowship which now exists among us, the feeling of fraternal love and confidence necessary to a coöperative scheme like ours. It is not a scheme to build up one man's fortunes under the guise of a scheme of philanthropy for other men. I am furnishing the capital; you are furnishing the labor—we will share the profits equally.

"My fellow-workmen, we all know that labor has been, and is being, grievously oppressed, but in our efforts to secure justice for ourselves, let us not lay upon ourselves the guilt and obloquy of the same errors for which we have condemned our oppressors. Let us not take the weapons from their hands simply that we may use them ourselves as they have done. I have heard many among my fellow-workmen declare that the rich have made their millions from the sweat of the workingman. Let us not deceive ourselves in this matter. Suppose two of your number were to go together, and suppose one of them should manipulate his purchase with so much wisdom and sagacity as to become wealthy, while the other, lacking wisdom and foresight, should make nothing, would you say that the one is not entitled to the reward which his superior sagacity has earned? Men buy and sell labor, and if one who buys the labor of his fellows, uses it with more sagacity than another, shall he have no right to the results?"

"Aye, but," growled one dark-browed man, "if he buys it for less than half it is worth, then profits by what he has ground out of the poor workingman?"

"That is too often true, but not always. I believe it is possible for a man to become rich without injustice to other men. We are not all born with business sagacity, any more than we are all born with a talent for music or painting. What I believe is this, that while a man has a right to all he honestly acquires through his own industry and sagacity, as soon as he acquires more than he requires for his own reasonable pleasure and comfort, the surplus becomes in his hands a trust fund for the benefit of his fellow-men. He is declared by the divinest moral law to be a trustee for humanity. His wealth is his to use as he sees fit, but he is bound to use it for the good of his fellow-men.

"Liberty sits in the land of her choice, weeping over the unhappy condition of her favorite children, Labor and Capital, who were wedded by divine authority in the beginning, but are now alienated and divorced from each other. Never will Liberty hold up her head and turn toward humanity a serene and unclouded brow, till she has seen her beloved children, Capital and Labor, kneeling before her with clasped hands, and the world has echoed with the music of their reconciling kiss. And this happy day of peace will not come until the majority of men and women have become capable of surveying these great questions from every point of view, until capital can consider them from the standpoint of labor, until you, my fellow workingmen and women, are able to consider them from

the standpoint of the capitalist, for labor is often as unwise and as unjust in its methods as it is possible for capital to be. Let us embark in this new venture with the determination to be nothing if we are not just."

The author presents many different phases of life, and an unusual number of finely-drawn characters. The courtroom scenes are graphic in the extreme, and the most careless reader cannot fail to notice that they are portrayed by an initiate in the mysteries of the law. And such, indeed, is the case, for Miss Fearing is a lawyer of marked ability, and it is said has never lost a case entrusted to her. The work is not only deeply interesting as a novel, and excellent from a literary point of view, but it is bound to have a permanent place in our literature as a noble plea for truth, for justice, and for the right.

MARGARET CONNOLLY.

A NEW DEPARTURE.*

In this remarkable book whose author hides modestly behind three initials, one finds not only a theory as to creation and conscious life, but many theories found in all the bibles and all the different schools of thought of which we have any knowledge, although no quotations are made except from the English version of the Ezra Bible. All are cunningly dovetailed together with much ingenuity, and put forth with a calm assumption of certainty, calculated to carry conviction to most readers not too well rooted in their own beliefs to hazard a new departure in any direction. To such as these our author must be addressing himself when he asks (p. 10):

But although we may say "We have all the light that ever was or ever shall be," can we thus prevent the rising of the sun? . . . Unbelief affects only the people; it is powerless to change the plan of an omniscient God.

"Much of the opposition which Jesus encountered," continues our author, "arose from the unwillingness of the Jews to 'purge out the old leaven.'" So it did, just as in these days, every one who essays to lead the masses out into wider fields and to take a new departure from the land of bondage in which they have so long dwelt, finds the race-thought so strong in them that he cannot move them nor "do many mighty works there, because of their unbelief."

And yet this book can hardly be called dogmatic, for in all the two hundred pages, the first person singular of the personal pronoun is not once found, relating to the author. This is surely as remarkable as anything about the book, in these days when nearly everyone who has received a little instruction in some particular

* "A New Departure," by W. K. M. Pp. 244; price, cloth \$1.25, paper 50 cents. Arena Publishing Company.

"cult" or has been given some notes of lectures or lessons, hastens to appear before the public as an eminent occultist or a profound scholar, anxious to enlighten the world at once as to the mysteries of the ages. Our unknown author has not done this, at any rate, but, on the contrary, while the book shows that he or she must have read or heard many, many lessons, keeps resolutely in the background, and having put forth in the introduction the twenty-four points which are to be elucidated, proceeds to carry on the work with the steady aim and vigorous swing of a master builder, "hewing to the line, no matter where the chips may fall."

The truth which lies between the lines of all the bibles, that the union of Divine Love and Wisdom (the mind of God) is creative power, is found in every chapter of this "New Departure," particularly in the Introduction. Very busy men and women, people who are learning or have learned to live in the eternal now, "redeeming the time, because the days are evil," and striving to be useful in hastening the "New Time" of which the earnest editor of the ARENA dreams so fondly, will probably read only the Introduction and perhaps the prophecy anent the year 2,000 (pp. 226-228), and thus get at the gist of the book without taking time to follow all the rest. But students of all sorts of religious teachings; believers in the "eternal reality of religion," all who have time and inclination for research into various beliefs; Catholics, Protestants, Buddhists, Swedenborgians, Mental and Spiritual Healers, Spiritualists, Theosophists, and even Gnostics will find between the covers of the "New Departure" food for thought and the uplift which comes with any attempt to fix the "mortal mind" on things unseen, "eternal in the heavens."

The twenty-fourth proposition (p. 17) of the three understandings seems to be the key to the whole subject:

The first does not recognize mind as governing matter; the second deals with the power of material mind over matter—thereby in a measure controlling it, thus giving people "whereof to glory, but not before God"; the third is the gift of the Lord, even discernment of the infinite Wisdom and of the power of the Spirit of God to restore His creation. The first understanding entered with Adam, and has always governed the majority. The second arises at intervals; the third exists in an epoch of Light. Moreover, the second is the germ whence springs "the spirit of antichrist"—the violent opposition to Truth; that opposition prevailed in the latter days of the first epoch. Jesus referred both to those governed by the first understanding and by the second, when he said: "If I had not come and spoken unto them," . . . and "done among them the works which none other man did, they had not had sin"; for they would not have been conscious of a higher Wisdom. But when that Wisdom was made known "they had no cloak for their sin if, after having seen, they hated both Him and His Father." During an epoch of Light they that take up the cross—the opposite understanding from the material—are "baptized with the Holy Ghost [spiritual perception], and with fire," the Truth that destroys error and brings at-one-ment with the Infinite.

The interpretation of symbols (second chapter); the explanation of the meditatorship of Jesus (p. 29); the description of the thought-process used in mental healing (p. 57 and note p. 66); the chapter on Creation, all are very full of occult meaning, if read aright, for as the author pertinently asks: "Why do we cling so persistently to the letter and scorn the idea of there being a hidden meaning therein?"

All depends upon the point of view and the spirit in which one searches:

He who looks always for that which is crooked, will see and call all things crooked; he who looks always for the good, the pure, the true, and the straight will find these always. He who aims to brighten and uplift the soul through Spirit will find the Spirit; he who looks only for the cunning and selfishness of the animal will find fellowship only with the animal.

To these latter people the book before us will be of no interest, but they will pronounce it mere "Words, words, words," like this review.

JULIA A. DAWLEY.

WHICH WAY, SIRS, THE BETTER? *

The strike is not an innovation. Labor organizations have devised new modes of carrying on a strike that they may the better effect their purpose until a strike has become a kind of inherent civil war; but the thing itself is not a novelty to the student of history. Egyptian taskmasters oppressed Hebrew laborers until a commanding genius organized his afflicted fellow-countrymen and led them forth from their bondage, leaving their oppressors to their own devices. And every school boy has read the story of the secession to the Sacred Mount. The Senators of Rome, whose saving common sense seldom failed them in an emergency, sent, not an armed host to compel submission, but their shrewdest orator to persuade the commonalty to return; and the concessions made augmented the power of Rome. Indeed strikes have been as it were mile-posts along the highway of civilization.

The modern strike, however, whether it be undertaken to obtain an advance or to resist a reduction in wages; to gain shorter hours or to prevent longer hours; to prevent the discharge of union men or to hinder the employment of non-union men; to regulate the mode of manufacture in various ways; or to assist strikers in other branches of industry, is often characterized by personal violence and wanton destruction of property. A free man has the right to refuse to work for the wages proffered. But surely no intelligent person can admit that he has the right to say an equally competent workman shall not exercise his right to accept the wages offered. As

* "Which Way, Sirs, the Better?" by James M. Martin. Cloth, 75 cents; paper, 25 cents. Boston: Arena Publishing Company.

the laborer is under no compulsion to remain in the employ of a certain capitalist, said capitalist should be free to conduct his business affairs according to his best judgment. When laborers, however hard their lot may be, resort to license and crime to achieve their end, they necessarily lose the sympathy and forfeit the respect of those who long to see the condition of the workingman improved. Some may think that the excesses of strikers are justifiable on the ground that only so can they hold their own against capitalists who by whatever means, obtain legislation in the interest of their own class, regardless of its effects upon the laboring class. But two wrongs cannot make one right; there is a better way. There is properly no place for strikes in a state when life is so complex as it is to-day in every highly civilized community.

But strikes are not only barbarous, they are, also, enormously expensive. Statistics, however carefully collected and tabulated, can give only a partial account of the great cost of labor warfare. In the report of Colonel Carroll D. Wright, United States Commissioner of Labor, the loss of wages from 1881 to July 1, 1894, is put at \$163,807,866, and the loss to employers by strikes during the same period is estimated at \$82,590,386. These figures show that the wage-earners, who can least afford it, lose twice as much as the capitalists. But this does not tell the whole story. The capitalist, though reduced it may be to the verge of bankruptcy, may regain his lost business; the laborer not only loses his wages, but frequently his position. The sufferings endured by the innocent victims of the strike both during its progress and after the conflict is ended are too intangible to be represented by dollars and cents.

It is believed that most strikes are due to false economic theories. When capitalists and wage-earners alike clearly grasp the economic principle so thoroughly established by Lord Brassey that high-priced labor is the cheapest and low-priced labor the dearest when quantity and quality of manufactured product is taken account of, it will be evident to all that labor cannot afford to quarrel with capital and that capital cannot afford to neglect the interests of labor. When true views obtain regarding the mutual dependence of capital and labor, we may hope for a cessation of strikes.

The problem is further complicated by the besotted ignorance of the majority of laborers in those branches of industry most subject to strikes. How dense this ignorance is may be illustrated by the following colloquy quoted from the book under review:

"And how does yez loike auld Bilden's tin per cint squeeze?"

"You mean the reduction," replied Michael.

"Faix, an' what ilse could I be afther namin' of it? I don't dignify it by the name of reduction; it sounds too raspectable; I call it squeeze, for that's what it mains," answered Patrick.

"Well, I haven't had time to consider the matter fully. It is something to think about before making up one's mind."

"To think aboot, to consader? Faix, and in what condation is a mon to consader whin seein' he hasn't a cint in his pocket, a score against him at me friend's, Master Schlausser, and an impty mail barrel to home for Bridget and the childers. Why, mon, who can think and consader under such circumstances?"

"But, Patrick, every question, you know, has two sides to it, and should not be decided too hastily," answered Michael, conciliatorily, seeing the rising ire of his excitable colaborer.

"'Twosoides to it.' Faix, to Paddy Murphy and Bridget a quilstion of a tin per clnt squeeze by auld Blden has but one soide, and that's the soide of Paddy and Bridget. But come, Moike, have a glass o' beer. My throat's dry as a whistle a considerin'."

If the majority of employees were so intelligent as the following speaker all labor difficulties would be easily adjusted. Note the saneness of the man:

"The Lord help us, Mary," answered Michael. "I have plead and urged a return to work, even at the reduction, until I am become an object of suspicion among the rest of the workmen, although, God knows, wages were low enough before, and I had hoped that the reduction would not long be insisted upon by Mr. Belden, and that we would not be idle more than a week or two at the furthest."

And to his wife who asks if there is reason for the reduction, he replies:

"I only know this, that by the latest quotations of the iron market there is a decline in the prices of such products as are made in these mills. Money is a little close; besides, by the failure of Scroggs & Co. and Anderson Bros., Mr. Belden has been delayed in collecting, if he has not lost, large bills due him by these firms. I know this from what I overheard at the office of the works yesterday in a conversation between two of the bookkeepers, and while I cannot well afford a reduction, yet I would rather suffer it than have the mills close at this season of the year. Mr. Belden has always, so far as I know, acted honorably with his workmen, and I do not think would require a reduction unless circumstances absolutely demanded it."

But unfortunately such as he have very little influence when a strike is imminent. The following extract represents much more truly the difficulties that beset both employer and the more intelligent workmen:

"Gentlemen," he said, "wull ye's lis'en. Ye's committee" (accent on the last syllable) "has called ye's together on very important business. Ye's have seen the notices up in the mills, sayin' that ye's must be takin' less wages. Now it's for ye's to spake yer moins. Es fur me, an' I'm a-thinkin' I'm spakin' the moins of a majority of ye's (if mistakin' I'll stand corrected), I'm a-makin' no sich concessions."

"Faix, an' that's me moind," shouted Patrick Murphy.

"'Hould yer tongue, ye blatherin' fool, while I'm a-spakin'. I was a-sayin' to ye's whin interrupted, I'm a-makin' no sich concessions. If John Bldin can't run his mills without a-grindin' tin per clnt off'n me wages the ould machine may stand till kingdom cum. Now, what does ye's say?"

This senseless harangue voiced the sentiments of the majority of the laborers. But Michael Durant was determined to prevent hasty action if possible, and watching his opportunity he arose and spoke as follows:

"I fully appreciate the situation and the importance of the action we may take to-night in the matter before us, and its probable effect upon our interests as workingmen. For six years I have worked in these mills, and have known many of you for a much longer time, and I regret very much the occasion of our being called together. Of one thing I am confident we must all testify, and that is to the uniform kindness of Mr. Belden toward us in the years past. I think I know something of the history of the man, left an orphan at an early age, and who, as a poor boy, earned his living by working in a mill. He is, therefore, not a stranger to the wants of a working-man, and, I believe, in his prosperity, he has not forgotten them."

"An upstart, nothin' but an upstart; where did he git his monny?" shouted Patrick Murphy.

"Shut your trap, you beer-logged fool!" answered another to this interruption.

"Order!" demanded the chairman.

"Yes, order! order!" shouted a dozen voices in unison.

Michael proceeded: "This is the first time since I came here that a reduction has been asked. Payment of wages has been always promptly made, often at great personal inconvenience to Mr. Belden, and I cannot but believe that this reduction would not be asked were it not that some stress of circumstances demanded it, and of which we are ignorant. I move, therefore, that a committee be appointed to confer with Mr. Belden in this matter."

The committee was appointed. Mr. Belden gave good and sufficient reasons for the reduction. They admitted that they were aware of the truth of much that he said but demanded that his statement should be supported by an inspection of his books by competent men. When Mr. Belden learned that this demand was their ultimatum, he dismissed the committee with these words:

"Then your union is making a condition that, I can assure you, will never be submitted to as long as I run these works, and, until modified further conference is useless. So good-day, gentlemen."

When the committee made their report at the next meeting of the assembly, the more conservative strongly urged further negotiations, but in vain. The strike occurred. Lives were lost. The mills were closed for months; and all but a few of the more conservative and trustworthy, who were retained to care for the property, received an indefinite discharge. Thus had reason been "drowned in ignorance, intelligence bogged in stupidity, and questions of the greatest import decided by petty jealousies." After months of weary waiting: Springtime came at last, and with its bursting buds, springing grasses, and blooming flowers, came renewed health and strength to the proprietor of the works at Beldendale. He longed again for the activities of business life, and as he walked about the deserted mills, with their smokeless stacks, rusted rolls, and silent engines, he matured his plans, and, in imagination, pictured the vast struc-

ture throbbing again with a new life of productive vigor. In furtherance of his plans, he had printed and distributed the following:

"To My Old Employees and Other Workingmen:

"I invite you to a conference on Monday, April 30, at two o'clock P. M., at my mills. All who desire work are cordially invited to be present.

"JOHN BELDEN."

The remaining pages of this fine story, a story that instructs as well as entertains the reader, elucidate the author's "better way," a way founded on the basis of profit-sharing. Mr. Martin's solution of this complex and difficult problem would work admirably with the Michael Durants; but the Patrick Murphys—what shall be done with them? It is not easy to reason with a man whose actions are swayed by the part of him that lies below the diaphragm. For such as these there seems to be no place in Mr. Martin's system, for he says, "the shiftless, intemperate, and careless have been gradually weeded out by the changes of time." Thus the problem, after all, is not solved by our author. And yet his fine, clean, straight story goes to the heart of one of the great issues of the day, and it will undoubtedly be productive of great good; for the book will be read by thousands who would not look between the covers of a scientific work on an economic question. And readers will discern that in the author's view no antagonism exists between capital and labor, but only between the few unscrupulous capitalists and unreasonable laborers.

The writer regards the book as a substantial contribution to the literature on social and economic questions, and predicts for it a wide and fruitful circulation. If only the two classes of strife promoters—the employers who seek not the way that makes for peace and the labor leaders whose stock in trade consists in collisions between employers and their workmen—could be induced to read Mr. Martin's book in the frame of mind in which Saul was after his arrest on the way to Damascus by the heavenly messenger, the devil's theory, "Get all you can in every transaction and give no more than you must," would speedily be superseded by the Christ-theory, "Take heed that you get no more from your neighbor in any transaction than he can safely give you, and give him as much in return as you safely can."

E. H. WILSON.

